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thelongweekend

Karen Kristanovich: Bridge is the new rock'n'roll

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Pete Sampras: how to win at Wimbledon

the magazine



Drumcree gets ready for battle

Michael Streeter and David McKittrick

Senior Orangemen in Portadown have rejected calls to re-route Sunday's march away from a nationalist area as the province braces itself for a weekend of tension and potential violence.

Orange sources in the town pointed scorn on an appeal by Orange 'Grandmaster' Robert Saulters not to parade along the predominantly nationalist Garvagh Road. One said: "To say we are antagonistic to that view is an understatement."

Later Mr Saulters, who has no formal say in the decision on marching, changed direction by conceding the "no parade" option would be unacceptable following remarks earlier in the week by new Irish premier Bertie Ahern in which he opposed the parade through.

Ms Mowlam, the Northern Ireland Secretary, last night appealed to Portadown Orangemen to listen to the "voices of reason". Speaking at Stormont Castle, she said: "I recognise the tensions in both communities are increasing and people in both communities are in need of reassurance.

"Let me say very clearly that no decision has yet been taken, we are continuing our efforts to find an accommodation that both communities can live with. For the good of everyone and for the sake of peace in the next few weeks I urge those in the

Portadown Orange Order to listen to those voices of reason."

A spokesman for the Northern Ireland Office meanwhile insisted that the Secretary of State had not given up hope of a settlement. Yesterday morning she met leaders of the Orange Order from County Armagh, and was thought to be in contact with representatives from the Garvagh Road.

On Thursday evening, she held lengthy talks on security

today announce their decision on whether the ban on the contentious part of the annual parade. The signs are that the march will be allowed through under heavy police and army protection in an attempt to avoid the disastrous scenes of last year when Orangemen brought the province to a standstill during a five-day stand-off at Drumcree. Some Orangemen believe, however, that Ms Mowlam may ban the parade following the intervention of the Irish government.

Pressure on the Northern Ireland Secretary increased yesterday when Ulster Unionist leader David Trimble urged her to respect the right of free assembly and movement on the highway. He said: "Government should not ban peaceful citizens from exercising these rights in a non-provocative manner at the behest of those who threaten violence."

To an attempt to reduce tensions, Orangemen have offered to scale down the event by playing no music along the disputed route, reducing the number of Union flags to one and keeping out politicians. Local nationalists, however, oppose the parade in any form and despite appeals yesterday from churchmen for compromise for both sides, the gap between them seemed as wide as ever.

Nationalist residents in Garvagh Road have already drawn up plans to try and block the parade if it is given the go-ahead.

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contingency plans with Royal Ulster Constabulary Chief Constable Rourke Flanagan, and Lt Gen Sir Rupert Smith, head of the Army in the province.

If, as many expect, the last-minute attempts to find an accommodation fail, then Ms Mowlam and Mr Flanagan will

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Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid

A sign on the Garvagh road

Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid

Furore over fake Van Goghs: Is this one of them?

Jojo Moyes

The art world reacted swiftly yesterday to quash claims that *Sunflowers*, the world-famous painting by Vincent Van Gogh which was sold by auctioneers Christie's for £24.75m in 1987, could be a fake.

The *Art Newspaper* alleged in a special investigation that up to 100 paintings and drawings had been wrongly attributed to the Dutch artist. The evidence came from an examination of several scholars' studies by Martin Bailey, an expert on the artist.

The allegation in the respected specialist publication brought a terse response from Christie's: "We have seen the story and there is no reason to question the authenticity of the picture," it said in a statement.

Experts at Amsterdam's Van Gogh Museum were also unconvinced by the allegations. "These works have been declared fakes on the basis of very shaky provenance. They should not be a reason to put a question mark against them," said Sjaar van Heugten, curator of paintings and drawings.

"You have to do a lot more research, both stylistically and technically, before you can say that... We do not want to enter a discussion but we do not consider fair or trustworthy. Sixteen of the 45 works in question are at the Van Gogh Museum itself."

But the article quoted renowned expert, Jan Hulsker, who said 45 works listed as Van Gogh's were fakes and he was "very doubtful".



"Christine Hamilton", not necessarily by Van Gogh. Her story is on page 8.

of his work every year, but only a tiny fraction of these are ever deemed to be genuine. Experts say there are about 900 Van Gogh paintings and 1,200 drawings known to be in existence, and that they do not expect to find many more. *The Art Newspaper* notes: "The crux of the matter is that Van Gogh sold virtually no works in his lifetime and consequently there is no commercial proof of provenance or authorship."

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Leading article, page 17

Britons are quids in
Britons travelling in Europe yesterday found their money worth 20
per cent more than last year as sterling hovered on the 10 francs to the pound mark

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QUICKLY

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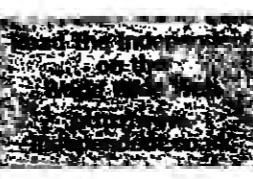
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Whitney saved from orphanage exile



Happy together: Whitney Forrester and her father Gilroy celebrating the Home Office decision to allow her remain in Britain. Photograph: Kalpesh Lathigra

Glenda Cooper
Social Affairs Correspondent

Whitney Forrester was cross at having to miss school yesterday after her photograph taken. But it was a very special occasion: finally the threat of being sent away from her father, Gilroy, to an orphanage 3,000 miles away had been lifted.

She was to have been returned to Jamaica in March, despite pleas from Mr Forrester, who has lived in Britain for nearly seven years, that he was able and

willing to care for her. Once there, as her mother had abandoned her, she would have been placed in a children's home. Yesterday the Home Office minister Mike O'Brien confirmed that she was allowed to remain.

"I am smiling today and so is Whitney," said a joyful Mr Forrester. "She understood what was happening and was very disturbed by the idea of being separated from me and her brother, Adrián. It would have been unbearable if she had been sent back to an institution

where she knew nobody." The Home Office said in March that she was being returned to Jamaica because she did not apply for entry clearance from the British High Commission in Kingston. The family said it was unaware such a procedure was necessary, particularly since Whitney's stay was not originally intended to be permanent.

She came to visit her father in Tottenham, north London, last October. Last year, her mother abandoned her after her new fiancé refused to support the

child and Whitney's aunt looked after her instead. But while Whitney was in Britain, her aunt said that she would no longer be able to care for her.

Her deportation was deferred after solicitors for her family had claimed that Jamaican social services were not aware that her father was willing to care for her and yesterday it was finally confirmed that could stay. The decision was welcomed as a "victory for common sense" by Mr Forrester's MP, Bernie Grant, who had campaigned on the family's behalf.

Robots on Mars spark space fever

Charles Arthur
Science Editor

Almost 30 years after the Moon landings, the world – or more precisely, prime-time American TV – was last night gripped by space fever once more, as man (or at least, a robot) returned to Mars.

There were shouts of joy in the mission control room at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena as *Pathfinder*, with its valuable "Mars Buggy" cargo, ended its epic 309-million-mile (497-million km) journey by landing on the planet just after 6pm EST – about 3am, Mars time. A signal was received last night indicating that the craft survived the impact, but scientists were anxiously waiting to see if all the systems were functioning.

It wasn't a very dignified arrival. The *Mars Pathfinder* rocket, containing a tiny six-wheeled Mars rover, was expected to fall at a speed of about 90 kilometres per hour through the thin atmosphere, inflate four giant airbags when 80 metres above the ground, and fire retro-rockets. That was not expected to stop its fall completely: a minute's bouncing and rolling was also expected.

Then the *Pathfinder* was programmed to open out and let the 10-kilogram *Sojourner* roll out across the dusty, rocky plains of the *Ares Vallis* flood plain just as the Martian dawn broke.

In a masterpiece of timing, the TV signals beamed back from the rover – showing everything from *Pathfinder*'s solar panels to the distant horizon – were due to arrive early in the evening, just in time for Americans to lap up the first-ever live pictures from the Red Planet. All being well, live pictures will be shown on BBC2 this morning from 8-10am.

Sojourner will move about at just under 1.13 cm per second. It will take colour pictures and examine minerals in the rocks and soil. *Pathfinder*, meanwhile, will sit back and enjoy the view, sending back pictures and data on the atmosphere.

Pathfinder

is the first US

spacecraft

dispatched to Mars

since the \$1bn (£600m) *Mars Observer* disappeared from Nasa

radar screens in August 1993,

and the first mission

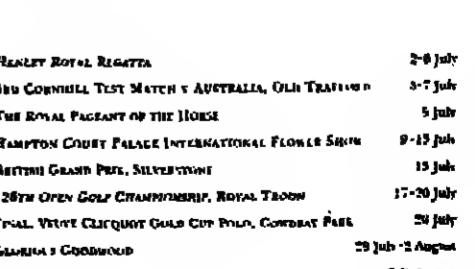
designed to land there since the *Viking 2* probes set down in 1976. To the disappointment of many, *Viking* found no traces of life. It is most likely that those excited last year by apparent traces of life in a Martian meteorite will be disappointed too.



STROKE



MASTERSTROKE



MASTERSTROKE



MASTERSTROKE

news

significant shorts

Clampdown on high-dose vitamin pills announced

Plans were announced yesterday to force makers to limit levels of vitamin B6 in dietary supplements, amid health fears over "mega-dose" pills. Experts have warned of prolonged exposure to high levels of the vitamin could cause nerve damage leading to numbness, clumsiness and tingling.

But critics claimed the proposed 10 milligram daily dose was "ridiculously low" and a blow to thousands of women using doses of up to 200mg a day in combat PMS and depression. The legislation, announced by food safety minister Jeff Rooker, follows an investigation by the independent Food Advisory Committee.

Most dietary supplements already comply with the 10mg dose limit which is still five times the recommended daily dose. The high dose supplements – which would only be available on prescription if the laws go ahead – are used mainly by women to combat pre-menstrual tension but also to treat some hyper-active children.

Hand over 'fat cat' papers says judge

A High Court judge yesterday told *Marketing Week*, the magazine which broke the story of National Lottery operator Camelot's "fat cat" pay deal for its directors, that it had to hand back a leaked document so that Camelot might identify the source of the leak. Stuart Smith, editor of *Marketing Week*, said the magazine would appeal the judge's ruling and "exhaust every legal remedy to prevent the document being handed back". It will now take the case to the Court of Appeal.

Paul McCann

Child killing conviction overturned

A man was freed by the Court of Appeal yesterday after his conviction for killing a three-year-old boy was declared unsafe.

Paul Esslemont, now 21, allegedly half-strangled Carl Kennedy with the child's Aston Villa shirt and then rained 15 blows on his face with a weapon, rendering him unrecognisable. Yesterday he wept in the dock as Lord Justice Leggatt said that in the light of fresh evidence his conviction was not safe. Mr Esslemont, who lived near the little boy in Willenhall, Coventry, was acquitted of murder in May 1993 but found guilty of manslaughter, by a majority of 10 to two. He was sentenced to eight years' detention.

Skye bridge protesters not satisfied

Tolls for the islanders of Skye using the new road bridge were halved yesterday – but campaigners vowed to fight for their complete abolition. The action group, Skye and Kyle Against Tolls, claims the announcement by Donald Dewar, the Secretary of State for Scotland, missed the point of their 15-month battle. The 50 per cent cut brings the price of a car journey down to £1.25. Commercial vehicles will pay £1.95 and buses will pay £1.45.

Shipwreck 'traumatic and horrific'

The wrecking of the 137-year-old square-rigger *Maria Assumpcio* on the south Cornwall coast was a "traumatic and horrific experience", a court heard yesterday from the crewman who was at the helm as she ran aground on a submerged rock.

Three of the 14 crew died as the 125ft-long wooden vessel – then the world's oldest working sailing ship – was smashed to pieces near the end of her voyage to Padstow on May 30, 1995.

Helmsman John Howells was giving evidence at the trial of her owner-skipper Mark Litchfield, 56, of Boxley, Kent, who has denied three manslaughter charges arising from the deaths after the ship hit Rumps Point.

Lift tragedy of 25-stone woman

A woman plunged to her death in a lift after the cable snapped under her weight, and inquest was told yesterday. The elevator carried 25-stone wheelchair-bound Peggy Hitchen, 73, into her bedroom from the downstairs living room of her home.

But she died after a steel cable severed to April. Her grandson Alex, 13, raised the alarm after he found her lying in agony in her lift. Mrs Hitchen died in Musgrave Park hospital in Tauton, Somerset, hours later from massive internal bleeding.

Yesterday her son Pete, 44, said: "It was extremely difficult to get her out. In the end nine of us including my wife and our son used a huge carrying sheet to get her out."

Oasis record leak may end in court

Oasis' record company Creation Records is considering proceedings for breach of trust against two radio stations after the band's new single 'D'You Know What I Mean' was leaked in advance of its release date this week. Creation called in the police to investigate the leaks and City FM in Liverpool and Forth FM in Edinburgh confessed that they had made secret recordings of the single when it was played to them by Creation's plugging company.

Paul McCann

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Newspapers Support Recycling

Recycled paper made up 41.2% of the raw material for UK newspapers in the first half of 1996

people



Sir Simon Rattle and the violinist Nigel Kennedy in rehearsal in Birmingham yesterday for a performance of Elgar's *Violin Concerto in B Minor* tonight, to mark the centenary of EMI Records. Kennedy will then record the piece for a commemorative album (Photograph: Andrew Bakerman)

The 12-year-old mother who was 'just experimenting'

A 12-year-old girl, believed to be Britain's youngest mother, received an "excellent" sex education at school, her local education authority said yesterday. The girl, from Poole, Dorset, fell pregnant at 11, while at primary school, and gave birth in April, two terms into her secondary education. The father is a 13-year-old boy who lives near her home.

She did not realise she was pregnant, according to reports, and was taken to see a doctor by her mother after complaining of stomach pains. Five days later, she gave birth to a 7lb 4oz daughter. A relative said that the girl and her boyfriend were "just experimenting" with sex and that she had "no idea" of the consequences.

The girl was off school for six weeks and received home tuition. She is now back in class and, according to Poole borough council, "settling down well to her studies".

A spokeswoman for the council said that, while at primary school, she would have learnt about the mechanics of conception by the age of 10.

In a statement, the council said all its schools were regularly inspected to ensure they provided "effective"

sex education. It said its teachers had been trained extensively, adding: "The Department for Education and Employment has reported that this training is excellent."

The girl, who gave birth by emergency Caesarean, has been quoted as saying: "My baby is gorgeous and I love her to bits. She has blonde curly hair and lovely blue eyes. My mum and dad have been great."

Her father described himself as a "proud granddad". "It's been difficult, but we are behind her," he said. "We don't care what others think. We are a close family and will get through it."

The girl's 25-year-old mother will be the baby's legal guardian until she reaches 16. The birth was registered when the baby was 22-days-old; the father is not named on the birth certificate.

Ann Weyman, chief executive of the Family Planning Association, said 12-year-old mothers were extremely rare, and that the number of teenage pregnancies was falling. A spokeswoman for Brook Advisory Centres said sex education in school needed to be more relevant to real life.

Kathy Marks

Diana's little black dress is a little too little

Hanging in a wardrobe in Glasgow is a £39,098 chiffon dress that has never been worn by its owner.

Briega Mackenzie recently picked up the little black number in a New York auction house, but has since realised she cannot quite squeeze into it.

The trouble is that the frock is second-hand, and the previous owner is svelte Diana, Princess of Wales.

The dress, which Diana wore to the Serpentine Gallery on the night the Prince of Wales went on television and admitted adultery, is a size 10.

Forty-four-year-old Mrs Mackenzie however is a couple of sizes larger. But the mother-of-three, of Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire, has no plans to go on a crash diet.

"I'm not some rich bitch pretending she's a princess by buying one of her dresses to prance around cocktail parties in."

"I can't fit into it, but that's not really the idea in this instance. We bought it to raise funds for the charity Children 1st," she said.

Mrs Mackenzie and her husband Greeme, thought that by purchasing one of the dresses they could benefit their favourite charity.



"We haven't had time to work out any details of how it will be used but, at least for the next year, it will certainly raise funds for Children 1st. Then we may allow it to be used by other good causes," said Mrs Mackenzie.

Children 1st is a Scottish charity which aims to prevent neglect and abuse against children.

Barry Ayre, the charity's director of fund-raising, said: "We are absolutely delighted. Briega Mackenzie has been a long time supporter of Children 1st and we are very grateful. We are going to plan a series of fashion shows."

Alexandra Williams

Orton papers to stay in Britain

An historic collection of playwright Joe Orton's papers will remain in Britain, following a university's "race against time" to stop them going on the open market.

Leicester University raised £80,000 to secure the papers, which include typewritten, notes and unpublished works from the controversial author of *Entertaining Mr Sloane*, *Loot*, and *What the Butler Saw*.

It launched its appeal on 14 February, to secure, house and conserve the papers, which were being held by Orton's family. The university was given a deadline of 30 June, after which the papers would have gone on the open market, and possibly left the country.

Leicester University librarian Dr Timothy Hobbs said yesterday that the purchase had been "a tremendous achievement and a triumph for those who wish to preserve our great literary heritage."

"These papers will now be retained in Joe Orton's birthplace and will provide enormous benefits for students, scholars and people interested in learning more about the playwright," he added.

The papers, he added, offered "fascinating insights" into the mind of a "very anti-establishment figure".

Jojo Moyes

briefing

EDUCATION

Manifesto nursery pledge may be hard to fulfil

Some parts of the country may fail to hit government targets of providing a nursery place for all four-year-olds by September 1998, ministers have admitted.

In draft guidance to local authorities on how the manifesto pledge will be carried out, officials acknowledge that for some the target will pose a "significant challenge". Even in those areas, the Government will be looking for "considerable progress", the guidelines say.

As *The Independent* disclosed yesterday, the guidance also proposes backing up the Government's manifesto pledge of a nursery place for every child with legislation to compel LEAs to ensure education is provided for all four and, eventually, three-year-olds.

The proposals follow Labour's abolition of the nursery voucher scheme introduced by the Conservative government. Lucy Ward

HEALTH

Soya milk packed with hormones

Babies fed on soya-based milk are exposed to doses of hormone-like chemicals up to 11 times higher than those known to biologically affect adults, it was claimed yesterday.

According to a study in the medical journal the *Lancet*, infants given soya milk take in a 13,000-22,000 higher concentration of plant oestrogen hormones than those fed on cow's milk or breast milk.

Researchers concluded this must have some biological effect on the babies – but as yet they do not know what they are. The report said: "Long-term follow-up studies are needed to assess the potential benefit or adverse effects of phyto-oestrogens exposure early in life."

To date there is no evidence that soya-based milk, which has been used for more than 30 years, causes any harm to infants. Some evidence suggests phyto-oestrogens may even be beneficial.

RELIGION

Young turn back on moral message



Schools are spending more time on religious education, but the increase is not helping pupils' spiritual development, according to a study published yesterday.

The Ofsted report found that nine out of 10 primary schools and eight out of 10 secondaries surveyed were meeting their legal duty to teach RE to all pupils, except those withdrawn by their parents. Only a year ago, more than half of schools nationally were breaking the law, with secondaries the worst offenders.

However, the Ofsted study of 14 local education authorities found that, despite many improvements, there were still some weaknesses in the quality of teaching and courses. Though most pupils were now learning the facts about a range of faiths, schools were not using the lessons to encourage moral and spiritual development, the report said. "While pupils are learning about religion few are learning from religion."

Teaching was also variable within schools, with some staff unenthusiastic about teaching RE. The report recommended schools consider using specialist staff to teach a range of classes. Lucy Ward

ATTITUDES

Bad news abroad for British women

British women were given an emphatic thumbs-down by European men in a magazine survey published yesterday. Foreign men are said to believe that the average British woman drinks too much, spends too little time on her looks and is more easily seduced than her continental counterpart.

Indeed the opinions published in *Company* magazine, show that the stereotypical image of the British girl abroad still holds.

Gianinca, a 35-year-old Italian marketing manager, said: "As far as Italians are concerned, British women are white, not very clean, easy, and drink like fish." He said British girls look scruffy and have bad diets. "And it shows – the pear shape is always lurking. They should look after themselves better, it's worth it in the long run."

Fabrice, a corporate banker from France, said "Generally speaking, British women don't dress with taste."

The men did agree that the best thing about British women was their capacity for laughter. Gianinca said: "They're very good at taking the mickey out of themselves. They're much better at than Italian girls, who are probably too busy looking after their clothes."

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Train to be a teacher in just three months

LUCY WARD
Education Correspondent

Would-be teachers will be able to train for the job in just a term under a new fast-track route to be launched by the Government.

The high-speed option, designed to tap the talents of mature graduates who may be switching to teaching from other jobs, slashes by up to two-thirds the year-long minimum training period required at present.

Under a second scheme, also unveiled yesterday, mature candidates who have already completed two years of higher

education will be able to gain both a degree and a teaching qualification after just one more year's study.

The new fast-track programmes, both aimed at candidates aged 24 or over, underline the level of government concern over the extent of the recruitment crisis in the teaching profession.

Recruitment into traditional teacher training courses is down 11 per cent this year, raising fears of a serious shortfall, particularly in science and maths.

Ministers are eager to stress that the new schemes, which will see candidates employed by schools as trainee teachers, will

be supported by a local university or teacher-training college.

A Department for Education and Employment spokeswoman stressed that those taking the minimum time would be rare, and would be likely to have previous experience, perhaps in a further education college.

Candidates taking the second route, the Registered Teacher Programme, will spend between a year and two years training in the classroom, but will also complete a course of academic study at a higher education institution.

School standards minister Estelle Morris, launching a consultation on the two schemes, said the Government wanted to

make use of the skills of mature candidates keen to take up teaching who might not be able to go through full-time training before starting work.

Schools and universities will tailor-make the training programmes. Trainees will be employed as unqualified teachers, on salaries starting at £10,089 but ranging as high as £16,902 if governors took relevant experience into account.

The National Union of Teachers warned the fast-tracking schemes would create problems for schools unless the Government provided significant resources to fund mentoring and support for trainees.

How long does it take to learn to be...

Three months to train a teacher. How long for other careers?

Architect – degree plus four years to qualify (two-year diploma and professional exams)
Doctor – degree plus six more years' study and vocational training to become a GP
State Registered Nurse – three years to gain diploma (with A-levels or GNVQ)
Train driver – around six months

Airline pilot – gaining commercial pilot's licence then completing required minimum 155 hours flight training and 600 hours ground training usually takes several years

Chartered accountant – four years from A-levels or three years from degree
Civil engineer – seven years, including degree
Vet – degree plus two years' further university study

Research by Rosie Goodwin

high-quality programmes despite their brevity.

However, teaching unions yesterday sounded alarm bells over the appropriateness of the fast-track approach.

David Hart, general secretary

of the National Association of Head Teachers, said: "We undoubtedly face a recruitment crisis which will only get worse, as we have to recruit teachers to meet the government's policy of cutting class sizes, but it would

be dangerous to abandon quality in the search for quantity."

Under the first fast-track route, the Graduate Teacher Programme, graduates will spend between a term and a year training in the classroom,

Here comes the 10 franc pound ... and Britons are fleeing to riches abroad



Customers at Polly Magoo in Paris, where the strong pound is helping British travellers make the most of their holiday cash. Photograph: Colm Pierce

Steve Boggan and Tom Hampson

Britons travelling in Europe yesterday found their money worth at least 20 per cent more than last year as sterling rose to a six-year high and hovered on the psychological 10 francs to the pound mark.

Despite the absence of American tractors on Independence Day, the pound peaked at 9.99 francs, sparking confidence speculation that next week would see it break the 10 franc barrier for the first time since 1991.

The national mood might be upbeat with new Labour and a string of sporting successes bringing fresh optimism, but millions of Britons are heading abroad to cash in on the favourable exchange rates.

Holiday companies are reporting a 25 per cent increase in business on last year because of the strength of the pound and the miserable British weather. The Association of British Travel Agents (Abta) said that the upturn could lead to a record year – with 15 million people buying package holidays.

"Business is booming," said Jacqui Kirk, a spokeswoman for Thomas Cook. "The industry is 25 per cent up, but our outlets are experiencing a 45 per cent increase on last year. If you go anywhere in Europe at

the moment, you will find that your money goes much further."

According to Thomas Cook, £250 bought 59,703,500 Turkish lira yesterday, compared with 32,075,000 a year ago – a real increase in spending power of £115 per £250 exchanged. In Spain, £250 is worth £43.44 more than last year; in Greece it is worth £44.82 more; in Tunisia it is worth £44.94 more; and in Portugal the increase in value amounts to £38.11 per £250.

The result is much cheaper goods and

If you go anywhere in Europe now, your money will go further'

services at your holiday destination. Research by Thomas Cook shows that an average three-course meal in Spain costs £3.20 this year, compared with £10.65 in 1996. In Greece, the saving is £2.55 on a similar meal, while in Portugal, holiday-makers will save about £1.30 per head.

Maxine Pancaldi, a spokeswoman for First Choice, Britain's third largest tour op-

erator, predicted an increase in sales of winter holidays, too. "Many people haven't actually cashed in on their building society windfalls yet, so we are expecting them to think about taking a second holiday later in the year or spending the money on that long-haul destination they've always fancied. The savings once you get there are really quite substantial, particularly for families," she said.

"It could be a record year," said Keith Bettom, spokesman for Abta. "A number of favourable factors have come together to benefit the travel industry. Firstly, there is the strong pound, which is good news all round."

Then there are the building society windfalls, which have given a lot of people an unexpected bonus to spend on luxuries like holidays. And there is the awful weather. That really matters. Two years ago, the weather here was beautiful and sales of holidays abroad slumped."

The strong pound now will also mean cheaper holidays next year because companies are negotiating next year's prices at the moment.

"Holiday companies are very competitive, so those savings will be passed on to the customer," said Mr Bettom.

The markets expect the 10 franc barrier to be broken next week, particularly if the Bank of England puts up interest rates to dampen the consumer boom.

"It is probably just a matter of time," said Kit Juckles, head currency strategist at Nat West Markets. "If you have German interest rates at 3 per cent and French rates at about 3.1 per cent while ours are moving from 6.5 per cent northwards, it makes for a pretty high-octane mix."

Many observers were expecting the barrier to be broken yesterday, but a quiet day left it short by the tiniest fraction of a centime.

"If it hadn't been for the July 4th celebrations in America, and the lull caused by Wimbledon and the cricket here, then it might have made it," said Mr Juckles. "But it will probably make it next week."

for British workers

How your holiday money goes further

Currency	Exchange rate on 4 July 1996	£250 worth of currency	Exchange rate on 4 July 1997	£250 worth of currency	Year-on-year saving on the same currency purchase
Portuguese Escudo	244.1	61,025	288	72,000	38.11
Spanish Peseta	189.9	49,975	241.94	60,465	45.44
US Dollar	1,558	385.5	1,849	412.25	13.80
Tunisian Dinar	1,5215	380.38	1,856	483.75	44.94
Cyprus Pounds	0.7308	182.7	0.842	210.5	39.02
Turkish Lira	128.300	32,075,000	236,814	59,703,500	115.65
Greek Drachma	372.6	93,150	454	113,500	44.82
Italian Lira	2,380	595,000	2,806	701,500	37.85
Maltese Lira	0.5685	141.63	0.696	167	24.47
French Franc	6.015	2,003.75	9.67	2,417.5	42.79

Cardboard fizz in the can

CHARLES ARTHUR
Science Editor

Perhaps now, teenagers will really be able to savour the green revolution. British engineers have developed a "cardboard can" which is able to hold fizzy drinks such as colas and beers without bursting.

The benefits are that instead of using non-renewable plastics, or expensive metals such as aluminium and steel, it is simply made of treated cellulose, like that used for milk cartons, with a very thin internal plastic skin to stop gas permeating through the container.

Tens of millions of drinks bottles and cans are used every year in Britain, but comparatively few are recycled – a major cost to the industry and consumers. The new device could be both eco-friendly and eventually lower the cost of canned drinks.

The object was to make something like the Tetrapak for milk, but for fizzy drinks.

said Richard Freeman, of Scientific Generics in Cambridge, who has been working on the design for 18 months. "Aluminium and steel are recyclable – but you can't grow more. And plastic bottles which use PET [a biodegradable plastic] are derived from oil, which is a strictly limited resource."

The new design, which is be-

ing discussed with a number of soft drinks manufacturers and brewers, comes in 500 millilitre cans. They weigh about 50 grams, twice as much as metal cans.

"But the texture is very nice – it feels like wood, not cold like a can. And because it's effectively paper, you can print almost any design on to it –

you're not limited as you are with metals."

Producing prototypes of the can proved difficult. Most modern engineering designs are done by modelling them on a computer. But this was not possible with the cardboard, because too little is known about its properties under stress – a key requirement for computer-aided design.

Instead, the design team had to make various shapes and see how they stood up to the pressure of fizzy drinks – which can reach 70 pounds per square inch, equivalent to almost five times atmospheric pressure.

"We thought we would need rounded ends, but what the experiments showed that was weaker, and that actually a point works best," said Dr Freeman. "It's effectively a cylinder with outward-pointing cones at either end." The side of the packaging is extended so that the cones don't protrude past the outside of the can.



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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY



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BRITISH AIRWAYS

Windfall for lone parents less than £2 a week

Glenda Cooper
Social Affairs Correspondent

Two parents will be less than £2 a week better off under the new deal from the windfall fund announced by Labour in this week's Budget, says the Child Poverty Action Group. They said that they're

mainly to be convinced" that Labour's plans for a national childcare strategy could work in practice with the figures that had been put out.

And the Daycare Trust, while welcoming the change in attitude to lone parents, warned that at present only one childcare place existed for every



five children under eight.

Lone parents' groups remain angry that the Government has gone ahead with Tory plans to cut lone parents' benefits – equivalent to around £6 a week – along with other measures planned by the Tories for housing benefit, child allowances, the jobseeker's allowance and com-

cil and disability allowance. Such cuts will represent a saving of £6m by the end of this Parliament.

Harriet Harman, the Secretary of State for Social Security, outlined the Budget measures in the House yesterday. She said that when the youngest child of a lone parent

went to school, the parent would be sent a letter inviting him or her to the jobcentre where he or she would get a personal adviser to help in the search for a job.

The programme will be launched on 21 July this year in eight areas and the national programme would be implement-

ed by early next year. Ms Harman said the key to work for lone parents was affordable childcare and the Government would set up a network of after-school clubs funded by the National Lottery. The Government is also introducing a new maximum disregard for child care of £100 a week for families

with two or more children and increase the age at which the childcare disregard was available from 11 to 12.

Together, all of these measures mark the beginning of a radical new approach to welfare, an approach that puts work at the heart of the welfare state and extends opportunities to those

New deal: Harriet Harman, left, at No11 Downing Street launching the job interview scheme for lone parents. The CPAG claims the £200m set aside for single mothers and fathers amounts to just £1.92 a week. With Ms Harman, are Stella Lane, a lone parent, and her daughters Joanna, front, and Sadie. Photograph: Nicola Kutz

that have, until now, been denied the chance to provide a better life for themselves and their families," Ms Harman said.

But the Child Poverty Action Group said that the £200m set aside from the windfall tax was "pitiful". It estimated that given that it is for lifetime of this Parliament, and there are half a million lone parents targeted, each lone parent would only be £1.92 better off.

Sally Witcher, director of CPAG said: "We've got various kinds of bits but no clear idea of how it will all fit together. We want to know how much the national child care strategy is going to cost and what they are going to do to meet it – It doesn't look that convincing.

"The initiative is welcome, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating and the ingredients don't add up."

index

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Devon: Harriet Harman, at No 11 Downing Street launching the job creation scheme for lone mothers. The CPAG claims £200m not aside for lone mothers and babies amounts to just £1.92 a week. With Ms Harman, Stoffi Lane, a lone mother, and her daughters, Anna, front, and Sadie, right, at the Department of Work and Pensions.

Devon: Harriet Harman, at No 11 Downing Street launching the job creation scheme for lone mothers. The CPAG claims £200m not aside for lone mothers and babies amounts to just £1.92 a week. With Ms Harman, Stoffi Lane, a lone mother, and her daughters, Anna, front, and Sadie, right, at the Department of Work and Pensions.

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Drought stays, despite June's record rainfall

Nicholas Schoon
Environment Correspondent

Summer will be restarted next week, but the sun's long-awaited comeback will again raise the spectre of drought.

As the Meteorological Office forecast hot, dry conditions with temperatures as high as 24°C (75°F) next week, water companies and the Government's Environment Agency said that shortages were far from over.

More than 25 million people are under hosepipe or sprinkler tapwater. Throughout the drought-prone south and east of England, the areas most reliant on groundwater, the water table is low for the time of year and at record lows in many locations.

"We check aquifer levels at seven boreholes, and there has been no recovery at any," said a spokeswoman for Southern Water, whose sprinkler ban along the Sussex coastline covers 826,000 people.

"There's no way we can say the drought is over," said Mike Walker, head of policy for the Water Companies Association representing the smaller firms. It would only end once winter rainfall recharged the aquifers.

The two other companies with sprinkler or hosepipe bans are Suttoo and East Surrey, covering 280,000 people and Essex and Suffolk covering 1.5 million.

Nevertheless, the summer rain was very welcome because it had cut customers' demand for water by one-quarter com-

pared to the same period last year, eking out reserves.

Floods in and around Elgin, in Grampian, subsided yesterday leaving devastation behind. All but a handful of the 1,200 families evacuated from their homes managed to leave council-arranged temporary accommodation but most had to bed down with relatives or friends.

The wet and cold has impeded the pea and runner-bean harvest, with growers worried that their pea yields could be cut in half by rotting vines and cracked skins unless warm, dry conditions return. The Met Office said that after some showers today next week would be warm, dry and sunny with the chance of thunderstorms at the end.

Holmes convention holds few mysteries for the faithful



Elementary dressing: An assistant adjusting a dummy's outfit in shop window at Crowborough, East Sussex, once home to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, where local residents have been encouraged to wear period costume for this week's Sherlock Holmes Festival. Photograph: Andrew Hasson

Stab victim's car 'was alone'

A young couple told a court yesterday how they saw Lee Harvey's white Ford Escort travelling alone along a country lane just before his fiancée Tracey Andrews allegedly killed him. They were travelling home from a Sunday night drink with friends on 1 December last year when they saw Mr Harvey's Escort RS Turbo 2000, they told Birmingham Crown Court.

Ms Andrews denies murdering her 25-year-old boyfriend, alleging he was the victim of a road rage-style attack. She says he was stabbed to death in a frenzied assault by the passenger of a mystery dark blue Ford Sierra which chased them along country lanes near her home.

Simon Baker and his girlfriend, Elaine Carruthers, both accountants, told the jury that

there was definitely no other vehicle following Mr Harvey's car as it travelled past them.

Mr Baker, who told the court that he remembered the dead man's car because of its sporty alloy wheels and rear spoiler, said that as he travelled home at about 10.35pm he noticed the Escort as he approached a T-junction.

When he pulled out of the junction, he saw the Escort was reversing behind him as though it had missed the junction.

Mr Baker denied any suggestion that there was another car in the vicinity, following the white Escort. He said: "I say that it is completely and utterly untrue. I definitely would have noticed another car at the junction."

The trial was adjourned.

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news

The MP, his wife and a web of deceit

How Hamilton dismissed cancer risk to children

Christian Wolmar
Westminster Correspondent

Edwina Currie, the former health minister, told the cash-for-questions inquiry how Neil Hamilton had been completely unmoved by a set of photographs showing cancers that could be caused to young people by a product he was promoting.

In a letter to Sir Gordon Downey, the Parliamentary Commissioner for Standards, published in the evidence accompanying the report, Mrs Currie recalls a meeting at her office in May 1988 to discuss the possible legalisation of Skoal Bandits, a form of chewing tobacco. The MPs included Neil Hamilton, Michael Brown, Eric Forth and Sir William Clarke, then the chairman of the Tories' tobacco finance committee.

Both Mr Brown and Mr Hamilton were criticised in the Downey report published on Thursday for failing to declare payments and hospitality from United States Tobacco, the company that makes Skoal Bandits, and for not advising ministers and officials of their interest when lobbying on behalf of UST.

Since she was keen to promote a permanent ban – which was eventually introduced in late 1989 – she obtained photographs of a form of mouth and throat cancer which was known to be caused by Skoal Bandits. Her letter explains that it is a particularly virulent form of cancer and tends to attack young people, particularly in the cheek. She said it was "easily prevented by not permitting this product to be sold in the UK".

She said "it seemed to me therefore a sensible introduction to the discussion to show all concerned photographs of these cancers" obtained from a local hospital and she handed them out. She writes: "Most of those present were shocked but Mr Hamilton indicated that he did not feel the photographs were relevant."

She said that Mr Hamilton and Mr Brown did most of the talking at the meeting.

Ms Currie adds that she knew most of those attending were paid by tobacco lobbyists: "Sir William [now Lord] Clarke in particular was believed to be very well paid in his capacity as chairman of the tobacco finance committee since it would then be his job to lobby against tax increases on tobacco products."

Another letter, from Ms Currie's former boss in the Department of Health, David Mellor, assisted in scuppering the miscreant MPs by helping to ensure that Sir Gordon was able to conclude that the former MP did not declare his interest when lobbying their ministerial colleagues.

Mr Mellor, a strong opponent of what he calls "this noxious form of tobacco", who would have been prepared to give evidence against Mr Hamilton in *The Guardian* libel trial over the matter, said that he felt "very badly about" about receiving representations from Mr Hamilton and Mr Brown, who did not declare their interests.

He said: "It goes without saying that at no time did either Hamilton or Brown indicate that they were acting for United States Tobacco pursuant to any commercial agreement or inducement."

He was under the impression that they were pursuing these interests from a civil liberties perspective and adds: "I should certainly not have agreed to see them if I had had any reason to think they were acting as they did for commercial reasons".

Ken Clarke, the former chancellor, however, was less helpful to the inquiry. He claims not to have any memory of the events "except I remember the vigour with which Mr Hamilton pursued his campaign".

Mr Clarke did not want to give evidence to the Downey inquiry.



Influential: Christine Hamilton, who is linked to all the sleaze allegations which led to her husband Neil's downfall

Photograph: PA

'I'm prepared to give evidence on oath'

Christian Wolmar and Anthony Bevins

Neil Hamilton said yesterday that he was prepared to give evidence on oath to the Commons committee which will consider whether the former MPs in the cash-for-questions affair should be punished.

Although Mr Hamilton has little faith that the 11-strong Commons Standards and Privileges Committee will reject the findings by the Parliamentary Commissioner, Sir Gordon

Downey, he is preparing a reply to the report in which Sir Gordon said the evidence that Mr Hamilton had accepted undelivered cash payments from the owner of Harrods, Mohamed al Fayed, "compelling".

Mr Hamilton has 14 days in which to submit a response and then the committee will decide whether to hold oral hearings before ruling on Sir Gordon's report.

Mr Clarke said yesterday: "I wanted all Sir Gordon's evidence to be on oath but he re-

jected that suggestion. I've always prepared to the inquiry anything that I put to the inquiry and I don't resile from that." If the committee decides to hear from Mr Hamilton, it will probably mean that its final verdict will not be delivered until the autumn.

Mr Hamilton added even further to Tory embarrassment yesterday when he revealed that he could not be expelled from the party – because his membership had automatically lapsed when he lost his Tatton

seat in the May election. The revelation that he had not been a member of his own constituency party association shocked some MPs and gave extra impetus to William Hague's demand for party reform.

Tony Blair said in his Sedgefield constituency: "MPs, whether they're Conservative or Labour, want to do a good job and we should make sure that those are the people that are running things rather than the few rotten apples."

The power to put his own side

of the House in order will be taken by Mr Hague as part of a broader party reform – setting up a national membership register, suspension of MPs and others charged with offences that could bring the party into disrepute, and greater control over the selection of party candidates.

Confusion over Tory membership was evident yesterday at Westminster, where some MPs said they had two membership cards and others said they did not have a membership card.

The report found that Mr Brown had also failed to declare an interest in Skoal Bandits, a banned American chewing tobacco for which he had lobbied – along with Neil Hamilton.

It was Mrs Hamilton's signature which appeared on the receipt from the Peter Jones department store for a set of expensive garden furniture paid for by Mr Greer.

And it was Mrs Hamilton who booked the room at Mohamed al Fayed's Paris Ritz which set the sleaze allegations in motion – and where she and her husband charged a total of £2,500 in extras and room service to their room.

When the couple asked if they could return to the hotel, to be told by the irritated office of Mr Fayed that it was full, it was Mrs Hamilton who phoned the hotel and humiliatingly discovered that rooms were in fact available.

During the run-up to the general election, in which Mr Hamilton lost his Tatton seat to "anti-corruption" candidate Martin Bell, many observers re-

"We've made mistakes, but show me anyone who hasn't

marked upon Mrs Hamilton's seemingly genuine sense of outrage that they should be hounded for such apparently small misdemeanours.

"We've made mistakes," she once said of the Ritz allegations. "But show me anyone who hasn't. Tony Blair and John Prescott both enjoyed jolly weekends at Gleneagles. There was nothing wrong in their going but by doing a similar thing, Neil's been made out to be hopelessly corrupt."

Of their acceptance of Mr Fayed's "hospitality", she said: "The fact that someone owns an hotel should not stop him having private guests."

But then Mrs Hamilton's fierce sense of loyalty – and perhaps her unusual sense of property – can be traced all the way back to her first job in the Commons.

Until her death in the early 1970s she worked as secretary to the flamboyant Tory MP for Kidderminster, Sir Gerald Nabarro – and still sports an impressive portrait of him in the drawing room at the Hamiltons' home in Nether Alderley.

It was as his secretary in 1972 that she endured her first spell in the media spotlight. As Christine Holman, she stuck loyally by Sir Gerald, who was convicted of a dangerous driving offence in what was at the time in notorious case.

When the conviction was overturned six months later, she was photographed weeping and hugging the MP, clutching a piece of lucky white heather.

Loyalty – even then – had its rewards: he gave her a gleaming blue Mini, with the registration plate NAB 4.

No final reward for wife at heart of Tory sleaze

Jojo Moyes

Christine Hamilton has always been portrayed as the most loyal of Tory wives. But it is in her role within the cash-for-questions affair that the Hamiltons' adage "We Do Things Together" really applies.

For at the end of almost every strand of the sleaze allegations, it is possible to find Mrs Hamilton. She is at the epicentre of what has been called the "web of influence" that prompted the Downey inquiry into her husband's downfall.

A long-time Commons secretary, she introduced her husband to professional lobbyist Ian Greer, whose business empire collapsed in the aftermath of the "sleaze" scandal.

She also introduced him to her former boss, Sir Michael Grylls, who was censured in Thursday's report for "deliberately concealing" payments received from Mr Greer.

At York University, one of her best friends was the future Tory MP Michael Brown, who was also strongly criticised in Thursday's Downey report findings for failing to register introduction payments from Mr Greer.

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5. The fifth is the Principle of the Quartiles.
6. The sixth is the Principle of the Deciles.
7. The seventh is the Principle of the Percentiles.
8. The eighth is the Principle of the Quartile Deviations.
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Phenomenon file. Slide 1

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Poetry is rock 'n' roll for the bard who is worth a million

David Lister
Arts News Editor

Poetry is a romantic, private and lyrical art. So when poet of the moment, Murray Lachlan Young, performed live yesterday, he was accompanied by a cellist who played snatches of Elgar's *Cello Concerto*.

But poetry is also the new rock 'n' roll: 26-year-old Lachlan Young has just signed a £1m record deal, and he needs the MTV audience. So every so often the lady on the cello bangs her instrument with her hand for a pounding beat, or assauted the strings to raise a heavy metal sound.

A 15-minute "set" at the Virgin Megastore in central London yesterday, was his first gig since EMI announced that they had signed the unpublished poet who had been touring with The Pet Shop Boys rock band.

He now has a book, compact disc and cassette coming out, a manager who also handles football stars, public relations handlers and hangers-on. Thankfully, he sported a rumpled brown corduroy suit and uncombed curly hair to show that there is still a poet inside the packaging.

Lachlan Young's manager, Grant Black, describes his client as "very Byronic". This, one assumes, refers



to his placing his right arm behind his back, fluttering his palm and gazing with wide-eyed intent at the audience. His left hand grabs the microphone or punches the air, neither of which were known traits of Lord Byron.

Lachlan Young is a graduate of the world's first media performance degree course at Salford University. As a performance poet he is soon to tour Britain and America; and perhaps it was with stadiums in mind that he

shouted into the microphone, deafening the 40 or so of us watching – or so if you subtract those with television cameras and radio equipment.

Nevertheless, on stage, the tall, skinny, gesticulating poet has a cer-

tain presence, delivering his fairly simple comic rhyming verse in a variety of tones from camp to brawling football supporter to mock romantic. Performance poets down the years, from Pam Ayres to Tony

Harrison, may be wondering why they missed out on £1m deals. Perhaps it is that Lachlan Young has chosen his subject matter well. Nearly every poem seemed to be about the music business.

Meet the superstar: Murray Lachlan Young belting out his rhyming verse to a select audience at the Virgin Megastore in London yesterday for his first performance since signing a £1m deal with EMI. Photograph: Kalpesh Lathigra

One called "Comeback Tour" began:

"A stadium packed with middle-aged males Squeezed into tight pants, bald patch, pony tails."

Another was about the Rolling Stones with Mick Jagger impersonation included. Yet another, in anticipatory mood, was called "The Pros and Cons of Superstardom". A typical couple went:

"Where is my Hitler, twisted biographer? Where are the hushes containing photographers?"

At the end of the show, Murray Lachlan Young was rushed away by his minders, perhaps to give him the poetic illusion of hours of fans.

Lachlan Young had arrived on stage with pop-star laconic hauteur. "I'm going to give you some poetry," he drawled.

And that's what he did ... I guess.

Smokers win right to sue for damages

Jeremy Lorraine
Health Editor

A multi-billion pound compensation battle against British tobacco companies moved a step nearer today as the High Court ruled the litigation should get under way.

A date for the hearing, expected in 18 months, could be set this month but may still falter if the tobacco companies move to have the action struck out. At an administrative hearing on Tuesday, details of which were disclosed yesterday, the companies failed in their attempt to halt the action, which would have left it in limbo.

Forty seven lung-cancer victims have joined together in a group action against Gallaher and Imperial for their alleged failure to limit health risks to smokers. If they win, tens of thousands of others are likely to be eligible for compensation, opening the way to a global settlement.

The case follows last month's historic offer from American tobacco companies of a £225m fund to settle claims against them in the US.

Martyn Day of Leigh Day solicitors, who is representing the 47 British claimants, said: "The US settlement has undoubtedly changed the atmosphere. The massive figure will have an impact on the courts. It is all or nothing for both sides."

The case is being fought on a "no win, no fee" basis after legal aid was refused last year. The Legal Aid board decided that the chances of success were not sufficiently great to justify public expenditure.

A spokeswoman for Ash, the anti-smoking group, said: "The

whole climate of opinion has changed since then. The tobacco industry has realised they have to come to a settlement. In the US they faced the prospect of legal action from so many smokers they couldn't afford the risk of losing."

The British victims will claim that the two companies, Gallaher and Imperial Tobacco Group failed to cut tar levels in their cigarettes and print warnings when it became clear that this would have reduced cancer among smokers.

The group alleges that the manufacturers, which produce four-fifths of Britain's cigarettes, knew – or should have known – by the 1950s that their products were lethal but negligently failed to comply with a legal duty of care to minimise risk. Gallaher makes Benson and Hedges and Silk Cut; Imperial makes Embassy.

Gallaher and Imperial argue that the US settlement has no relevance to the UK. They say they have been printing health warnings on packets since the 1960s – before it became a legal obligation – and that taxes on cigarettes more than pay for the £610m which the Health Education Authority estimates the National Health Service spends annually on treating smoking-related problems.

Mr Day said that if the group action is won, the companies could be at risk of claims for the next 10 to 15 years from people who began smoking in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

Assuming that an average claim is worth about £50,000, he said there was a potential legal liability of between £1bn and £2bn a year over the 10 to 15-year period.

Brittan attacks Hague's policy

Anthony Bevins
Political Editor

The direction of William Hague's Conservative leadership was strongly attacked yesterday by Sir Leon Brittan, vice-president of the European Commission.

With Tory leaders and strategists assembling in Cambridge for a weekend "brainstorming" session on the way ahead, Sir Leon used a speech to Tory European constituency chairmen and agents at a Warwick conference, to reinforce the growing concerns of the Tory left.

The former Conservative Cabinet minister criticised Mr Hague's call for a referendum on the Amsterdam Treaty, and his unilateral decision to rule out membership of the single currency at the next election.

Sir Leon said there was no objective reason why the Tories should "remain agitated about

Europe" and he said that if the party wanted to get back into office at the earliest opportunity, it should stop "sulking on the sidelines" and dump its obsession with Europe, "which has plagued the party for so long."

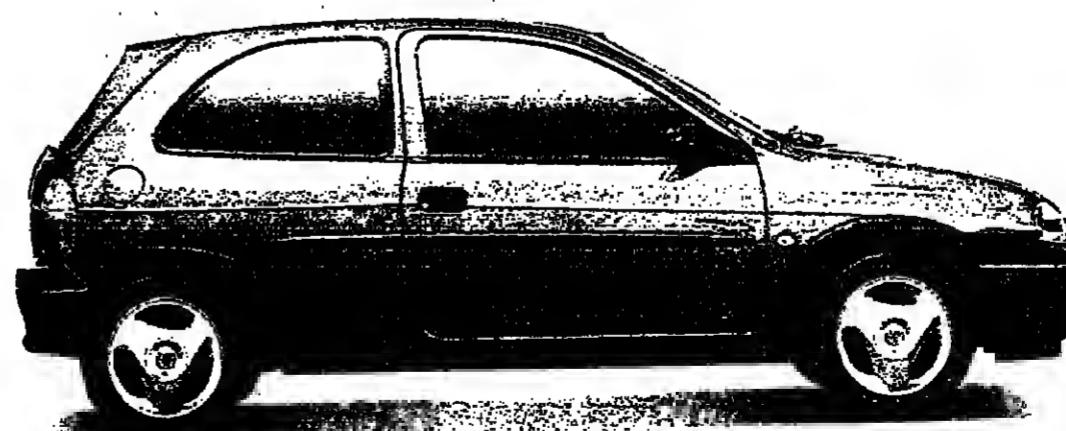
More specifically, however, he said that the new Treaty of Amsterdam was by no means a great leap towards European federalism.

"Claims that the present Amsterdam Treaty is a dramatic assault on British sovereignty do not seem to me to stand up to scrutiny," he said.

"So it is difficult to see the real case for a referendum on the Amsterdam Treaty."

Having denounced Mr Hague's referendum initiative, Sir Leon went on to attack the new leader's decision to rule out membership of a single currency for the lifetime of the next Parliament – possibly 10 years ahead.

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'If it gets bad, I hope people like me will be around to scream'

Britain urged to put principles before trade

Steve Crawshaw
Hong Kong

"What's happening now is horrific. The rest of the world isn't excited – they just pay lip service."

Emily Lau is angry, and pessimistic. The 45-year-old leader of the Frontier, one of Hong Kong's main pro-democracy parties, believes that the chances of Hong Kong's not-yet democracy being allowed to develop are less than slim.

Ms Lau, who studied at the London School of Economics and worked as a journalist with the BBC and the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, is one of the most outspoken politicians in Hong Kong – and one of the most popular. In the 1995 elections, she gained more votes than any other politician in directly elected seats to Hong Kong's legislative council. Like other critics of Peking, she has been excluded from the new look Legco, which is filled with pro-Chinese appointees.

Yesterday, she was still sitting in the government offices that she has occupied for the past six years. But not for long. The authorities have already removed her name plaque



Hong Kong handover

from the door, following this week's handover of Hong Kong to China. The elected councillors are out; the unelected are moving in. Ms Lau has been ordered to vacate her office within the next few days.

She says that she does not "rule anything out" in the months to come – including the possibility that she and other leading democrats might be arrested, though it is more likely, she thinks, that lesser figures could be picked off. "I'm very cynical. I wouldn't rule out any bad scenario. I just hope that people like us would be around to scream."

This message, which Ms Lau has already personally delivered to British government leaders, is more than just a ritual ear-bashing offered to foreign journalists. In a *Letter to Hong Kong*, to be broadcast in Hong Kong tomorrow, Ms Lau is scathing about what she sees as

British inertia. "In the case of Britain, a country which has run Hong Kong for 156 years, many people here believe the British government would not lift a finger to help us should we get into trouble. Like many other governments, London's top priority is getting a slice of the huge China market. We have also not forgotten that trade was the reason why the colony of Hong Kong was

founded in the nineteenth century." The British government's proclaimed new policy is that Hong Kong should be a "bridge, not a barrier". Ms Lau remains wary of the comforting alliteration. "I don't think anybody's saying that Hong Kong should be a barrier to anything. But the fear is that they just don't give a damn."

She criticises the new chief exec-

utive, Tung Chee-hwa, for the fact that his promise of new elections by next May – on an electoral system yet to be agreed – emerged only via conversations with foreign visitors. "He's told the foreigners. He hasn't bothered to tell the public."

If Ms Lau offers a ray of hope, it is that Hong Kongers, if pushed up against the wall, might yet be ready to resist. "My perception is that Hong

Kong is not that punchy. But people rise up when they are suppressed."

For the moment, she points to the drip-drip effect of changes – school essays being marked down for being unenthusiastic about reunification with China, for example. "It's only the first days of July – and things are already worse. In the future, anything could happen."



Listening for protests: Former legislative council member Emily Lau. She says: 'I wouldn't rule out any bad scenario' Photograph: David Rose

Taiwan stays in tune with HK

Stephen Vines
Hong Kong

Contrary to all expectation, Hong Kong's reversion to Chinese rule has produced closer ties between the former colony and Taiwan, which China regards as a renegade province. This is despite the fact that on Thursday Taiwan's President Lee Teng-hui adamantly turned down the suggestion that Hong Kong's return to Chinese rule could provide a model for Taiwan's return to the mainland.

Not only has Peking allowed the establishment of direct liaison with Hong Kong's new Special Administrative Region (SAR) government but Taiwan

has silently upgraded its representation in the territory by making Cheng An-kua, its senior official in Hong Kong, the head of a new Hong Kong Affairs Council which will supervise the work of all Taiwan entities in the SAR. The new council will report to the Mainland Affairs Council, instead of the foreign ministry, which indicates that it has a higher status than the three Hong Kong-based bodies which have been working through the foreign ministry.

While President Lee was speaking to journalists in Taipei, Hong Kong's Chief Executive Tung Chee-hwa was having a meeting with Koo Chen-fu, the head of Taiwan's semi-official

body which is involved in talks on Chinese reunification.

Yesterday Susie Chiang, the director of the Kwang Hwa Information Centre, supposedly Taiwan's main cultural institution in Hong Kong, said she has few concerns about the status of Taiwanese institutions in the SAR. "We will stay and have the same status," she said. "Peking has made it clear that everything will remain the same, until Peking feels it's about time to talk."

Hong Kong has served as the main link between China and Taiwan since the Chinese Revolution in 1949. There had been suggestions that China would use the establishment of the SAR to put pressure on Taiwan

to create more direct links with the mainland, such as direct shipping and air route. This could easily be done by cracking down on the transit links currently operating in Hong Kong.

Mrs Chiang said: "I don't think direct links can succeed in the near future because Taiwan is holding back. Hong Kong still has a role as a stepping stone."

Mr Tung has appointed Paul Yip, his special adviser, as the link man with Taiwan. Mr Yip, who has a background in Hong Kong's leftist organisations, is widely viewed as Mr Tung's main political adviser. He met Taiwan's Mr Koo alongside Mr Tung and has held discreet meetings with him in recent weeks.

China has been sending out confusing signals about these contacts between Hong Kong and Taiwan. On Thursday, the foreign ministry spokesman Tang Guoqiang said that all official contacts had to be reported to Peking for approval but yesterday the ministry said that contacts between Hong Kong and Taiwan fell into a special category, apart from foreign affairs, and therefore did not necessarily require approval from central government. China has repeatedly stressed its desire for reunification with Taiwan in the past few days but had not been expected to foster this objective through the new Hong Kong administration.

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Khmer Rouge accuse over coup plan

Cambodia's Khmer Rouge guerrillas yesterday accused the country's second Prime Minister of plotting a coup against his partner in Cambodia's fractured coalition as negotiations with the rebel group appeared to have stalled.

Cambodia's First Prime Minister, Prince Norodom Ranariddh, who has been holding talks with the guerrillas, travelled to Bangkok yesterday to meet a senior Cambodian official, a key negotiator with the rebels, at Phnom Penh's embassy in Bangkok, a Thai security source said.

Prince Ranariddh's top military adviser, another key negotiator in the Khmer Rouge talks, was sent to the guerrillas' north-west base of Anlong Veng on Thursday but he later reported no progress in securing the hand-over of Khmer Rouge leader Pol Pot, a key condition in the peace talks.

Relations between Prince Ranariddh and the Second Prime Minister, Hun Sen, which have been strained for more than a year over a power-sharing dispute, have been inflamed by a sharp difference over how to handle the dwindling Khmer Rouge rebel movement.

While Prince Ranariddh has supported peace talks, Hun Sen considers negotiations with the rebels illegal. Political analysts said their dispute over the Khmer Rouge reflected attempts by both men to bolster their political positions ahead of elections next May. The coalition government was formed after Cambodia's United Nations-run elections in 1993.

The rebels' clandestine radio, said yesterday that Hun Sen was building up troops and fire power in the capital and at his Phnom Penh compound near Phnom Penh in preparation for a strike against Prince Ranariddh. However, Khmer Rouge failed to broadcast a statement by Prince Ranariddh, who said negotiations cannot move forward until the rebels declare they have broken with Pol Pot and recognise the constitution.

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international

Kidnap king falls out with Lebanese hosts

Robert Fisk
Baalbek, Lebanon

Nobody talked about The Split. Indeed, the Hezbollah in Beirut had carefully refrained from any comment on Sheikh Sobhi Tofaili's "Revolution of the Hungry" in Baalbek. Nothing was said about Tofaili's decision to dress the Baalbek town hall - the entire Ottoman-built serial - in a black funeral shroud, the material carefully labelled with the words "The Coffin of Lebanese Authority".

Not a word was passed about the young men dancing through the crowd and waving flat Arabic bread on wooden poles. Not a mutter about Sheikh Tofaili's call for civil disobedience, a tax strike by the poor of the Bekaa Valley against the "bloodsucking" Lebanese government.

For it would not do to have Sayed Hassan Nasrallah, the secretary general of the Hezbollah, criticising Sheikh Sobhi Tofaili, the former secretary general of the Hezbollah and one of the founders of the "Party of God". But The Split was what the people of Baalbek were talking about yesterday, along with some very volatile support for Sheikh Tofaili's campaign against poverty. One local businessman, attired in a white *galibiyah* robe against the sun which burned down upon the Roman temples behind him, put it quite bluntly: "Tofaili wants to make his name again. It's a long time since he was a really important guy."

Long indeed: but not forgotten. For Sheikh Sobhi, bespectacled, turbaned and sporting some unexpected grey hairs these days, represents the unformed version of the Hezbollah - before the pro-Iranian party moved into democratic politics, became media-friendly and adopted the habits of Tehran's moderates. Back in the old



In the cold: Sheikh Sobhi Tofaili, the former head of Hezbollah, speaking during the Baalbek rally yesterday

Photograph: AP

days - or the good old days as Sheikh Sobhi would remember them - things were simpler. The Hezbollah was against America, France, Israel, the West, all manner of smaller Satsans and, especially, Westerners rash enough to go on living in Lebanon. Terry Anderson, the longest-held American hostage, spent a small portion of his almost seven years' captivity locked up in Sheikh Sobhi's Beirut office.

If only Terry could have been with us in Baalbek yesterday. For there was the grand old man of Kidnapping Inc, playing the role of Mahatma Gandhi, promising a day of civil disobedience, appealing for God's curses to be heaped

upon the Lebanese government, insisting his people's "march of hunger" would be unstoppable, that it would breach even "the gates of Beirut". Given the fact that scarcely 4,000 demonstrators turned up to support Sheikh Sobhi this seemed over-ambitious. True, the people of the northern Bekaa have been ignored by the money-making administration in Beirut in an effort to preempt the good Sheikh, the government last week promised a £60m development plan for the region - and true, the local hospitals and infrastructure have been allowed to rot since the civil war ended in 1990. But to hear Sheikh Sobhi demanding financial assistance for the land-

owners who have been forced to give up hashish-farming was a bit much. Already they are growing potatoes, and heavily subsidised ones to boot.

But the yellow Hezbollah banners - the shape of a Kalashnikov rifle helping to spell the word Allah (God) - fluttered above the crowd in front of the black-shrouded Baalbek town hall, along with two tatty and slightly faded Iranian flags. And that, in a sense, said it all. For Sheikh Sobhi Tofaili was the ally of Hoqatollah Ali Akbar Mohasseni, the Iranian founding father of the Hezbollah, former Iranian ambassador to Damascus, former interior minister in Tehran. But Tofaili is now as much in the cold as Mohasseni is in Iran: the leadership of President Rafsanjani - and president-elect Khatami - has transformed the Hezbollah in Lebanon, its younger leadership concentrating on politics and resistance to Israeli occupation in southern Lebanon. Relevant though Sheikh Sobhi's words may have been to the poor of Baalbek, he remains a man of the past.

But if this is a split, it is not one in which the Hezbollah's enemies can take much comfort. The one thing which both Tofaili and Nasrallah in Beirut have in common is their determination to destroy Israel's occupation army in southern Lebanon, and the Hezbollah is increasing its assaults on the occupiers with ever more effective roadside bombs, rocket and mortar attacks. Why, yesterday - along with demands for free hospitals, free education and dam construction - Sheikh Sobhi Tofaili was asking for Hezbollah guerrillas, along with their wounded, to be treated as if they were members of the Lebanese army. He wanted pensions for them. The Hezbollah as Dad's Army. It was quite a thought.



Cutting comment: Demonstrators at the Hezbollah "hunger revolt"

Photograph: AP

POSTAL INVESTMENT ACCOUNTS CURRENT INTEREST RATES

EFFECTIVE FROM 5 JULY 1997

THESE ACCOUNTS ARE NO LONGER AVAILABLE TO NEW INVESTORS

£ Term	£ Term	% Term	% Term
POSTAL 120 Annual			
£21,000 or more	£1,000	4.01	4.10
£10,000 - £24,999	5.65	4.45	4.50
£2,500 - £9,999	3.23	4.25	4.25
£50 - £1,499	0.57	0.49	0.50
POSTAL 120 Monthly			
£21,000 or more	5.64	4.67	4.76
£10,000 - £24,999	4.41	4.13	4.16
£2,500 - £9,999	3.13	4.10	4.10
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 80 Annual			
£50,000 or more	5.00	4.00	4.00
£25,000 - £49,999	4.70	3.76	3.76
£10,000 - £24,999	4.23	3.40	3.40
£2,500 - £9,999	3.25	2.80	2.80
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 80 Monthly			
£50,000 or more	4.89	3.91	3.91
£25,000 - £49,999	4.60	3.63	3.63
£10,000 - £24,999	4.17	3.34	3.34
£2,500 - £9,999	3.20	2.85	2.85
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 60 Annual			
£100,000 or more	4.30	3.60	3.60
£50,000 - £99,999	4.25	3.40	3.40
£25,000 - £49,999	3.75	3.00	3.00
£10,000 - £24,999	3.25	2.60	2.60
£2,500 - £9,999	3.00	2.40	2.40
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 60 Monthly			
£100,000 or more	4.41	3.53	3.53
£50,000 - £99,999	4.17	3.34	3.34
£25,000 - £49,999	3.69	2.95	2.95
£10,000 - £24,999	3.20	2.55	2.55
£2,500 - £9,999	2.96	2.37	2.37
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 50 Annual			
£50,000 or more	4.15	3.32	3.32
£25,000 - £49,999	3.70	2.96	2.96
£10,000 - £24,999	2.85	2.28	2.28
£2,500 - £9,999	2.50	2.00	2.00
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 50 Monthly			
£50,000 or more	4.00	3.10	3.10
£25,000 - £49,999	3.55	2.79	2.79
£10,000 - £24,999	2.80	2.22	2.22
£2,500 - £9,999	2.45	1.97	1.97
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 21 Annual			
£100,000 or more	4.01	3.10	3.10
£50,000 - £99,999	3.65	2.85	2.85
£25,000 - £49,999	3.23	2.43	2.43
£10,000 - £24,999	2.80	2.20	2.20
£2,500 - £9,999	2.45	1.97	1.97
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL ACCOUNT (Monthly)			
Can now be operated through branches	£50,000 or more	4.00	3.20
£25,000 - £49,999	3.60	2.72	2.72
£10,000 - £24,999	3.24	2.36	2.36
£2,500 - £9,999	2.80	1.94	1.94
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL ACCOUNT (Monthly)			
Can now be operated through branches	£50,000 or more	4.00	3.20
£25,000 - £49,999	3.60	2.72	2.72
£10,000 - £24,999	3.24	2.36	2.36
£2,500 - £9,999	2.80	1.94	1.94
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
GO DIRECT			
Can now be operated through branches	£50,000 or more	4.00	3.20
£25,000 - £49,999	3.60	2.72	2.72
£10,000 - £24,999	3.24	2.36	2.36
£2,500 - £9,999	2.80	1.94	1.94
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 30 Annual			
£50,000 or more	4.15	3.32	3.32
£25,000 - £49,999	3.70	2.96	2.96
£10,000 - £24,999	2.85	2.28	2.28
£2,500 - £9,999	2.50	2.00	2.00
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 30 Monthly			
£50,000 or more	4.00	3.10	3.10
£25,000 - £49,999	3.55	2.79	2.79
£10,000 - £24,999	2.80	2.22	2.22
£2,500 - £9,999	2.45	1.97	1.97
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 21 Monthly			
£50,000 or more	4.00	3.10	3.10
£25,000 - £49,999	3.55	2.79	2.79
£10,000 - £24,999	2.80	2.22	2.22
£2,500 - £9,999	2.45	1.97	1.97
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 12 Annual			
£50,000 or more	4.00	3.10	3.10
£25,000 - £49,999	3.55	2.79	2.79
£10,000 - £24,999	2.80	2.22	2.22
£2,500 - £9,999	2.45	1.97	1.97
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 12 Monthly			
£50,000 or more	4.00	3.10	3.10
£25,000 - £49,999	3.55	2.79	2.79
£10,000 - £24,999	2.80	2.22	2.22
£2,500 - £9,999	2.45	1.97	1.97
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 12 Annual			
£50,000 or more	4.00	3.10	3.10
£25,000 - £49,999	3.55	2.79	2.79
£10,000 - £24,999	2.80	2.22	2.22
£2,500 - £9,999	2.45	1.97	1.97
£50 - £1,499	0.50	0.40	0.40
POSTAL 12 Monthly			
£50,000 or more	4.00	3.10	3.10
£25,000 - £49,999</td			

Playing the numbers racket

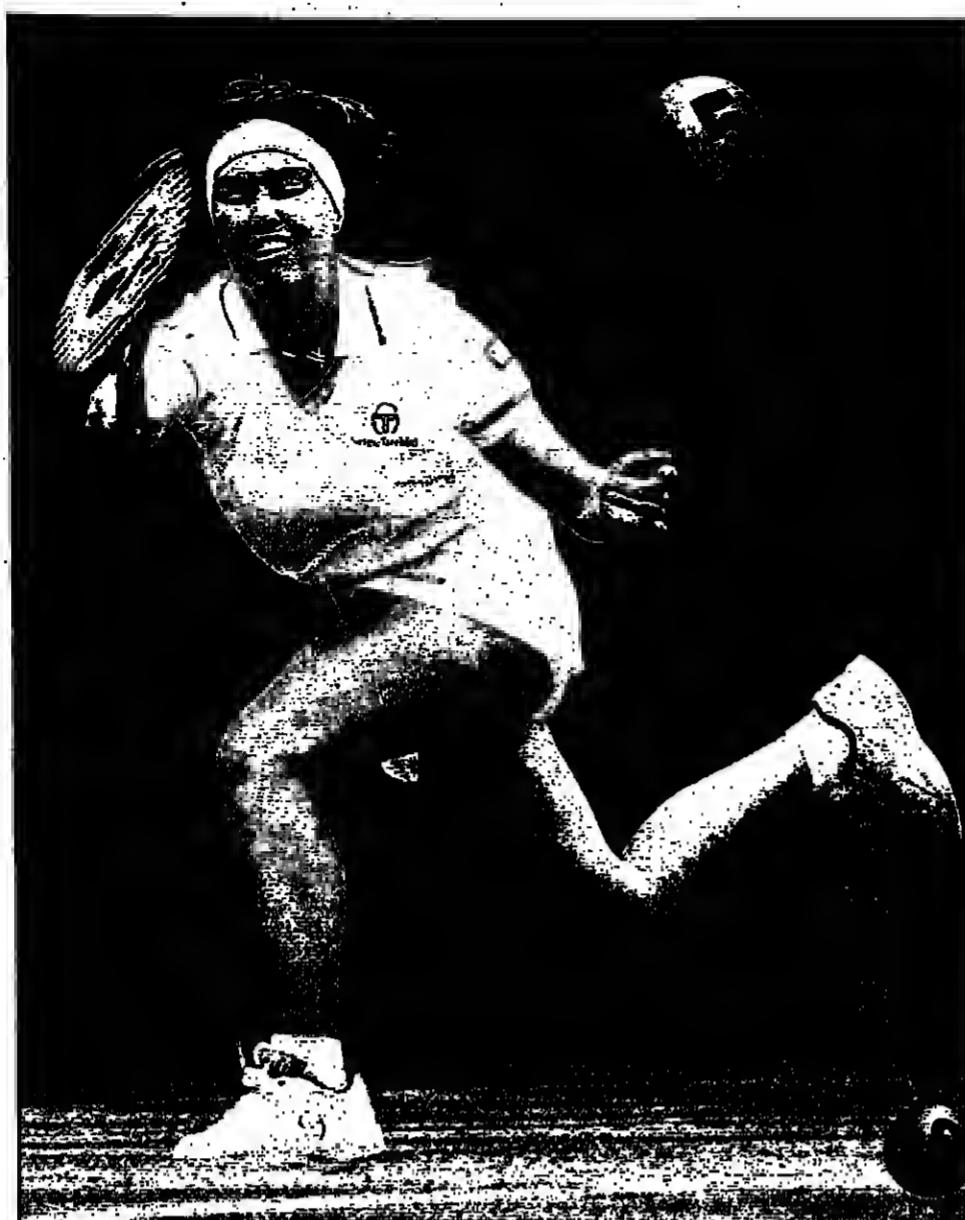
Tennis? It's mostly a game of luck, says William Hartston in this statistical guide to Wimbledon watching

Just suppose, for a moment, that we wanted to find out which of two tennis players was better at the game. What we'd do, if we had any sense, would be to give each of them 100 serves – 50 from each side of the court – and see who won more points. Instead of that, we divide the points into games and the games into sets in a manner that could hardly be better calculated to confuse the issue. Of course just playing to see who is first to win 51 points would be rather boring, but the rules of tennis are not designed solely to provide the thrill of a game decided every few minutes: their real purpose is to ensure that the better player sometimes loses. We'll come back to that later. First, let's work out the odds.

Suppose (as is more or less the case) that the server wins twice as many points as he loses. Then if the returner manages to struggle to deuce, his chance of breaking serve by winning the next two points is only one in nine, with an additional four in nine chance of reaching another deuce. It is not difficult to work out from this that the chance of a service break is only one in five. When the crowd becomes excited, just because their hero has reached deuce and has, in the breathless words of the commentator, "a real chance here to break serve", they ought to realise it's only 20 per cent and calm down a little. Even at love-30, the odds are slightly in favour of the server to win the game.

If you go back to the beginning of the game, it turns out that the server has an 86 per cent chance of winning the game, with only a 14 per cent chance of a break. This means that we should expect serve to be broken about once every seven games. Which means that each player may expect to have his serve broken less often than once a set. And that is why most sets end 6-3 or 6-4.

As you watch the Wimbledon finals this weekend, you should realise that the thrills come not from the brilliance of a delicately played drop volley, or an elegant lob landing right on the



Martina Hingis probably does not realise that the balls she is playing with are subject to the same statistical laws as those of the National Lottery

baseline. The true excitement lies in the interaction of random fluctuations of different variables. Even those "Oh lsay" shots are no more than statistical quirks. The lob that lands half an inch outside the baseline is no worse a shot than the line-clipping return. It just happened to turn out well. If one player's fine play gives him a slightly greater chance of holding serve than his opponent – say seven chances in eight compared with five out of six, we are still essentially toss-

ing two biased coins, one a little more crooked than the other, and waiting for the less likely sides to come up.

You can try an experiment, if you like, with a die and three coins. One player – called, for example, Stich – rolls the dice and wins the game unless he rolls a one; the other replies by tossing the coins, and holds his serve unless three tails come up. Just try it and see how often the better player manages to win in straight sets.

In fact, looking at the results from

three Grand Slam tournaments (France, the United States and Wimbledon) in 1996, there were 96 straight set victories out of 185 men's singles matches – so in about half the matches the worse player managed to win at least one.

Earlier this year, the science journal *Nature* reported an intriguing piece of research that compared different professional sports according to the number of games played in one season of their major league. The con-

clusion was that sports evolved a competitive structure that guarantees enough surprises to keep the audience excited. If the result of every game is almost random (as in baseball), you need hundreds of games in a season to provide a good chance that the best team will emerge on top; if the better team wins almost all the time (as in rugby football), a much shorter season is enough to determine a fair overall winner. For the spectators, it is just as unsatisfactory for the better team to win all the time as for every result to be determined by pure chance.

In general, it is the high-scoring sports (such as basketball) that have the greatest reliability, while low-scoring ones (such as football) produce the most upsets. And that is one of the reasons why so many more people watch football than basketball.

The genius of tennis is that the rules have evolved to turn a high-scoring game, in terms of the number of points played in a match, into a low-scoring game in terms of the sets which decide the issue. Occasionally a player wins a match despite losing more points and games.

Finally, for future use, here is a guide to other major sports:

Football: Two sides try to kick a ball into each other's nets. To do so, they must create "scoring opportunities" each of which has a slim chance of being converted into a goal. One good side may score about once every 45 minutes; another poor side may score once every 80 minutes. In a 90-minute random sample, the better side will probably score one, two or three goals; the worse side will score 0, one or two. Sometimes the worse side will win 2-1.

Cricket: Batsmen sometimes make mistakes. When they do their innings is over. A good batsman may make a fatal error once every 100 deliveries. His score will fluctuate wildly between 0 and 100 or more. The team's score is the sum of 11 numbers picked at random from various distributions in this range. Even 11 good batsmen may occasionally produce a total adding to less than 100. The opposing bowlers then congratulate themselves.

Golf: People try to hit a ball into a small hole, after taking two or three shots to get it near the hole. Once it is near enough to the hole, it takes sometimes one and sometimes two shots to hit it. A round of golf is thus roughly equivalent to tossing a coin 18 times and counting one for every head and two for every tail. Tiger Woods' coin is biased towards heads, but not enough for him to win all the time.

Flying saucer spotting

There has been a conspiracy over the Roswell incident, says William Hartston, but not in the way most people seem to think.

Many years ago yesterday, something happened in the town of Roswell, New Mexico. Since that date – America's Independence Day in 1947 – the United States government and security services have conspired to cover up the truth. And the truth is that there are no such things as flying saucers, no aliens have ever landed in Roswell, their bodies have not been preserved in secret government locations, their technology has not been borrowed for US military purposes and no Americans have been abducted by visitors from other planets.

All the evidence suggests that this has been perhaps the most brilliantly effective post-war disinformation campaign by the American security services. By persistently denying the existence of flying saucers, and even denying the existence of evidence to show that they are interested in them, the CIA has fuelled the imagination of Ufologists and conspiracy theorists to the extent that most Americans now believe that little grey men with smooth skin and no eyebrows have been day-tripping to California.

"There's an enormous amount of evidence from all over the world to show that governments have indeed covered up the truth," said Stanton Friedman, the world's leading authority on the strange happenings at Roswell. "The United States certainly has. We have statements about hundreds of documents about UFOs that are being withheld." And when, under the Freedom of Information Act, he finally obtained some 900 pages of material whose very existence had been denied, many of the pages had vast areas blacked out. What more conclusive evidence of a cover-up could there be?

He is right. There has been a cover-up. But not in the direction he and millions of other Ufologists and fellow space-travellers think. Let's go back to that crash in 1947. Just suppose it was part of some top secret US military research. There must have been, and must still be, many strange things going on in the skies that the US government does not want anyone to know about. When something went wrong, it was a gift from the skies when good American citizens started jumping up and down saying they had seen a flying saucer. Belief in flying saucers was the perfect foil to deflect attention from defence secrets. Far better that investigative efforts should be channelled into looking for alien bodies than that they should probe the inner mysteries of the Defence Department.

So the US Air Force, the CIA and the FBI went into overdrive, doing what they do best: they denied it. Which, of course, made more people believe it. So they concocted a story about weather balloons, which made even more people believe they must be lying. After 50 years of denials, they are clearly on a roll. According to one recent survey, the number of Americans who have been abducted by aliens could be as high as 2 million. (That figure comes from asking people about bumps and noises experienced at night. Apparently if you wake up in a different position from the one you fell asleep in, or if your pyjamas are crumpled, it could be because you were abducted by aliens and returned clumsily to your bed. They're brilliant at probing our minds and levitating us through walls, but putting our jin-jams back on straight is beyond them.)

Last week, the official US government explanation of the happenings at Roswell confirmed the existence of mannequins dropped as crash dummies in the area. The *Washington Post*, however, confirms that such dummies were not dropped until the 1950s. Which proves – in the minds of true believers at least – that whatever dropped in 1947 must have been a grey chap with no eyebrows. Soon, I confidently expect, another document will be dragged reluctantly from CIA top secret files under the orders of a judge under the Freedom of Information Act. It will appear something like this:

Twinkle xooooox xoooooooooooo
xooooox wonder xxxx you are
xxxx above the world xoooooooo
xoooooooooooooo in the sky.

And once again the Ufo-lovers will find their case proven beyond doubt.

Last week a television programme in this country debated the question of whether aliens had landed on earth. In a phone-in vote at the end of the programme, a startling 92 per cent of respondents said they believed that aliens were already here. Three cheers for the Security Services of the USA.

The games page is edited by William Hartston

Games people play

Pandora Melly talks to Lord Lichfield about thick photographers, thin rugby players, parachutes, camels and cameras

Patrick, 5th Earl of Lichfield, 58, photographer and arboriculturist

My first big jump start in photography was given to me by Jocelyn Stevens when he was the editor of *Queen* magazine. He also took advantage at every possible chance, nearly every scrape I got into. Jocelyn had a hand in it. And there were many. One sticks in my mind particularly.

He said to me one day: "Go out and

photograph the 13 most eligible bachelors in England, and we'll publish it on Valentine's Day." I was so thick, I didn't realise that one more was needed to make up the 14. And he added a photograph of me – a really silly picture of the photographer laden down with cameras like a camel, which I'd sent him as a joke. The caption underneath read: "England's 14th most eligible bachelor will take you out to dinner if you answer these questions correctly..." But I don't

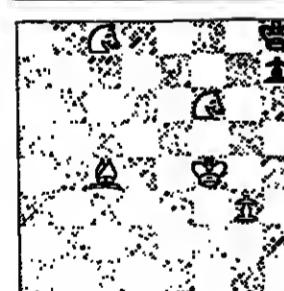
know if that really counts as a game.

The game that I find most interesting in the sense of why the players are so different is rugger. Most people don't realise that whatever shape you are, there is a position on the rugby field for you. Very tall, or very small people have their place among the 15 men, and if you look at the line-up when you go and shake hands on the pitch, there is an amazing array of the large, the fat, the thin and the small.

Mind you, I'm now talking about spectator sports. I used to box and play cricket, and as a schoolboy, I was very keen on team games. But I think that as one gets older, one plays less and less. Time is the enemy; my regret is that I'll probably have to give up parachuting. I suppose I could go on, but it's not really an old man's game.

Queen magazine is no more. Sir Jocelyn Stevens is the Chairman of English Heritage.

Chess William Hartston



its last square, but what do we do after 1...h5?

The answer is beautiful: 2.Ne7 Kh7 and now the mate is achieved by laying a trail of food for the king: 3.Ng6! Kxg6 4.Bg8!! Kxh5 5.Bf7 mate. The final mate is pure (each potential escape square of the black king is covered once only) and economical (every white piece is used).

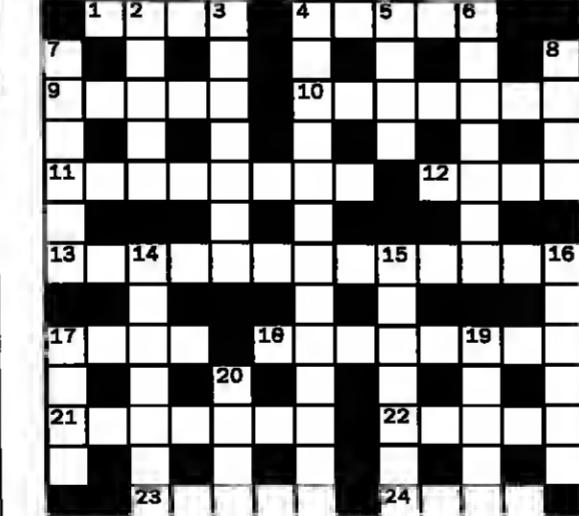
The second position, also composed by D'Orville in 1837, is an even better variation on the theme. Again it's mate in five.

Since Black is at present stalemated, White must start by giving him some freedom – but not enough to escape the net. He starts with 1.Nge5! Ke3 2.c3! Kd2 and now, with the clue of the previous position, you should find the rest.

Again it's the trail of food theme: 3.Ne4+! Kxd3 4.b4!! Kxg4 5.Be2 mate, again a mating position both pure and economical. A magnificent and surprising concoction.

Concise crossword

No.3343 Saturday 5 July



ACROSS

- 1 Paper money (4)
- 4 Meteorological features (5)
- 9 Make law (5)
- 10 Take back (7)
- 11 Fresh-water turtle (8)
- 12 Monarch (4)
- 13 Old type of bicycle (5-8)
- 14 Sliding window frame (4)
- 15 Surface discolouration (7)
- 16 Layer of packing material for cylinder-head (6)
- 21 Passivity (7)
- 22 Girl's name (5)
- 23 Doing 100mph (3-2)
- 24 Detest (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Concern, 5 Trait (Concentrate), 8 Diver, 9 Lander, 10 Tally-ho, 11 Dirge, 12 Arouse, 14 Crisis, 17 Stoat, 19 Ululate, 22 Epithet, 23 Druid, 24 Enrol, 25 Narrate.

DOWN: 1 Cadet, 2 Novello, 3 Early, 4 Nelson, 5 Thunder, 6 Adder, 7 Turkeys, 12 Austeric, 13 Satchel, 15 Spatula, 16 Mutton, 18 Osier, 20 Under, 21 Endue.

Bridge Alan Hiron

Game all; dealer South

North ♠ Q 4

♥ K 7 3

♦ Q 8 3

♣ K 9 7 5 4

West ♠ K 10 8 7 5 2

♥ 9 6 3

♦ 8 2

♣ 10 5 4

♦ A J 9 4

♦ 10 7 6 2

♣ 10 ♠ K Q 8

South ♠ A J

♥ ♠ Q J 9 6

♦ K 5

♣ ♠ A 6 3 2

East ♠ 9 8 7

♥ 10 9 2 1

♦ 11 12 13 14

♣ 15 16 17 18

West led the ♠ 10 against Four

Hearts and this went to the jack,

queen and ace. Declarer drew

trumps in three rounds, then led

a second club. It proved that East

now had two tricks in the suit

and when, after taking the first,

he pushed a spade through, the

defenders came to four tricks to

defeat the contract.

Can you see the avoidance

play that declarer missed? When

♦ 10 was led at trick one, he

should play low from both hands,

leaving West on lead. Now,

unable to lead either spades or

diamonds profitably, West is

reduced to playing a trump.

Then, after clearing the trumps,

South can play the ace and

another club and his losing spade

goes away on dummy's long club.

And the other overlooked

avoidance play? Simply that I

should have cut out and gone

home before the rubber started.

For on the very next hand our

opponents bid and made a grand

slam.

This deal featured two possible "avoidance plays", both of which were missed. I blame myself entirely for the first.

It was to be the last rubber of

the evening and things were

going well when we reached

game all and my partner opened</p

spotting

icy over the Roswell

tion, but not in the

nothing happened in the

air in 1947, the United

Services have concealed

it is that there are no such

as have ever landed in

been preserved in secret

history has not been

ones and no Americans have

other planets.

at the has been perhaps the

car information campaign

and even denying the

that they are interested in

information ofologists at

that most Americans are

smooth skin and no

no evidence.

not in the

other I-ologists, and fellow

guitarists or that crash in 1947

or the top-secret US military

and must still be many

as that the US government

or about. When something

to be done, good

up and down saying

and the others was the

not to defence secrets. Far

show to be a channelled in

and they would probe the

not in the

and the I-ologists

arts & books

The House that Alan and Leonard built

On Tuesday, the London Symphony Orchestra will present the world premiere of Leonard Bernstein's 'White House Cantata'. Here, Humphrey Burton, the composer's biographer, traces the troubled history of the Bicentennial musical upon which it is based

I looked like a dream ticket for a Broadway hit: Leonard Bernstein, the composer of *On the Town* and *West Side Story*, was to team up with Alan Jay Lerner, author of book and lyrics for *Brigadoon*, *My Fair Lady* and *Camelot*. Yet their show, *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue* (the street address of Washington's White House), underwent agonising out-of-town re-writes and ran for only seven Broadway performances. The actress Patricia Routledge, who sang the female lead, described the show as a "diamond-studded dinosaur". Choreographer Jerome Robbins remarked that "only two titans could have a failure like this". Yet Bernstein went into the production proclaiming that he had "never been so confident, so thrilled, about a show". After its demise, which he acknowledged to be "an immense failure", his life seemed to come apart at the seams. Only two months later, he left his wife Felicia (after 25 years of marriage) to live with

eran producer Roger Stevens, to risk a full-scale production. As a stage musical, *1600* is officially dead.

But now Bernstein's music has been re-assembled and re-scored for symphony orchestra with four principal soloists and a virtuoso chorus. Boasting more than 90 minutes of glorious music, most of it never previously heard in this country, *A White House Cantata* (a title dreamt up by Bernstein's friend and personal manager, Harry Kraut) receives its premiere at the Barbican on Tuesday. It promises to be both one of the highlights of the LSO's current season and a personal challenge for the conductor Kent Nagano, who hasn't previously been associated with Bernstein's music.

Depressed by the state of the American nation, Alan Jay Lerner first approached Bernstein in 1972. Despite the Watergate scandal, Nixon's electoral strength was proving unassailable: America seemed headed for an imperial presidency; democracy was being subverted by Nixon and his co-conspirators. Lerner wanted to deliver a sort of wake-up call to the nation in the form of an entertainment with attitude that would remind people of earlier moments when democracy had been under fire. As a vehicle, he proposed the turbulent history of the White House itself. Thirty years earlier, Lerner had worked with a major composer, Kurt Weill, on another epic panorama of US history, *Love Life*. He must have felt that his new subject demanded an equally big musical figure; hence the call to symphonist and showbiz legend Leonard Bernstein, whose liberal background had been common knowledge since Tom Wolfe's loaded but brilliant exposé of "radical chic" in *New York* magazine.

Wolfe's acid reportage described a trendy fund-raising party that Bernstein's wife had hosted a couple of years previously in aid of the Black Panthers. Already car-marked by the FBI in the late Forties as a left-wing sympathiser, Bernstein's subsequent run-in with the US State Department in 1953 had prompted him to collaborate with Lillian Hellman on the satirical operetta *Camelot*, which equated the House Un-American Activities Committee with the Spanish Inquisition. He acquired an aura of respectability by regular TV appearances and the musical directorship of the New York Philharmonic, first entering the White House for a party celebrating the Washington opening of *West Side Story*. "Such credenzas, such breakfronts!" he exclaimed about the furniture in a letter to his wife, justifiably proud that a Jewish boy from a Boston suburb had made it to the top. He became sufficiently friendly with President Eisenhower to use a quote of his as the title of his song-cycle *Arus and Barcarolle*. "I like music with a theme," he had confided after hearing Bernstein play *Rhapsody in Blue* at a White House concert, "not all them aras and barcarolles."

In the Kennedy era, Bernstein had been a regular visitor to the White House, on one occasion ignoring his wife's whispered warnings in Spanish and occupying the President's favourite rocking-chair. "Who's minding the candy store?" he was reported to have asked. Post-Kennedy, he became deeply disillusioned with the Johnson/Kissinger administration. He campaigned for black rights and fought in vain for Eugene McCarthy as the pacifist Democrat candidate against Nixon: his 1971 *Mass*, composed at the height of the Vietnam war, contained an eloquent plea for peace; and,

on the night of Nixon's second inauguration, he conducted Haydn's *Mass in Time of War* in Washington Cathedral, just a few miles from where the presidential party was being entertained with the *1812 Overture*, complete with cannon.

So Bernstein's credentials seemed impeccable. That he had abandoned two musical projects in the 1960s wasn't held against him by Lerner, who had himself fallen on creatively barren times. Like Bernstein, Leroy smoked incessantly, not always nicotine, and hit his nails so fiercely that he always wore white cotton gloves; bloodstained discarded would later be found in the meo's room. Yet he was reportedly an intensely agreeable personality, immensely persuasive and, like Bernstein, a true son of Harvard. They were of the same age but their only previous collaboration had been 20 years earlier when they concocted a spoof soong in honour of their alma mater. It should have been a warning to producers and investing angels:

*We're the lonely men of Harvard
Alone, alas, slack are we!
And that's the curse we share,
It's the cross we've got to bear
For our irreducible superiority.*

erner's concept, an idea which Bernstein later said had "lit up his soul", was to use the history of the White House as a metaphor for America, "from its brave, rough beginnings onward through an amazing array of presidencies, warts and all". The same white actor and actress were to play eight different presidents / first ladies (from Washington to Teddy Roosevelt) while the same two black actors, heads of a family dynasty of servants, would watch them come and go. (LWT's *Upstairs Downstairs* was the talk of every TV-watching liberal household in the US at the time.) This *Caricade* approach was to be given Pirandello-esque weight by having members of the company debate the meaning of the history they were enacting, and some of these "rehearsal" scenes were also set to music. They've been dropped for the LSO version, which will give us the history unadorned. You don't need to be familiar with 19th-century America to enjoy such glittering moments as the stirring and hard-fought decision by representatives of the original 13 states to build the White House on "10 square miles of the Potomac River", the exotic luncheon party thrown there by President Jefferson when he returns from Europe, the brilliant, wicked parody of the British after they've set fire to the White House (in 1812), the debate on slavery carried on by President Monroe and his wife as they prepare to go to bed, or the great ball given on the eve of the Civil War. And that's only the first act.

What promises to work well in the concert hall was much too much of a good thing in the theatre. The device of a musical within a play-with-music was a cumbersome formula. The first producer, Arnold Saint Subber, pulled out in 1975: "I loathed it," he said afterwards. "I tried desperately to get everyone to abandon it."

A chance to sort things out in advance was lost when Arthur Laurents, a tough and shrewd man of the musical theatre, declined to direct. Undeterred, Bernstein spoke of his "passionate love of country" and said the musical was "an attempt to

wrest patriotism away from the bigots" (i.e. Nixon and, a generation earlier, Senator Joe McCarthy). Lerner was equally unrepentant: "We're just telling what we feel," he declared. "I hope we achieved it without being dogmatic." No such luck! Reviewing the February 1976 try-out performance in Philadelphia, which ran for four hours, *Varley* called Lerner's book "stultifyingly ponderous and repetitive". Bernstein's score was longer than *Das Rheingold* but at least it had the unmistakable virtues of tunefulness and virtuoso high spirits. It was the production that bore the brunt of the crisis response. Out went the white stage director, opera-oriented Frank Corsaro. In came Gilbert Moses, who had recently worked on *The Wizard of Oz*. Most of the moralising rehearsal scenes were cut, Tooy Walton's sets and costumes were dumped and the whole thing was re-vamped with an upbeat finale as a somewhat unconvincing celebration of

sistly catchy, orchestrated to the hilt [by Sid Ramin, and Hershy Kay, who respectively did *West Side Story* and *Camelot*] ... generally superb and frequently tremendous."

Despite the heartache and the humiliation, the celebrated actress and comedienne Patricia Routledge says she wouldn't have missed the opportunity to work with Bernstein for worlds. "Lenny gave you his respect if you knew your job: Wonderful to work with. Inspiring. But he was saddled with genius and genius can be monstrous. It was a heart-breaking tragedy, really. When we opened in Philly it was an impasse of the worst kind: nobody would cut a line of dialogue or a note of music. Basically you cannot write a musical about a house. A friend said it was like watching a great prehistoric animal lumbering across the stage but there were moments of dazzling light... When it really came to life was when the human element was allowed to emerge. 'Take Care of This'



a man half his age. There was a reconciliation, but she died soon afterwards of lung cancer, the same disease that was to claim Alan Jay Lerner in 1986.

Bernstein's first Broadway flop, the 1956 *Camelot*, was never without its passionate supporters. But nobody came forward to champion *1600*. Instead, Bernstein used it in the way that medieval stonemasons might raid an abandoned abbey – for raw material. His overture *Slava!*, dedicated to the cellist and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich, was a working of a chorus number. The most touching song in his 1977 *Songfest* annexes a melody hummed by the *1600* chorus. A witty march ended up in the 1980 *Divertimento* and he was still quarrying away in 1983 for music for his final opera, *A Quiet Place*.

Two years after Bernstein's death in 1986, much loving care went into an attempt to bring *1600* back to the stage. A workshop production based on the original "gypsy" run-through (ie before the tampering began) was mounted at the Indiana University Opera Theater and later transferred to the Kennedy Center in Washington, where it received a clutch of favourable reviews. But it was not enough to convince the professionals, among them the ve-

ry. In the Kennedy era, Bernstein had been a regular visitor to the White House, on one occasion ignoring his wife's whispered warnings in Spanish and occupying the President's favourite rocking-chair. "Who's minding the candy store?" he was reported to have asked. Post-Kennedy, he became deeply disillusioned with the Johnson/Kissinger administration. He campaigned for black rights and fought in vain for Eugene McCarthy as the pacifist Democrat candidate against Nixon: his 1971 *Mass*, composed at the height of the Vietnam war, contained an eloquent plea for peace; and,

the musical was a success.



Misdeeds go to Washington: Patricia Routledge (left) and Leonard Bernstein (above)

the forthcoming Bicentennial. According to one of the actors, it was like changing chairs on the *Titanic*.

Bernstein wanted to postpone, but the unconventional financing which Leroy had personally negotiated – \$1m from the Coca-Cola company, whose chairman had been a schoolmate – meant that the show was contractually obliged to play on Broadway that spring, no matter what state it was in. I remember visiting Bernstein at his Watergate hotel suite in April and being appalled by both the mood of hysteria and the total breakdown of relations between composer and lyricist. Leroy was locked in his room writing new material, while Bernstein was attempting to restore savage cuts in his carefully constructed material. Both men were harried from rehearsals. Bernstein's young lover, Tom Cothran, predicted in his diary: "A sure flop due to collective production incompetence and speed-watching AJ Lerner – a musical in itself."

When the pugatory was over and the show limped on to Broadway, it was duly savaged: "tedious and simplistic", "Bicentennial bore", "a crummy idea". At least the *New York Post*'s critic Marvin Gottfried saw merit in the music. "Irre-

House", for example, that's a beautiful lyrical piece [sung by Mrs Abigail Adams, the first incumbent first lady]. And in the second act, there's an absolutely genius number called "Duet for One" – two first ladies, the incumbent Julia Grant and the incoming Lucy Hayes, waiting for the presidential election result, a wonderful cliff-hanger presented in Bushy Berkeley fashion, surrounded by lots of ladies with parasols."

There'll be no parasols at the Barbican on Tuesday, but a prophecy Bernstein made in 1986 may nevertheless come true. At the memorial service for Alan Jay Lerner, he evoked the happier days of their collaboration: "I am very proud of the vast amount of fine fresh material we produced together and someday, I swear, that material is going to achieve its proper form, and become a show that will make us all proud."

A White House Cantata is premiered by the LSO as part of the City of London Festival, at 7.30pm this Tuesday at the Barbican Centre, London EC2 (0171-638 8891). Humphrey Burton's biography of Leonard Bernstein is published by Faber and Faber

Life for Mike is (bitter) sweet



side. As so often with Leigh, it is a comedy that keeps you awake nights. I commend him to the producers of *Friends* as guest director for an episode: "The one where Ross tears Rachel's hair out by the roots".

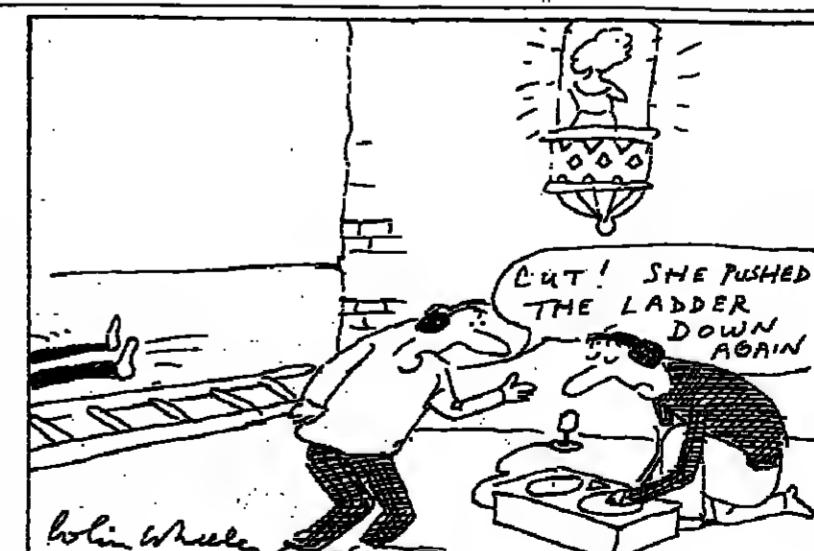
One of the most tawdry pieces of legislation introduced by the Thatcher government, and never repealed by John Major for all his decency, was Section 28 of the 1988 Local Government Act, which made it illegal to "intentionally promote" homosexuality in schools. Since then, many have said that it is not worth getting worked up about as there have been no prosecutions and no one took any notice of

it. But research this week by the redoubtable Jennifer Edwards, director of the National Campaign for the Arts, shows that theatre-in-education companies have been practising self-censorship by deliberately avoiding plays by gay writers and plays that portrayed gay relationships. The mind boggles a little at how these companies have managed to avoid the first category completely.

Nevertheless, as Ms Edwards told *The Stage* this week, "With young people who are trying to understand their own sexuality, the arts can play a useful role." The legislation emanated from the Department of the Environment, but with theatre-in-education a victim. Chris

Smith, the Heritage Secretary and an openly gay MP, is surely the man to press urgently for the repeal of this small-minded law.

Simon Gray, who probably



to start sounding very suspicious indeed.

Finding a new take on *Romeo and Juliet* is not easy after Baz Luhrmann's brilliant LA beach movie version. But Naxos talk-

ing books are about to come out with a fresh approach. Their recording, directed by Mario Sheen, stars Sheen himself and Kate Beckinsale as the lovers, a case of a *Romeo and Juliet* who actually live together in real life. Does this make for a passion enhanced by genuine love or dulled by breakfast-table familiarity? The former I'm sure, though I wouldn't mind hearing the arguments on the out-takes.

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works and literature 8

Meet Professor Playwright

Terry Eagleton, wildman of Eng Lit, has a nice sideline going in dramaturgy. Dominic Cavendish asks him why. Below, Paul Taylor sees his new play 'Disappearances'

Here's a word of advice for academics from Terry Eagleton: "If you're going to write creatively you should always choose drama, because, like bingo and bowling, it's a good way of getting you out of the house." The thought as we sit in a dusty chamber in the London School of Economics before an evening lecture. It should sound dull but it comes across as alarming. Has the radical who spent the Sevenies dancing on the grave of The Author, who exposed the sinister ideologies propping up "the canon", and who even called, in his best-selling primer *Literary Theory*, for the death of literature, become a half-hearted dilettante? When you hear Jonathan Church, who is staging Eagleton's *Disappearances* at the Salisbury Playhouse, describe it as "post-socialist", you start to wonder.

Eagleton's fellow academics at Oxford are, apparently, only too happy to treat his playwriting as harmless fun — "They regard it as a hobby, much like playing snooker or jogging," he says, chuckling. "They maintain a polite silence." And what about Eagleton, who, with his softly spoken expiations and regulation crumpled canvas suit, seems decorum personified? In the last 10 years, he has had three stage-plays professionally produced — and there's been a radio play about the Great Hunger and a draft piece about Wittgenstein that got *auterised* by Derek Jarman. He's not much bothered by deadlines. "When my agent says, 'They can't put it on this year', I go, 'So what?'" But is he really only playing around?

On the face of it, *Disappearances* is the antithesis of hard-hitting. There are a lot of teasing autobiographical hints — both the author and Kaman, the central character, went to Trinity, Cambridge and are now globe-trotting lecturing types, yet both see themselves as "outsiders" (Eagleton on account of his Salford working-class roots, Irish immigrant background and leftist tendencies; Kaman as a dissident poet-in-exile). The fact for doing nothing and staying put appears to win the day. *Disappearances* is a thinly disguised act of self-justification from a man who has written about "the strategic goal of human emancipation — the production of better people through the socialist transformation of society", who tags himself "the barbarian in the citadel", but has actually been sitting pretty in Oxford for nearly 30 years?

The problem is this kind of polarised thinking that imagines that, if people aren't everything, they're nothing," Eagleton retorts. "There is something in between the ivory tower and the Romantic image of the writer who is going to get things done, and that's where the interesting things happen. Kaman says that art is an end in itself, that we too should be ends in ourselves, and that's the politics of it. Any politically con-

vinced person coming to this play will not get a comfortable ride." If that sounds like a catch-all, it's worth considering Eagleton's other plays, where "doing nothing" has been given a fiercely post-colonial reading.

The professor's rash of playwriting was brought on by an interest he developed in Oscar Wilde at the end of the 1980s. *Saint Oscar*, packed with his own epigrams, was, on one level, an act of self-discovery: "I was brought up within an English educational system where I was trained to be a critic, and, for all the gains of that, one has to sacrifice some creativity. I began to rediscover it through drama." Now, at the age of 54, he has

acquired a reputation for living and breathing his ancestry, singing Irish ballads whenever possible, and dividing his time between Oxford and

London. On another level, his interest in Wilde located the subversive spirit of the colonised subject. Eagleton cherishes Wilde's determination to be an actor rather than an activist. "If, like Wilde, your history has been largely one of colonial disruption, you are less likely to be encumbered by stable representational forms. You will find yourself a parodist and a parasite." In *The White, the Gold and the Gunrene*, his second play, the martyr hero James Connolly says almost nothing throughout. Kaman, meanwhile, hopes to conduct a "private anti-colonial campaign".

This paradoxical inactivity seems to encapsulate what, if anything, Eagletonian theatre is about: it may seem modest, not Marxist, but it is deliberately aware of its limitations. "At least we can look at the kind of privileged structure that makes it possible to even write a play," he argues. "I don't think British theatre seems even to think about that." There is a rare burst of passion: "People should do what they can do, or they can do best, and shouldn't keep beating their breast. Lord, am I contributing to the greater good?" I'm not making any claims for a resurgence of radical theatre. In the act of writing, in the white heat of writing, you can have the fantasy that you are in control and doing something that could be potentially transformative. Sometimes that's true." He frowns through his little round specs. "But only in a small way."

THE REVIEW

Disappearances
Salisbury Playhouse Studio, Salisbury



Modest Marxist: Terry Eagleton

Photo: Emma Bowes

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There is something doll-like about the Cranach girl, and something troublingly childlike about her, too. A *fille au naturel* with bedroom eyes, she is a Renaissance Lolita. Cranach was so attached to this dream creature that he probably could not have varied her had

Lucas Cranach the Elder, artist by appointment to the court of Frederick the Wise of Wittenberg, probably painted more pictures of naked women than any other man in history. His *Venus Restraint Cupid* of 1509 is generally reckoned to be the first full-frontal nude depiction of a classical goddess in German art, and its success encouraged Cranach to spend much of the rest of his long life furnishing the aristocrats of 16th-century Saxony with mild and charming erotica. He became Northern Europe's chief supplier of nubile, mythologically inspired painted ladies — perfectly calculated, it seems, to charm bored courtiers living in a cold climate. His art made him rich, and when he died, he was the most celebrated painter to all of Germany.

Cranach's imaginary harem survives more or less intact, albeit much dispersed and somewhat altered by conditions of modern museum display. The majority of his slender and doe-eyed temptresses were originally devised for the delectation of a single owner in a private room. Now they proposition the general public. Several of them may be found doing just that in the modest exhibition of a dozen or so Cranachs currently at the National Gallery in London.

To borrow a phrase from the great art historian Erwin Panofsky, Cranach was "the very model of a major minor master". He was no pioneer. His Italian contemporaries, Titian and Giorgione, preceded him in depictions of the naked Venus (the issue of precedence apart, Cranach never did paint a picture to rival Giorgione's *Sleeping Venus* in Dresden or Titian's *Venus of Urbino* in the Uffizi). But he was certainly the first northern European artist to understand that the Renaissance revival of interest in classical subject matter provided painters with a licence for the manufacture of erotic art. His chief invention, the Cranach nude, is more original and interesting than she is generally made out to be.

She is instantly recognisable because, although she might wear many mythological disguises, she is always the same woman — or at least, for there is not too much reality about her, the same dream of one. Sometimes she pretends to be Venus, sometimes Eve. Sometimes she travels incognito, as a water nymph. Sometimes, with a shy, knowing expression on her face, acknowledging the imposture even as she plays the role, she impersonates Lucretia, sword in hand, nobly insisting that she prefers suicide to the loss of her honour. But we know it is not true, and she knows that we know. Her dissembled chasteness is as transparent as the gauzy wisp of drapery she often clutches to her, like Salome down to her very last veil.

There is something doll-like about the Cranach girl, and something troublingly childlike about her, too. A *fille au naturel* with bedroom eyes, she is a Renaissance Lolita. Cranach was so attached to this dream creature that he probably could not have varied her had

nude, but the few bits and pieces that she does wear — she has a marked fondness, in particular, for bejewelled chokers and extravagant broad-brimmed hats — make her look even more undressed than if she were stark naked.

Having started his career as a painter of religious subjects, Cranach continued to produce altarpieces and devotional panels — albeit of increasing fleshiness — until the very end of his life. He had always been, and always remained, an extremely competent and prolific painter of grave, quiet, highly realised portraits, very much in the northern European tradition. He did not only paint Eves and Venuses and Lucretias, in other words. But he did paint enough of them to have been damned, for ever, as a fundamentally trivial artist: a man who sold his soul and became a mere lackey to the decadent tastes of the court he served, a painter whose works, in Max Friedlander's words, are "immediately recognisable and invariably elicited a fleeting, superior smile".

There is some truth to this. Few would argue that compared to Italian Renaissance contemporaries such as Raphael and Michelangelo, or indeed compared to his closest friend in Wittenberg, that most fervent of early Protestant reformers, Martin Luther, Cranach was indeed something of a lightweight. But the dream enshrined by that curious, wifelike ideal girl, the Cranach nude, was still very much a dream of its time — and it was just as much a dream of renewal, in its own sexy way, as Raphael's dream of reviving the grand lost world of classical antiquity or Luther's dream of reviving the pure true faith of early Christianity. The universal fantasy of going back, of returning to some original, unblemished state could take many forms in the first half of the 16th century.

Cranach explained this, so to speak, in one of his last and best mythologies, a picture based on the ancient theme of *The Fountain of Youth* (not included in the National Gallery exhibition; it is to be found in the Gemäldegalerie in Berlin). The fountain in question is envisaged by the painter, more like a swimming pool. A mass of old women huddle to one side, awaiting their turn to the magic waters; the pool itself is full of laughing, splashing figures. Those who step out, having bathed, have been restored to nubile youth and beauty. They have become, in short, Cranach nudes. The picture is certainly quaint, but it has its own emotional intensity and, as the work of a very old man (Cranach painted it in 1546), may contain an element of auto-biographical confession. It is, perhaps, a kind of coda to all his other mythologies, an account of what the ideal girl had represented all along — a fantasy not of sex, pure and simple, but of being remade as good as new, a sensual dream of rebirth, *rinascita*, Renaissance.

Cranach: A Closer Look: National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, London WC2 (0171-839 3321). To 7 Sept

GERALD LEWIS



David Benedict WEEK IN REVIEW

Overview

critical view

on view

critical view

on view

critical view

on view

critical view

on view



throw the vicious regime out there and to be the symbolic founding father of a new order. In a recent *LRB* review of a book dealing with the postcolonial condition, Eagleton, who is Thomas Warton Professor of English at Oxford, wrote that "When it comes to affirming an identity without colluding with the logic of those who have stripped you of it, you just have to try it and see what happens."

But it's the achievement of this play to pull you into the mind and guts of a man whose experiences compel him to the different view that those who take over power inevitably take over the values of their predecessors and that it's a poet's duty to "keep faith with failure". Involvement is betrayal of those whom power has crucified.

Performed on Sarah Williamson's strikingly composite set (elegant study carpet shading out into scorched tufts of grass at the back), *Disappearances* is more jaw-jaw than war-war (though jaw-jaw of a superior order). The drama in the play's second half does come to a nicely knotted head, however, when a smoothly blackmailing British intelligence agent simultaneously angers Kaman into wanting to take on a public role and makes that move impossible by threatening to endanger his daughter's career. Secretly protecting her interests entails, of course, plummeting in the girl's estimation; a painful irony that raises the emotional temperature of this intellectually agile, thought-provoking play.

To Sat 12 July. Booking: 01722 320533

EXCELLENT
GOOD
OK
POOR
DEADLY

our view on view critical view

KEY

A dramatic, elegiac collision between past and present, art and autobiography. The originals are in Edinburgh's National Gallery.

The phrase "light entertainment" springs to mind. The stress is on the word "light".

GERALD LEWIS



THE MONOLOGUE Seven Sacraments

Michael Hoffman directs Michelle Pfeiffer and man of the moment George Clooney in a parental, boy-meets-girl mobile-phone romance. They're both five-year-old kids, he's a fiery columnist, she's up tight in advertising. When they first meet, they don't get along. (I think you guessed that.)

Paul Taylor found it inspiring. "Watching this show, anyone would find their equivalent cultural contradictions illuminated." Makes one want rush off to examine the original paintings... best of all, he reminds us that anything is possible in theatre," glowed *The Guardian*. "A curving route between aesthetics and autobiography," admired *The Times*. "A curious, original and at times deeply moving show... a heartfelt elegy for the death of faith," wondered *The Telegraph*. "Invigorating art history... The use of a medical metaphor as an alternate means of reading these immensely complex paintings is entirely apt," approved *The Scotsman*. "A mixture of incantatory quotation and subversive modern campervan," sniffed *The Standard*.

At the Royal London Hospital, London E1 tonight, Sunday and Monday at 8pm (0181-741 2311).

Cert PG, 108 minutes, in general release.

GERALD LEWIS



THE FILM One Fine Day

Ryan Gilbey found it "a wistful fantasy", Clooney effortlessly appealing but Pfeiffer more impressive. "She mugs horribly while he spends most of his time with his head hanging down, presumably in shame. The whole thing is filmed in Belge-O-Vision," scoffed *The Spectator*. "Incredibly frantic... the principals prove unable to communicate their attraction through the sex-war banter," scolded *Time Out*. "Hokum... Cary Grant and his various partners managed this sort of fantasy," said *The Guardian*. "Pfeiffer could do this role in her sleep. Unfortunately she mostly does," yawned the *FT*. "Has its moments of charm but they are few and far between," wincing *The Telegraph*. "An easy charm and a light touch: just what romantic comedy requires," approved *The Times*.

The phrase "light entertainment" springs to mind. The stress is on the word "light".

The highlight of Peter Hall's season.

GERALD LEWIS



THE PLAY Waiting for Godot

Sir Peter Hall returns to Beckett's great, groundbreaking, tragicomedy which he directed 42 years ago in its English premiere. Part of his audacious Old Vic season of classic plays, it stars Alan Howard and Ben Kingsley as the two tramps (with Irish accents), plus Denis Quilley as Pozzo and Greg Hicks as Lucky.

Paul Taylor saluted a "moving as well as very funny" production with excellent performances which "give an underlying dignity to this derelict couple". "One of the chief contenders for the best play of the 20th century... attention to the changes of mood and tempo makes this production so rewarding," revolved *Time Out*.

"Intrumphant passes every test... They leave you in no doubt that you are watching a cross-section of fallible humanity... a tender, touching rapport," hailed *The Times*. "Denis Quilley presents a Pozzo of grandiloquent splendour... Greg Hicks as Lucky is a landmark piece of Beckettian performance," cheered the *Mail*. "A triumph... not for a moment does this great play flag," cried the *FT*. "Two and a half hours of this portentous cobblers," sneered *The Telegraph*.

At the Old Vic, London SE1 (0171-928 7616) 9, 17, 19, 29 July at 7.30pm; 20, 24, 26 matinees. In rep until December.

The highlight of Peter Hall's season.

Gay activism used to be about civil liberties; now, argues Roger Clarke, conspicuous consumption rules

Shop till you drop



Harnessed to the cause: strapping lads and lasses on a Gay Pride float during the 1995 rally

PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE EAST

In November 1970, 150 inheritors of the mantle of Oscar Wilde demonstrated in Highbury Fields in north London: it was the original Gay Pride march. Today's version of that modest event couldn't be further from the original demonstration with its small group of idealists, misfits and friends who believed in basic civil liberties for all. Is the current celebration of consumerism, gay orthodoxy and body fascism what those pioneers thought they were fighting for?

The Highbury Fields march is described towards the end of Hugh David's *On Queer Street: A Social History of British Homosexuality 1895-1995* (HarperCollins, £20). David, the controversial biographer of Stephen Spender, has produced a fluent, occasionally acid account of the modern gay psyche, from the trial of "egregious" Oscar Wilde onwards. From the tweedy Whitmanesque self-help ideas of Edward Carpenter through to the snooty Homintern of Oxford in the Thirties, sex in the wartime blackouts, the Montagu and Burgess scandals of the Fifties, the Wolfenden report of the Sixties, hedonism and AIDS in the Seventies and Eighties, much of this ground is, quite frankly, all too familiar in gay histories.

David brings all kinds of personal ambiguities to his subject. He has no doubt about what a tragedy the Wilde trial turned out to be – but more for the lot of gay men generally than for the fortunes of the lily-wielding aesthete himself. At the outset of the Wilde trial, 600 gay men boarded the train for France. The game was up, whatever the outcome. David is refreshingly sceptical of Wilde's

posthumous charm, referring to his affair with Alfred Douglas as a "most lamentable friendship". David is best about Christopher and his kind: the Auden, Spender, Acton generation. Unfortunately he's quite at sea with the contemporary scene and what makes it tick. He wincs at gayness as a "bolt-on fashion accessory", and at gayness exemplified in the "typographical anarchy of 'lifestyle' magazines".

We've already discovered that David is opinionated (he describes Lord Boothby's involvement with the Krays as "little short of pathetic"), so it's no surprise to find him being waspish about gay club-culture. He gamely tries to sound like a Jon Savage or a Michael Bracewell ("Frankie Goes to Hollywood had a number one hit with their notorious single 'Relax' in 1984, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to do so") in trying to get his head round what gay people have become after the past 100 years of suffering, but the ghastliness of the truth is just too much for him. As Quentin Crisp wrote of another situation, peace has broken out – and it's not a pretty sight. Furthermore

– and this is tellingly quoted at the end of the book – Crisp wryly observed that there is "no great dark man". The great dark man who represents truly emancipated and unfettered gay identity may not exist, but the fault these days lies increasingly at the feet of gay men themselves.

Alongside the shallow consumerism central to much of gay culture, the American groves of academics have pioneered a new moral orthodoxy – of exactly the kind routinely attacked by Camille Paglia. Gay Studies are thriving in the States. The *Gay and Lesbian Literary Heritage* edited by Claude J Summers (Bloomsbury, £17.99) is a good example of how, in their effort to make the subject bigger, many insignificant talents are given canonical status. Another is *47 Gay Men and Women who Enriched the World* by Tom Cowan (Turnaround, £8.99). I looked up Collette's contemporary, Janet Flanner, listed among the 47, and found a rare example of a more balanced view: Flanner is recorded considering herself as "minor". As it stands, the book is absurdly Americocentric. Without a trace of irony, it lists the likes of Hor-

atio Alger Jr and May Sarton alongside Alexander the Great and Michelangelo.

Other orthodoxies are only too obvious in *The Gay and Lesbian Literary Heritage*. Elena Dyke-woman (sic) lobbies with Larry Kramer and long entries on Native North American Literature. Eccentricities include the presence of James I but not Dennis Cooper. Matthew Stadler or Camille Paglia, even though Cooper gets six mentions in the book. Allen Ginsberg gets a predictably short entry (as academics hate him), about the same length as the treatment of our very own Patrick Gaff. Among the insipid PhD students who are deciding on the gay canon even as we speak, Gale's fictions seem better appreciated than the snuff chic of Cooper's "New Narrative Movement".

The Polish composer Karol Szymanowski wrote a single gay novel *Ephebos*, in 1918, which might have elevated him to the gay literary elect had the manuscript not been destroyed in the Second World War. This is one of many bizarre facts included in the wonderfully out-to-lunch *Encyclopaedia of Queer Myth, Symbol and Spirit*, edited

by Randy P Connor (Cassell, £25). It includes everything from Mesopotamian demons to *The Wizard of Oz* ("the authors of this encyclopaedia have been told that some 'butch dykes' feel kinship with the Munchkin lads").

Another orthodoxy? In the foreword, the editors note that they were put under pressure to leave out "material referring to sadomasochistic and intergenerational love", but to their credit, they resisted the inevitable political correctness of American gay culture in their lists of vampires, witches and Polynesian sprites. However, this is no gay *Golden Bough*. There is no uniform theory and the source material of many of the wilder assertions is frequently unlisted. But at least, for all the pussycatting around the labels "gay", "homosexual", "lesbian", "transgendered" and so on, there is some glimmer of a realisation that any orthodoxy involves enslavement. Whether it is in creating a hierarchy of gay gods or a cannn of gay books, the effects are the same. As Oscar Wilde almost said, if there's one thing worse than not being talked about, it's being told what to think.

Irish airs in a minor key

Patricia Craig hears delicate harmonies in Ulster

long with its other troubles, contemporary Ireland has had to contend with a powerful upsurge of generational friction, as the scope expands for old-fashioned parents and modern offspring to get at one another's throats. A set-up along these lines has begun to loom quite large in Irish fiction, and it's often centred on a fraught homecoming. Someone – usually a daughter – is returning to her birthplace with more or less devastating news for parents who lack the resources to liberalise themselves.

John McGahern, Deirdre Madden and Anne Devlin are among authors who have explored this theme. Now it's the turn of Bernard MacLaverty, whose new novel – his first since *Cal*, 14 years ago – takes a young woman composer in a state of post-natal doldrums, accompanies her home to a town in mid-Ulster for her father's funeral, and branches out to orchestrate such issues as feminism, artistic creativity and the possibilities for reconciliation.

Catherine McKenna is the only child of a Catholic publican and occasional bumbling drunkard in a Co Derry town such as Maghera or Moneymore, or some other place where a metropolitan progressiveness has never taken hold. She is something of a musical prodigy. Her career moves steadily forward, via a

Grace Notes by Bernard MacLaverty. Cape, £14.99

music teacher at home, university in Belfast, a postgraduate year in Glasgow, a spell in Kiev, a teaching post on Islay, an important commission from the BBC.

Through it all, this outstanding composer shows a striking composure, though her personal circumstances – childbirth, estrangement from her family, disintegrating relations with the baby's drunken father – finally bring about the frayed nerves and lowness of spirit which colour the narrative. A despondent state, in fiction, is usually tied up with inner perceptions: things happen in the mind, while the impact of actual goings-on is muted. The drama is all internal.

In *Grace Notes*, in fact, the story-line is virtually abolished. This is a very subtle novel which gains its richness from sources far removed from plentiful activity. The musical dimension, if you want to read it that way, may stand for those emotions too intense to be articulated; but it also facilitates a range of implications and wordplay. It makes a space in which a lot of disparate things are arranged in harmony: barometers and homophones, a pain and piano-playing, Islay and atrocities. And it turns the Orange Lambeg

Drum, shorn of its militancy and triumphalism, into an emblem of integration.

Bernard MacLaverty shows his usual relish for the lowly everyday detail, the squeaking laundry-basket (pace Katherine Mansfield), or the noise – the "chink" – a spoon makes against the side of a mug. Sometimes the close scrutiny, the peering annotations, seem to lead nowhere. He takes 12 pages, at one point, to describe a walk along a Scottish beach in the course of which nothing happens beyond the necessary placing of one foot in front of the other.

However, there is generally enough substance in the things that strike him, or his heroine, to cut out tedium. He is, at best, a delicate observer of familiar life – and eloquent in a minor key. *Grace Notes*, too, though it's far from being constructed in a comic spirit, contains the odd joke or two: "Another time in the pub she overheard Malcolm Black and a student arguing about Britain and Ireland being at loggerheads. She nose-dived into the argument, rolling up her political sleeves, only to find that they were talking about Benjamin Britten and the disagreements he had had with his composition teacher, John Ireland, at the Royal College of Music." It's a tiny caveat about imputosity and conditioned responses.

(HarperCollins, 3hrs, £8.99), and tellingly conveys the vanity, intellectual complexity and pathos of its Anthony Blunt-type anti-hero. Tim Pigott-Smith manages the huge cast of Bernard Cornwell's weirdly magical *The Winter King* (Penguin, 6hrs, £11.99) with fluent versatility and unflagging energy. Abruptly Katy Nicholls has retained all the colour and character of this unusually angled retelling of the Arthurian legend, which is tightly focused in its history and topography. Excellent slipcase notes provide a useful map and a list of the characters, essential adjuncts for this complex but fascinatingly convincing account of the last struggle for civilisation before Britain's descent into the Dark Ages.

Christina Hardymon



Photographs of Hélène Cixous and her sisters, taken from her family albums

Weaving the web of words

Michèle Roberts learns to love a gnomic French guru

Rootprints: memory and life-writing by Hélène Cixous, Routledge, £12.99

Who is Hélène Cixous? She's perhaps best known to students of literature, who may be asked to decode her philosophical and poetic brand of criticism. Part of the generation that also produced Luce Irigaray, Julia Kristeva and others involved in the establishment of *écriture féminine* in France, Cixous has issued a stream of texts, many of which – such as *The Laugh of the Medusa* – have become classics. She's also written plays and novels, few of which are known here. Our view is skewed by the way she has been taken up in the universities rather than the bookshops.

On the evidence of this auto-biographical volume, we need to see her as professor and intellectual, certainly, but also as dreamer, political activist, child, mother, colleague, poet, scribbler in notebooks, family chronicler and memoirist. Cixous demonstrates her thesis that there is no simple, single "I": there's that everyday self who signs cheques and income-tax forms, and then there are all the others. Faced with this plenitude of selves, Cixous doesn't offer us a conventional autobiography. This collection of pieces includes lengthy interviews between Cixous and her colleague Mireille Calle-Gruber, *hommages* from such fashionable luminaries as Jacques Derrida, an illustrated essay on family history, an enormous bibliography, copious notes and an afterword by the translator.

It has to be said that many of Cixous' texts defy the reader to find her easy writer. She speaks an arcane version of the language of theory, a post-Freudian dialect rich in puns and free associations. Faced with one of her baffling word-webs, you can feel tempted to start with scorn and despair, throw the book across the room, and rush out for a quick fix of a more emollient author.

I think you have to give Cixous' prose plenty of time: then it detonates

in your brain. Also, it really helps to imagine the woman speaking to you. I remember once sharing an art history platform with Cixous: her text on a painting by Rembrandt, which she had circulated in advance, seemed incomprehensible. Yet the moment she began talking, her words on paper sprang to life. She does put the body back into writing; no mean feat, given that it's a messy, chaotic, desiring body.

If you just dip into this book, you do fetch up against some pretty bizarre items. We Brits may not approve of literary conversations that prove how subtly brilliant we are. On the other hand, we French don't assume that "intellectual" is an insult. If you learn philosophy as part of your GCSEs, then you're less fazed by a woman who wants to deconstruct everything you hold dear: the fixed implications of femininity and masculinity, for a start.

Cixous is like Virginia Woolf: seeing that fin passing by in the distant outer deeps, she wants to haul in her net. It's never easy to translate the criss-grunts and pictures of that deep-sea world; at least she tries. Perhaps this makes her a writer's writer; I'd hope this means she was a reader's writer, too. If you persevere, she gives you a shattering sense of how, under conventional language, there rages something else altogether, which we too could discover if we cherished doubt and uncertainty.

The most accessible and beautiful piece in the volume is Cixous' meditation on her own past, via memories and photographs in her family album. How moving to see the snaps of her Jewish ancestors, so soon to be obliterated, and to hear her recite their names, remember their gestures. The book is well worth buying for this lovely memoir alone, written as a narrative of grace, questioning and loss.

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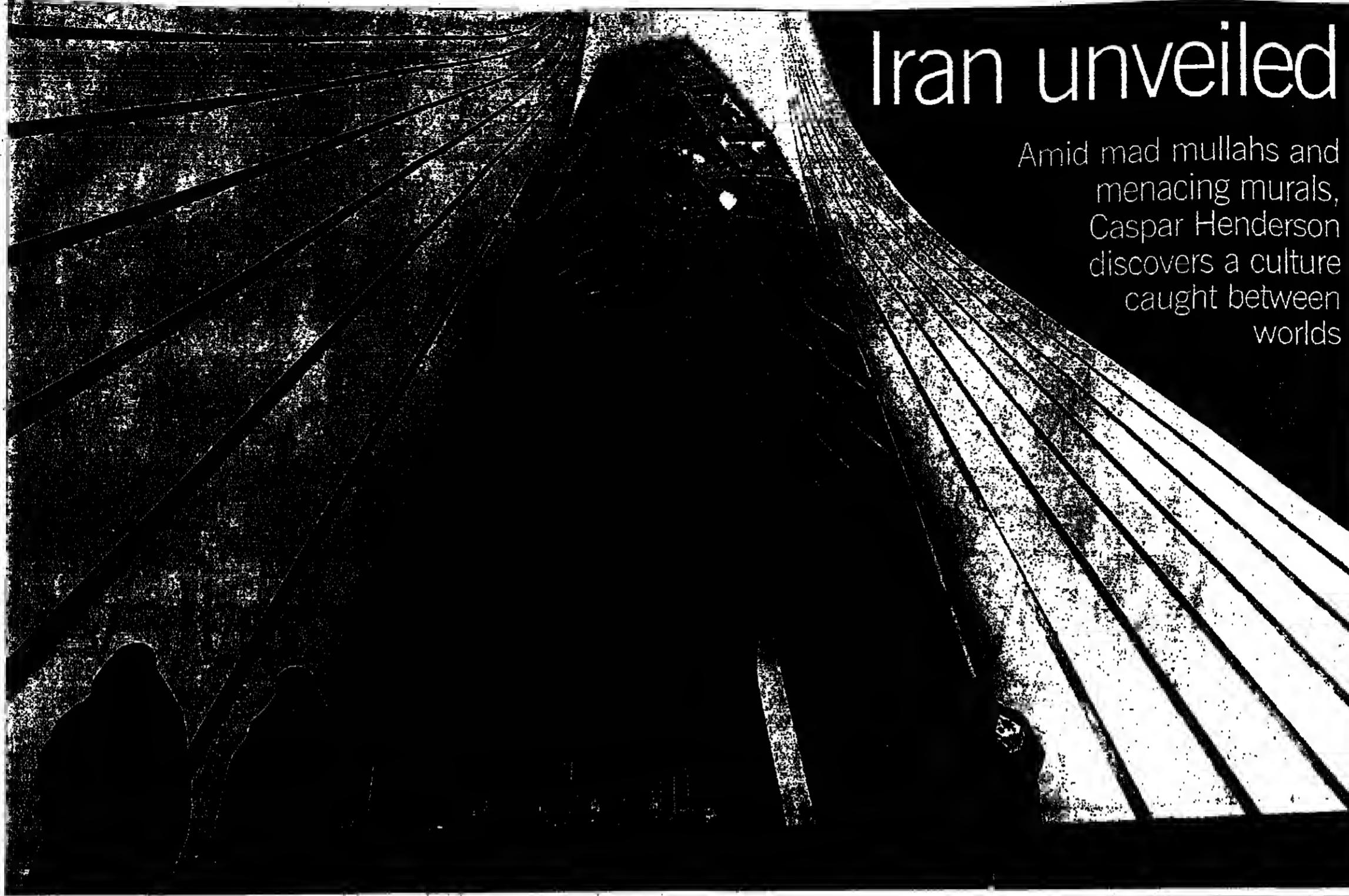
Christina Hardymon

150 من المعلم

travel & outdoors

Iran unveiled

Amid mad mullahs and menacing murals, Caspar Henderson discovers a culture caught between worlds



From wrap to rap: with half the population under 20, Tehran's youth are slowly turning their backs on ideology – which bans even holding hands – and looking for a place to party. Ancient and modern collide, left, at the *Platz Azadi*

PHOTOGRAPH:
PATRICK BARTH
BILDERBURG &
MIKE GOLDWATER -
NETWORK

A small girl sat on top of a folded carpet in a wheelbarrow. She was being pushed by her father, who was trying to negotiate 10 lanes of traffic crammed into a space for six. The oncoming cars showed no signs of slowing until the last possible moment, when they screeched to an angry halt. Rage frequently seems to simmer in downtown Tehran, the capital of the Islamic Republic of Iran. It is the 18th year of the Islamic revolution. And although as a traveller you are often told the revolution is crumbling from within, its outward symbols are as prominent as ever. Women must, without exception, hide their hair and every curve of their bodies in garments known as *hijab*, and many cover themselves completely in *chador*. The garments have to be black or a neutral colour, and a group of women walking down

the street tends to look like a flock of weird crows.

Tehran is full of ardent murals 100ft high and more, extolling revolutionary virtues. High up on billboards, white-bearded mullahs gaze sternly but benevolently, like Father Christmas's serious older brothers. A handsome young soldier, mortally wounded in the war with Iraq, smells a rose 3ft wide, held by an angelic child. Behind them visions of the garden of paradise – an ecological impossibility given the city's pollution – blossom across the wall of high-rises.

These uncompromising facades of revolutionary zeal hide a very different story. Like Tehran's underground railway, which is forever under construction and never seems to get any nearer completion, the revolution is a rickety compromise with an uncertain future. A visit to Ayatollah Khomeini's mausoleum is

perhaps the most poignant place to see this. It is one of the biggest construction sites in the modern Middle East, and it looks like a combination of Disney's magic castle and Terminal Four at Heathrow. Open 24 hours a day, it is intended as a place of pilgrimage for people the world over, but especially for the *mostazafan*, Iran's oppressed masses who were his most ardent supporters, and who supplied a frenzied crowd of more than 2 million at his funeral.

One of the most potent myths of the revolution is splendid isolating and independence. Iranians have a well-developed sense of grievance about foreign interference, and with good reason: for the past 300 years Iran has been as a pawn in the games of other nations. But the revolution in 1979 and the terrible war with Saddam Hussein's Iraq from 1980 to 1988 marked a com-

ing of age. It is thought that 1 million Iranians, many of them young volunteers, were killed in the conflict. But, despite some terrific blunders, the country held its ground without any foreign help. By contrast, Saddam, an enthusiastic gasser of women and children, enjoyed

extensive support from the Soviet Union and all the major Western powers including the US, which provided him with crucial air surveillance technology. There's no doubting the magnitude of Iran's achievement in staying him off.

Continued next page

Tehran trails

Getting there
British Airways (0345 222111) and Iran Air (0171-409 0971) fly three times weekly between Heathrow and Tehran. The lowest official fare on BA is £1,158.50. A discount ticket on Aeroflot via Moscow from IMS Travel (0171-224 4678) costs £425.50.

Organised tours

Few tour operators specialise in Iran. Jasmin Tours (01628 531121) has a programme of group tours; the company can also make arrangements for individual travellers.

Red tape

Contact the Visa Section of the Consular Department of the Embassy of the Islamic Republic of Iran, at 50 Kensington Court, London W8 500 (0171-795 4922, 2-4pm).

Women travellers

All parts of the body, except for the hands, feet and face, must be covered when in public, and outer clothing should be loose-fitting.

Accommodation

The Hotel Farzad (see page 10) on the corner of Nejatollah and Tuleghany Avenue (00 98 21 894 817) is one of the few remaining good-value hotels in Tehran.

More information

The most recently published guidebook to cover Iran is *Lonely Planet's Middle East* (£13.99).



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TALES OF TEHRAN

Ali Baba grows up

Beyond the old bazaars is a city that is quietly changing. By Mark Rowe

Those nostalgic for Soviet-style propaganda will love Tehran. An afternoon is well spent taking a taxi tour of the anti-Western and pro-Khomeini murals that bedeck the vast tower blocks around the city. My favourite is on Karim Khan-e Zand Street, where the US flag has been painted on to the facade of a 12-storey block, with skulls replacing the stars and the stripes depicted as falling missiles. Afterwards, you can relax in the coffee bar of the five-star Laleh International Hotel and gaze at the "Down with the USA" slogan embossed in silver letters, as if they have been machine-gunned there, on the wall above the filter-coffee machine.

The authorities are still sensitive around the former US Embassy, stormed in 1979. Take a discreet stroll or direct a taxi to drive by what is now labelled the "US Espionage Den" to see the Iranian students' warning daubed on walls: "We will make America face a severe defeat."

Nearby is the Howeyzeh Hotel, which is among the few remaining good-value hotels in the city, since the government introduced a two-tier, dollar-oriented system of charging for foreigners. The hotel costs foreigners \$51 a night (much more than for Iranians) but is worth most of its four stars and is a good place to pass quiet nights talking with the

friendly staff, who wistfully recall visits to England "before the revolution".

The heart of Tehran lies the bazaar, conjuring up visions of the tales of Ali Baba and giving you the sense of being at the city's core. Crooked alleyways lead to shops selling a dazzling array of gold-, silver- and ironwork; paths criss-cross; tea houses are numerous and snug; all is mixed with a smell of incense, sweat and butter oil from brass lamps.

If this intensely Middle

Eastern experience creates the need to return to the surface for air, head for the northern suburbs.

Traditional accounts of visits to Tehran include tales of illicit alcohol consumption in the far-flung, better-off suburbs. Unfortunately, I must report that the closest I came to alcohol was the Howeyzeh Hotel, where you can buy cans of something revolting called "malt".

But northern Tehran is the place to see a defiantly colourful interpretation of the Islamic dress code. Most women in Tehran wear the *chador*, the all-enveloping black cloak. But in the shopping arcades of Vali-e-Ash they wear multicoloured scarves and loose-fitting long coats, and their hair, sometimes dyed, hangs visibly over their eyes. They wear conspicuous ponytails, and some sport baseball caps and jeans underneath their cloaks. Even in Tehran, the times are a-changing.

Iran unveiled

From previous page
But that was then. Now, Iran is a young country. Half the population is under 20. They don't remember the supposedly evil times of the Shah, and even the war against Iraq seems like ancient history. An average salary is now less than £100 a month, no more than a quarter of what a family needs in Tehran. The gap between the rich and the poor – one of the main causes of the revolution against the Shah – is painfully obvious, and shows every sign of growing. So it's hardly surprising that many young Iranians are turning their backs on ideology and are looking for a place to party. Sometimes it seems they've already found it, right under the nose of authority. Beside a high-rise block of flats displaying a giant portrait of Ayatollah Khomeini I came across a funfair in full swing. Young girls, dressed in full black garb, were whizzing around at high speed on a whirlingig, whooping with delight.

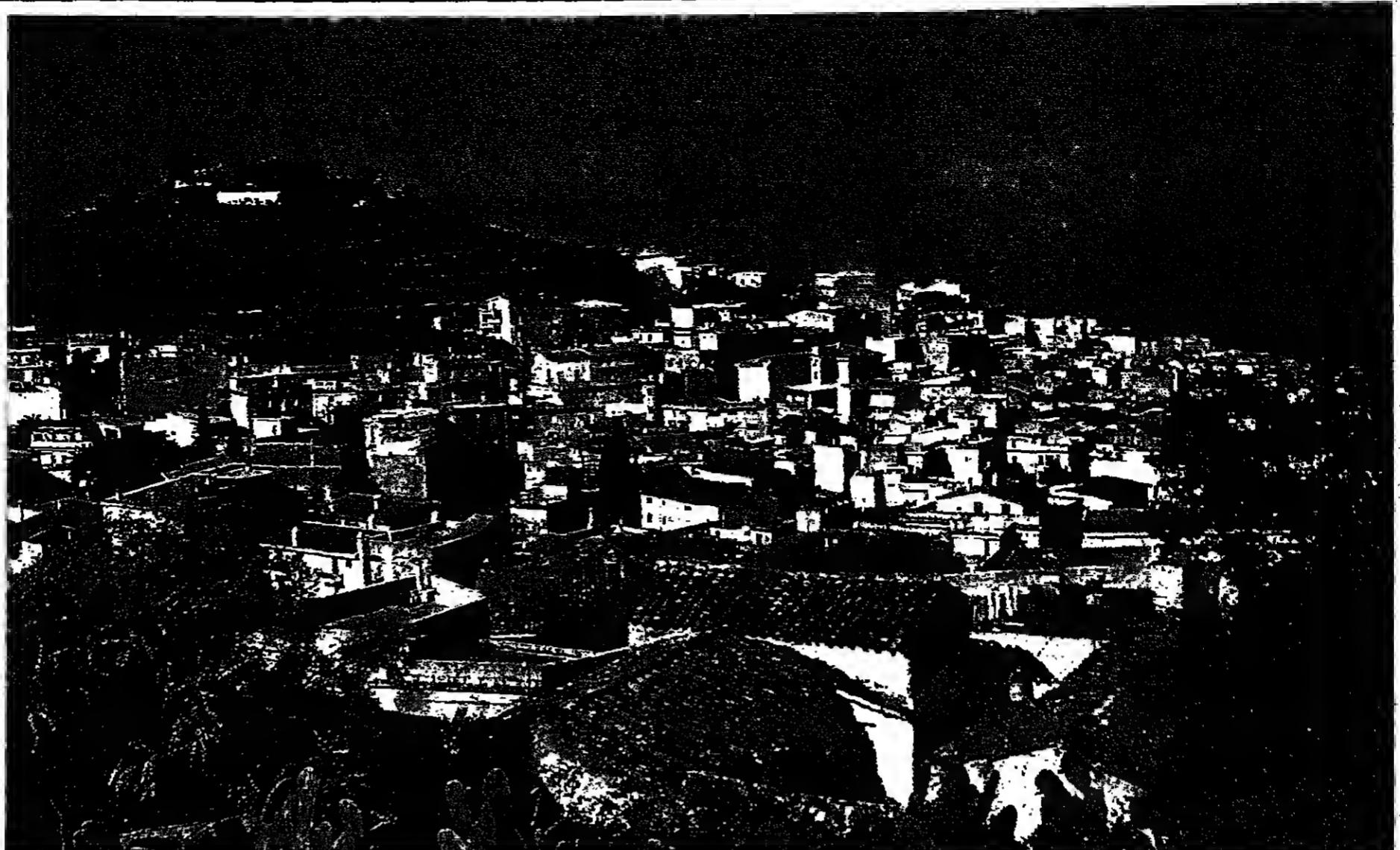
The big issue for young people everywhere – how boy meets girl – is made doubly difficult in Iran by rigorous separation of the sexes in public. Even tiny signals can be dangerous in the wrong circumstances, as I found myself when I casually removed a jacket on entering a shopping mall, revealing bare arms. Within

a few seconds two heavily bearded gentleman appeared from nowhere and told me in no uncertain terms to put my jacket on again. My friends said later that we were lucky not to have been hauled into the police station.

If you're caught just holding hands with someone who is not a brother or sister you can end up spending a rough night in jail. Some young men in their last year of high school told me they would get hold of the rota of the local police station so they'd know when it was safe to meet girls in the parks.

There are few places where young people can talk frankly in public. Among them are the city's handful of Armenian coffee houses. At one of these I joined some students – engineers, mathematicians, medics. Our table was attended by ancient waiters, dressed in the elegant uniforms of a more liberal time, who served us excellent coffee – a rarity in Iran. Conversation sparked over famous poets of the past and musicians of today. But when I asked how they felt about the future, my friends smiled sadly, and talk trailed off into silence.

Yet for all their uncertainty they remained open-minded and hospitable. And it was this warmth and welcome that made Tehran such a rewarding place to visit.



Mediterranean medley

Colin Hughes took his brood to Sardinia's Forte Village – for a mix of family fun and romantic reverie

The moment you decide a Mediterranean holiday has all been worth it comes when you stroll out on the beach after dark, gaze up at the stars, soak up the sound of surf lightly breaking on moonlit sands, and drape your arm around the shoulders of a loved one, ostensibly protecting her against that little edge of cool that's fallen after a long and lazy day in the summer heat.

I enjoyed just this experience after only four days at the Forte Village in Sardinia, an island blessed with some of the most beautiful beaches imaginable. Instead of sharing the moment with my wife, though, I shared it with one little daughter, aged three, gambolling off into the night, her dress tucked into her knickers, ready for a wild post-prandial paddle. Another daughter, aged eight, gazed out to sea sightseeing philosophically at the beauty of the night, and my son, aged nine, questioned me about how far we were from Africa, could we see the Milky Way, did those lights come from ships and could he take his sandals off 'cos they were full of sand?

And thereby hangs a large part of the tale – because two good reasons for being at the Forte Village are the sensational and very long private beach, and the courteous and helpful welcome given to children. But since the place has so much to offer, you could rope together a whole raft of other reasons which fully justify being there without mentioning those two.

My wife, for example (who on that romantically moonlit night had retreated to our bedroom to settle the sixth and lastest member of our party, aged 10 months), would probably not have picked the welcome for children, or the beach, or the 17 tennis courts, full-sized artificial football pitch, or even the little enclosure for flamingoes and pelicans; most likely, if she returned, it would be to spend as much time as possible escaping from maternal responsibilities and holing up in the resort's health spa.

As it was, she managed to escape for the odd couple of hours. Her first visit was for a mind-numbing massage which left her in a state of calm astonishing to behold in someone otherwise wholly responsible for tending two pre-school children. The second was to loll about in a variety of spa pools (they call it thalas-

otherapy). The experience appeared to have no effect on her health, but a great deal on her desire to drift off to sleep in saltwater pools and daze in steamy Turkish baths.

For a place that presents itself as an exclusive retreat, the Forte Village clientele are surprisingly classless, and mixed in national origin. We encountered many Germans (indeed, one charming four-year-old named Maximilian fell in love with my little daughter). There were English of all walks, some French, a few gossipy *mauvaise trouvaille* Russians and many Italians. Certainly the ability to afford it (or not to worry about the fact that you can't) is pretty essential; the accommodation costs are highish for the best rooms or bungalows, and many of the resort's additional services (such as sailing boats) are quite costly. But you get what you pay for, especially in quintessentially Italian quality of service, and excellent food.

At the Hotel Castello, where we stayed, it wasn't only the children who were bowled over

by superb breakfast tables spilling with hams, fruit juices and cheeses. The variety of accommodation (three hotels, different kinds of bungalows) is matched by a range of restaurants that makes it unwise to remain on your home patch all week. Our best evening fry-up was for a meal of seafood at one of several beach-side restaurants, where the older kids ate their first large langoustines followed by a wonderful clam-stew pasta and medley of fish dishes.

After that, and half a bottle of dark red Sardinian wine, making it down to the beach for a star-gazing stroll is a bit of a struggle – even when the beach is only 20 yards away.

For the children, though, the greatest pleasure of the place was the freedom, space and safety, along with three large swimming pools, a serious diving pool, and a pair of pools exclusively for the Hotel Castello. The children swam in conditions they never believed possible – space and delightful quiet. The only time I saw anyone offended was when the resident instruc-



Soaking up Sardinia: appealing villages perch above the Mediterranean (top); the solitude of Forte Village (above)

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: GAMMA/FSP

tor started blasting water aerobics music out over the central swimming pool just as an English couple had stretched themselves peacefully out on loungers. In the end, though, the hilarious spectacle of 20 people trying to do star jumps with half their body underwater was well worth the brief intrusion into our peace.

I would have loved to hurtle about the bay on a Hobie catamaran, or a little Laser dinghy, but mostly the winds were high, and I became more preoccupied with organising tennis games and coaching sessions.

And with all that going on, was there ever any reason to leave the resort? Not a lot, if you're there for a week. But it is a kind of madness to miss seeing the surrounding area of the south-eastern island – the superb coastal panoramas of maquis, rocky promontories capped with Roman castles, and steep tracks leading into the mountainous hinterland, with mimosa, wild olive and prickly pear bushes, like an African and southern European scene rolled together.

Africa is in fact only 100 miles from the nearby southern tip of Sardinia – half as far as the nearest point of the Italian mainland. You know it when the hot winds blow. You can feel it, too, if you escape down the coast to some of the southern peninsulas, where smooth dunes roll down the beaches and tiny bleached clam shells crunch underfoot.

We ventured out in a Land Rover driven by an environmental student named Dario who gave us a fascinating account of real Sardinian life. But we didn't go to Sardinia for reality: we went for the green trees, bare rocks, the beach, the sun and, at the Forte Village, the comfort of having every need catered for with the utmost courtesy. One week was not enough.

Flights between the UK and Sardinia are scarce. Italy-Sky Shuttle (0800 129 129) has charters from Gatwick and Stansted to Alghero and Olbia in the north of Sardinia, and to Cagliari in the south. The fare to Cagliari and Olbia is £260 return in July and August. Fares to Alghero are slightly cheaper. A week at the Forte Village Resort staying at the Hotel Castello starts from £99 per person per night on half board on a weekly basis. There is a 50 per cent reduction on accommodation for children aged two to 11 sharing with two adults, 90 per cent reduction for infants. Colin Hughes booked through Italian Escapes (0181-748 2651).

I had almost reached the head of the queue, when a stranger tapped me on the shoulder

No-frills airlines are 29 a penny these days, but none has yet been as bold as the much-missed PeopleXpress, which brought low fares to thousands of travellers to and within the United States in the early Eighties. This airline was a co-operative, a kind of John Lewis Partnership of the air, with some no-nonsense ideas about dispensing with frills. Boldest of all,

tap on the shoulder, here's the drill.

This individual wants to see your boarding pass to find out a) if you are a BA passenger, and b) so, what class you are travelling in. The last piece of information is necessary because not all passengers are equal. Economy passengers are entitled to 8kg, while business-class passengers qualify for half as much again. If the security man suspects your bag weighs too much for the class you are in, he will take it, and you, out of the queue and lead you to a large set of scales, on to which your bag is plonked. If it tips over the limit you will be instructed to return to the check-in desk to consign it to the tender care of the baggage handlers.

Now British Airways is going in exactly the opposite direction. When I arrived at Gatwick's North Terminal for a flight to Vienna, it was clear that the summer crush at Britain's airports had already begun: the queue to go through security stretched half-way to Crawley. I had almost reached the head of the queue when a stranger in uniform – not in airline uniform – tapped me on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, sir – could I see your boarding pass?"

All over the world, there are villains in various guises demanding to see papers as part of elaborate scams. Even though I was in Sussex rather than San Salvador, I reacted cautiously. "Who do you represent?"

"I represent British Airways, and I'm making sure that people don't exceed their hand luggage allowance."

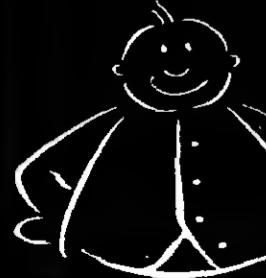
Starting this summer, BA has decided to implement its rules on hand luggage vigorously. Just so you're prepared when you feel that

security we provide and reduce the amount of stress you experience during your journey. Putting a limit on the size and weight of baggage in the cabin has two major benefits. Exits are less likely to be blocked in the event of an emergency, and there is less risk of injury if a bag should fall from an overhead locker."

The higher weight limit for business-class passengers appears to imply that people who buy expensive tickets have stronger heads than economy travellers. And what about the truly subject of duty free? Any rule-abiding traveller who strays into the duty-free shops is likely to tip over the limit; I could wander off and buy 50 litres of beer before turning up at the gate.

Hand baggage, and rules pertaining to it, aren't worth getting steamed up about. But the new measures could cost BA a lot. Planes will be delayed because passengers will be held up by having to queue ungodly times. Some of the extra checked-in luggage will inevitably be misdirected, causing grief for passengers and expense for the airline. And people who find the whole performance undignified will be tempted to travel on airlines that do not step up the anxiety index in this way. But I could be wrong; after all, British Airways is still in business while PeopleXpress is not.

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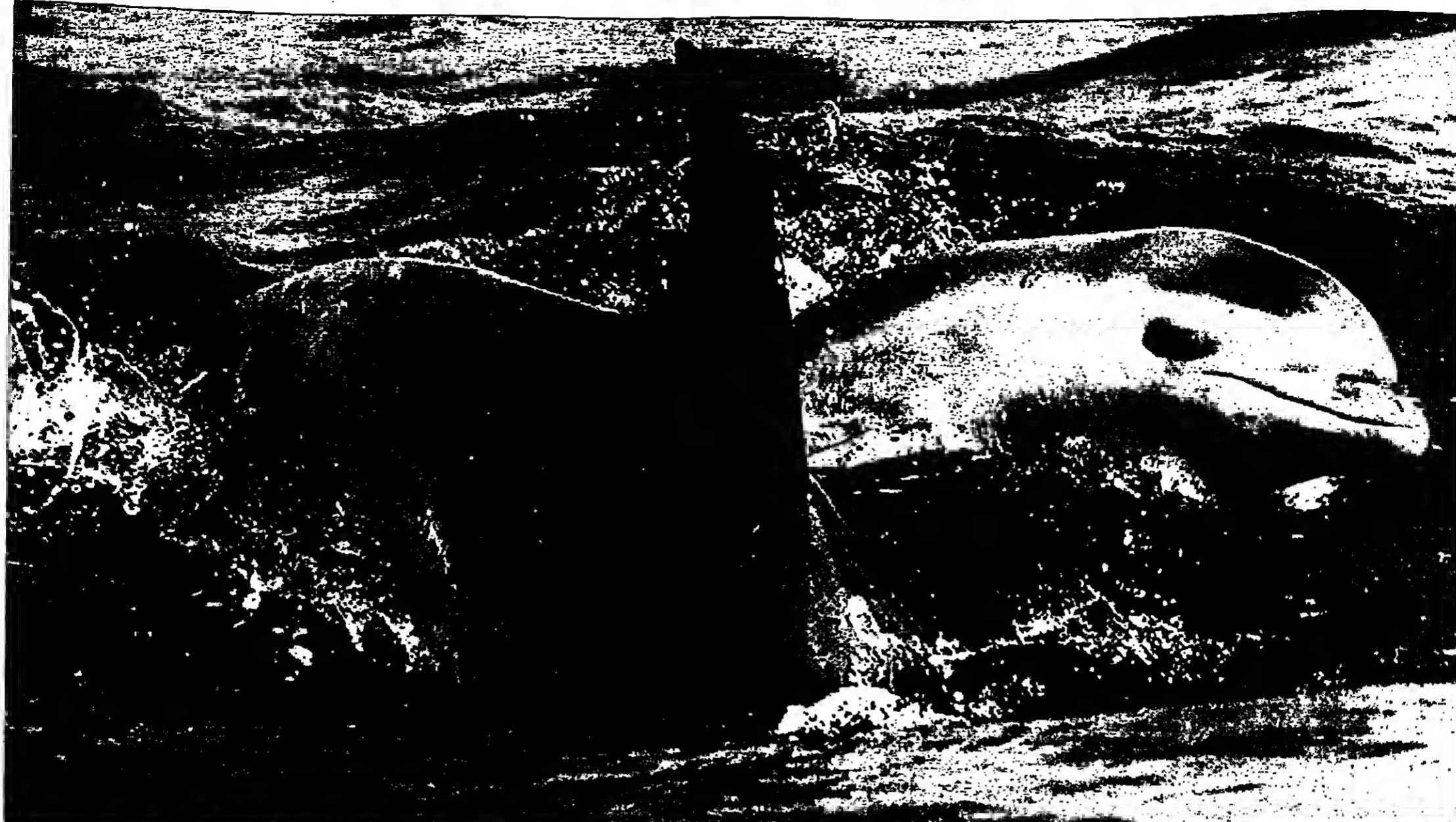
01444 8874

between
he shoots
urge

there and places of it is
everywhere. You
walked in under the
"Fence". What did that
tell you, probably the tall
trees, because up is a
like the one of houses
you fall out, try to keep
you to the left bank,
right, and it most likely
tells you a story of a
tall tree, and can
tough pressure and
height. So it seemed
small. After a couple of
days, they got out of the rapid
as it started to
rain, from which we had
had a different way.
We were to stay in all
rain, and the force
was enough to stop down
with the English con-
versation, and naturally
they had to go
over the rapids. It didn't take
long, and we were ready
again. Some obstructed
area, a popular place to
abuse, which has three rapids,
told us to go. And we
set off to catch him back in
the swim after, said Scott.

"I was up to the left of the
elected team from the boat
when I heard it. The
dolphins started to
swim, and I turned around
and saw them swimming to see
what was the problem.
They were swimming the boat

and the boat was the right
size for them to swim in, and
they were swimming with
the boat, and the boat was
swimming with the boat, and
they were swimming with the boat.



Original fin: the semi-wild dolphins of Florida's Dolphins Plus have a hedonistic outlook on life, but when they rise up, nod their heads and whistle they're not saying a cheery hello

All-action America

Swimming with dolphins, as David Sandhu did, is organised by Dolphins Plus, P.O. Box 2728, Key Largo, Florida (001 305 451 1993). The cost of the non-structured dolphin programme is approximately £50 per person which includes a full briefing, a 20-minute swim and equipment hire. There are also structured programmes involving some direct contact with the dolphins.

A glimpse of the final frontier can be achieved by signing up to the space mission organised by Explorer Tours (0173 681994) for October.

Your £395 will not actually get you any further into space than the Kennedy Space Centre at Cape Canaveral in Florida, but you should get a good view of the launch of NASA's Cassini Mission to Saturn.

The same company is organising walking tours to US National Parks in September; the itinerary, starting in Estes Park in Colorado and taking in Monument Valley and the Grand Canyon, costs £1,325. A trip to see the Northern Lights in Alaska in October 1998 - when, says the firm, "Forecasts indicate we can expect a significant display" - is also planned.

Next month, thousands of Elvis Presley fans will converge on Memphis for the 20th anniversary of the death of the king of rock 'n' roll. The city has teamed up with the state of Mississippi to promote the so-called "Blues Alley", following the trail of Presley and his predecessors such as B.B. King. A special tourist information line has been set up on 01462 440787.

If you demand dinner in London followed by dinner across the Atlantic at 60,000ft followed by dinner in New York, then you should travel on British Airways' Concorde flights by 1 August. The evening departure on the supersonic aircraft is to be cut for a month thereafter. From New York, the inbound afternoon flight is also being withdrawn temporarily. Morning services in both directions continue.

Greyhound buses are still rolling across America, and the summer 1997 prices are keen value; four days of unlimited travel costs £70, while a 30-day pass is £215. These must be bought in advance from Greyhound International (01342 317317). Simon Calder

Flipper with a foot fetish

At Florida's Dolphins Plus, it's the humans who provide the entertainment, as David Sandhu found out

Bób's got an Oedipus complex. Isla likes to suck toes. Alfonso is into sexual harassment. These are just some of the revelations made public during our swimming-with-dolphins briefing at Dolphins Plus, a pioneering marine research and education centre in Key Largo.

Our American instructor had gently removed our rose-tinted sunglasses and was deconstructing some mythology to prepare us for our encounter with seven semi-wild Atlantic bottlenose dolphins, living in a contained seawater lagoon.

Some sense of reality had already hit us after we'd left Highway One, less than two hours' drive from the dazzling pastel hues of Miami's South Beach, to arrive at the centre's functional, grey headquarters. The antithesis of Seaworld, Dolphins Plus is a non-profit body whose work with tourists helps fund rehabilitation programmes for children with special needs. "We are not an amusement park," states the brochure.

At the briefing, we learn of two-year-old Bob's uncomfortably close relationship with his mother, Jessica (he'd soon be joining the other males); of Isla's passion for the human toe, and of Alfonso's attempt to mate with a reluctant Samantha that resulted in her nursing a broken jaw. "Dolphins like to have a good time," explains our instructor, Jon. "Whatever feels good, tastes good or looks good, they want it."

He continues with a few New Age analogies (we will be entering their house; we are toys for them to play with) and offers practical tips: don't stare them out or use your hands - it signals aggression - and most important, don't touch them. Two children in our dozen-strong party, disappointed, question this but are cheered to hear that these aquatic hedonists prefer "little people". If really upset, we are warned, they'll place their razor-sharp teeth around our legs or rise up, nod their heads and whistle - despite what you've seen on *Flipper*, nodding means no. (Interestingly,

Ric O'Barry, the former trainer of *Flipper* back in the Sixties, is involved in a controversial campaign to free all captive dolphins, despite an extremely low survival rate.)

More wary than when we arrived, but just as excited, we enter the murky seawater, equipped with masks, snorkels and floating barrels. We occasionally glimpse a shadow, a hint of fin; but, as predicted, for the first few minutes we are the ones being observed. The clicks and whistles of the dolphins are piercing yet calming.

Listening, fascinated, to this strange language, it seems possible to imagine the content: "Who are these people? More tourists?" By the pathetically slow and cautious way they're swimming, I guess so.

Many experts believe dolphins create "sound pictures" through the sonar technique called echolocation. The dolphin is thought to send out sound waves by emitting a series of clicks from nasal sacs deep inside the head. The sound travels through the water until it "hits" something. The

sound wave is reflected back to the dolphin which is then able to evaluate and track down the object. This, I presume, was how they located us.

Most of our party simply hold the floats, kick with their legs, look around, and hope to be noticed. We are there to perform for them. Entertainment? An unsynchronised human swimming gala. Comedey.

First impressions last. Dolphins are large creatures anyway (averaging 7ft long), but the water's magnifying effect makes them huge, while their speed and agility are astonishing. During past, around, and under, making you feel desperately ungainly, they appear to smile and wink. A mouthful of salt water stops you smiling back, but a shiver of joy is the natural reaction. Dolphins have 360-degree vision which ensures that nobody gets slapped by their powerful tails, though the fleeting touches of their little bodies as they swim past make you wish for more. In fact, Dolphins Plus make no guarantee of any contact. The best chance of

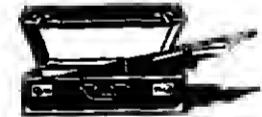
gaining a one-on-one encounter is to do something completely ridiculous. One of our party starts mimicking a chicken - elbows flapping, squawking - and is rewarded by two dolphins circling him, intrigued, for several minutes, before they they let us go.

Later, a group game is arranged; we split into two groups, parallel, five yards apart, each holding a giant palm. On Jon's whistle, the groups swim towards each other. As we do so, feeling silly, three dolphins dart between us, their high-pitched whistles ringing in our ears, like the sound of hysterical schoolgirls.

Individually identifying these beguiling mammals is impossible for us as novices - it's usually done via rake marks accrued through fighting. But it is fun to guess.

Our allotted 20 minutes has not been enough. With reluctance we haul ourselves out of the water, pulling our toes away from the edge, as instructed, in case Isla fancies a nibble. Though secretly hoping she does.

Bargain of the week



something
to declare

Leicester to Doncaster by rail costs at least £15 return. But Stagecoach Express charges a maximum of £5 return for the same journey by bus, using its hourly 757 express bus. The ticket is valid for up to three months. The route also

serves Worksop, Mansfield and Nottingham, with the same maximum price. Call the Bus Hotline, 0115 924 0000, for times. Note, though, that the Leicester-Doncaster bus journey takes nearly three hours - 60 minutes more than the train.

A likely story

"Passengers with hand baggage can check in by phone. Simply call 0345 554554 or your local reservations number no later than 30 minutes prior to departure" - British Midland timetable

What a splendid invitation.

Next time you are due to fly on British Midland, you could well take heart from this offer. Passengers travelling light can now call from the office, or a mobile on the way to the airport, saving time and stress.

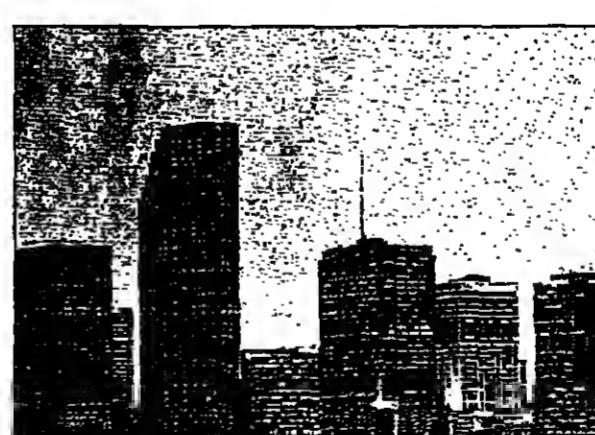
Except that when you try it, the chances are you will

be refused. The timetable indicates that all ticket holders can avail themselves of the new facility. But when you call, the first question is about the class of your ticket. Anything less than Euroclass (British Midland's business cabin) and you will be told to join the queue at the airport

Trouble spots

Foreign Office advice on Florida
Despite a reduction in the number of attacks on foreign tourists in Florida, visitors should continue to be vigilant about their personal security. In particular:

- Do not wear ostentatious jewellery, and avoid walking in obviously run-down areas.
- If arriving at night, take a taxi to your hotel and collect your car the next day.
- Drive on main highways and use well-lit car parks.
- Do not stop if your car is bumped from behind. Instead, indicate to the other driver to follow you to the nearest public area, and call the police for assistance.
- Do not sleep in your car or on the roadside or in rest areas.



Travel Advice Unit (0171-238 4503/4504; fax 0171-238 4545); on the Internet, go to

http://www.fco.gov.uk; or on BBC2 Ceefax, from page 470 onwards.

Visitors' book

Berwyn Guest House, Shrewsbury (01743 354858); comments from US visitors

Enjoyed the conversation and watching the football with you - Kathy Jones, Fort Myers

Thanks for the hot chocolate and the lively entertainment. Happy travels to you - Bryan De Busk, Arizona

Gracious home, beautiful scenery - KM Fox, Houston

Warm and sweet; a place to rest my worn beaten feet - Huw Getchell, Massachusetts

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The temple of gloom

It takes an Indiana Jones to bypass the hordes heading into London's Holy Grail — Westminster Abbey. By Jane Furnival

It is the ultimate club for celebrity corpses, from Edward the Confessor to Dylan Thomas. Two-and-a-half million people each year shuffle round to see the tombs of crowned heads. Or the headless, in the case of the top attraction, Mary Queen of Scots, reburied next to her arch-enemy, Elizabeth I, by her son James, in a funerary equivalent of a two-fingered salute.

You enter the nave. It is meant to be a quiet area but is swarming with visitors. To the left of the nave is the entrance to the Royal Chapel. It is here that you must pay if you want to proceed. In here you will find the tombs of Edward the Confessor, two Henrys, two Edwards, a Richard, the Prince in the Tower, etc. But once through, it is as if you have stumbled upon a moonbeam jumble sale.

Westminster Abbey should be one of our best run tourist attractions, but there seems little freedom for the visitor, and to see anything worth the journey there you have to pay.

Even in the places you have paid to enter, a pompous usher reminds tourists to "keep moving". When one of the monuments does catch your eye, you cannot backtrack — it is a one-way route. And there are constant reminders, wherever you are in the abbey, that they "kindly receive donations".

Some of the most dignified monuments are covered by what look like body-bags. As you enter, the monuments to national heroes are hidden by stacks of chairs, as if it were a parish hall, and throughout the abbey tombs are roped off with the message "Please do not touch".

I have never seen so many "N" signs: No photography (postcards cost at least 25p). No video-cameras. No stamps sold here. No touching. No entry. No credit cards at this time. It is almost un-Christian.

I saw two old dears giving up their search around the abbey and diving for the door marked "Refreshments". Instead of a teashop, they found one makeshift trolley in a pigeon-plagued cloister, selling "Coffees of the world" for £1 a cup.



Westminster Abbey: visitors who come to get closer to God may end up praying to get out

There are no tables or chairs. You may find a stone windowsill to squat on.

On to Poets' Corner. This is stuffed with men, with only two small memorials to women (George Eliot and Jane Austen). I can't hold that against the abbey today — but it can help the fact that many of our "resting" theatrical luvvies are fenced off as in a building site. I couldn't see Noel Coward or Sybil Thorndike. It shouldn't be like this. It would take only a few days to rethink the abbey's signs, organise guidebooks, and send visitors away closer to God rather than praying to get out.

One factor that is sure to spoil your visit is a severe overcrowding problem. Emma St John-Smith, Westminster Abbey's press officer, admits: "We have got to do something radical to recover the calm." She

says that visitor figures are going up: official estimates put the annual number at 2.6 million, which is regarded as more than the abbey can handle. "We're ruling nothing out and nothing in," she says. Are there any plans to provide a cafe? "We have a small coffee stand in the cloister and another outside the gate, and we're not intending to expand."

There are plans to make visitors pay for entry to the whole abbey, rather than just the Royal Chapel. The charges aren't to make money, but to limit the number of visitors. But Ms St John-Smith insists that "genuine" worshippers and ex-service personnel wishing to view the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, as opposed to the hordes of tourists (how will they distinguish the two groups?), will still be admitted free. We shall see.

After all that, you need to hike, bus or cab it north to Leicester Square and cool down at WC2 Haagen-Dazs on the Square (0171 287 9577). Don't be discouraged by the long queue in front of the shop at weekends; it is probably for the take-away counter. For those wanting to eat from the à la carte menu, tables are available in the attractive, bright and lofty-ceilinged restaurant, which has a distinctly Continental ambience. The ice-creams are, of course, the main attraction, in one-, two- or three-scoop portions (£1.30/£2.20/£2.93) with all sorts of toppings, in waffles and sundaes (£3.95). The patisserie items, however, are not in the same class as the ice-creams. Three high-chairs are provided. Small portions are available for little ones, and a children's menu is a possibility this year. No smoking. Seats 60, open 10am-midnight (Fri and Sat to 1am).

From *Travel Review's Guide... And Children Come Too*, Bookazine, 29.99

PHOTOGRAPH: BRIAN HARRIS

Pit stop

After all that, you need to hike, bus or cab it north to Leicester Square and cool down at WC2 Haagen-Dazs on the Square (0171 287 9577). Don't be discouraged by the long queue in front of the shop at weekends; it is probably for the take-away counter. For those wanting to eat from the à la carte menu, tables are available in the attractive, bright and lofty-ceilinged restaurant, which has a distinctly Continental ambience. The ice-creams are, of course, the main attraction, in one-, two- or three-scoop portions (£1.30/£2.20/£2.93) with all sorts of toppings, in waffles and sundaes (£3.95). The patisserie items, however, are not in the same class as the ice-creams. Three high-chairs are provided. Small portions are available for little ones, and a children's menu is a possibility this year. No smoking. Seats 60, open 10am-midnight (Fri and Sat to 1am).

Spires to aspire to

Winchester Cathedral (01962 853137). Open all week, 9.30am to 6.30pm. Admission: no fee, but voluntary contributions are gratefully received. Attractions: Winchester Bible, burial site of Jane Austen. The cathedral is currently running workshops for primary school children.

Canterbury Cathedral (01227 762862). Open all week, 9am to 5pm. Sundays 12.30pm to 2.30pm and 4.30pm to 5.30pm. Admission: £2.50 adults, £1.50 students, seniors and children. Attractions: book and gift shops, refreshments, acoustic and guided tours. Tombs of Black Prince and Henry IV, and stained glass collection.

Chester Cathedral (01244 324756). Open all week, 7.30am to 6.30pm. Admission: a donation of £2 a visitor is requested. Attractions: gift shop, refectory; organ recitals at lunchtime on Thursdays are open to the public.

Salisbury Cathedral (01722 323279). Open daily, May to August, 8am to 8.15pm. Admission: £2.50 adults, £1.50 seniors and students, 50p children, £5 family groups. Attractions: tour of tower, £2 a person free tour of cathedral. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, tours of west front, £2 adults, £1 children over 11. Shop, refectory, brass-robbing and name-search. Chapter house (Magna Carta) 30p a person, children free if accompanied.

Guildford Cathedral (01483 5652870). Open all week, 9.30am to 5pm. Admission: a donation of £2 a visitor is suggested. Attractions: cathedral book shop, gift shop and refectory; a new cathedral, fine example of a modern place of worship.

Glastonbury Abbey (01458 832267). Open every day, 9am to 6pm. Admission: £2.50 adults, £1 seniors, students and children between five and 15 years old, family ticket £5.50. Groups of 10 people or more: £2 adults, 50p children. Attractions: ruined abbey, gift shop, cafe and modern museum.

York Cathedral (01904 624426). Open every day, 7am to 6pm. Admission: free, but donations of £2 a head are requested from large groups. Attractions: restaurant, cafe and shop. Every Saturday from 19 July until 20 September, organ recital at 6.30pm, cost £4. Views from central tower amazing, carvings in chapter house, treasury, large collection of stained glass.

St David's Cathedral, Wales (01437 720392). Open all week, 8am to 6pm. Admission: free, but all contributions gratefully received. Attractions: simple refreshments, two gift shops. Concerts at 8.15pm every Tuesday, organ recital at 6.30pm, cost £4. Views from tower amazing, carvings in chapter house, treasury.

St Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh (0131-229442). Open 9am to 7pm weekdays, 9am to 5pm Saturdays, 1pm to 5pm Sundays. Admission: free, but a donation of £1 a visitor is suggested. Attractions: refreshments, gift shop, 900 years' worth of history.

King's College Chapel, Aberdeen (01224 272137). Open all week, 9am to 5pm, student guides 2pm to 5pm Sundays. Admission: free. Attractions: refreshments, gift shop, tomb of Bishop Elphinstone.

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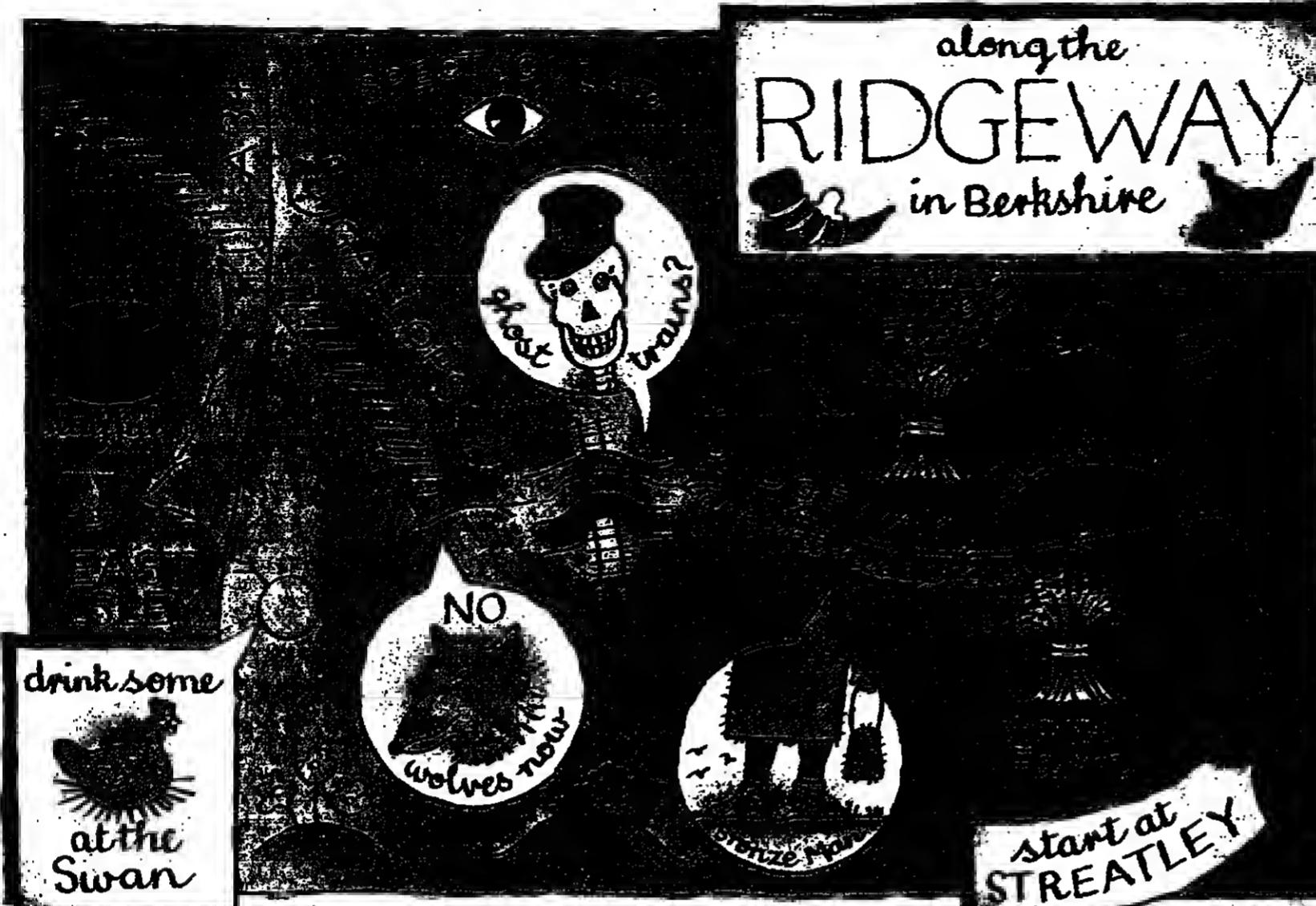
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Into the Berkshire wilderness

Matthew Brace walks along the Ridgeway ... straight into a row over the ancient track's future



SALLY KINBERG

One of the most rewarding stretches of the Ridgeway is the 10-mile hike from Streatley, on the Berkshire bank of the Thames, west to the pretty village of East Ilsley up on the Downs. First locate the Bull Inn at Streatley and head north along an A-road for a few hundred yards. At a fork, follow the A417 to Wantage and after 800 yards branch off on a side road which, after some houses and a farm, turns into a rough, tree-lined, chalk track - unmistakably the Ridgeway.

In a natural break in the trees 500 yards up the rough path, I looked down on a perfect English farming scene - a field of crops swaying in the breeze, a small clump of beech trees isolated in its centre and, in an adjacent field, a tractor making its way up the slope, followed by a bushy-tailed dog. As you follow the path past two Warren Farms and

rise towards the top of the Downs, the trees that line the Ridgeway give way to shorter, stouter hedgerows, at least 400 years old by a rough calculation of counting the number of tree and shrub species - elder, hawthorn, cherry, and more.

Out on the open downland you get a sense of wilderness. For miles in all directions the Downs reveal only the occasional farm. Between fields stained red with poppies, a sun-bleached chalk scarp marks your route.

This being famous horse-training country, you will find yourself walking alongside gallops, especially on Blewbury Down; if you are lucky you may see a posse of riders putting their horses through their paces, thundering across the soft grass overlying the chalk.

Follow the excellent Ridgeway signs and you will reach the roaring A34. The

path takes you under the road and on slightly more boggy ground where, after 100 yards, you will see a footpath sign beckoning you south off the Ridgeway and across Hodcot Down. Take it and pass a huge warren where, if you approach with stealth, you can see scores of rabbits playing.

When you reach a side road, turn left and walk into East Ilsley (up a steep hill) and enjoy a well-deserved pint of Old Speckled Hen at the Swan Inn in the centre of the village, where the landlord, Michael Connolly, will tell you about the ancient sheep fairs that used to take place in the main street. There were once 20 inns catering for the sheep traders, but now there are just three.

Black-and-white photographs on the wall of the Swan's bar record the bustle of sheep-fair days long gone.

To get back to Streatley, take the

good Ridgeway Explorer bus service, which runs on Sundays and Bank Holidays until late October. (It is harder to bus it on weekdays and Saturdays and it might be better to ask a willing driver in your party to fetch you.) There is a stop in East Ilsley and another in Streatley, so you can leave your car in Streatley and get dropped back there later (80p to £3 for adults; children and OAPs half price). The last bus east from East Ilsley is at 7.26pm and gets to Streatley at 7.44pm.

For a full Ridgeway Explorer timetable and details about all public transport and other information about the Ridgeway Path, contact The National Trails Office at The National Trails Office, Countryside Service, Dept of Leisure and Arts, Holton, Oxford OX33 1QQ (01865 870224).

Directions

- Start from Bull Inn at Streatley, head north on the A-road. Branch off on A417 to Wantage and then left on to side road, signposted "Ridgeway" with an acorn.
- Road becomes track and leads up to the Downs - follow Ridgeway signs. Cross old railway bridge. Trace the edge of a gallop up a rise to a paved road, turn right and continue for two miles to the A34.
- Walk on 100 yards and take footpath left (south) off the Ridgeway across Hodcot Down to a side road. Turn left and walk into East Ilsley.

You will need

Suncream and hat (chalk reflects the sun). Water (none on route) and lunch. Stout boots (the track can be rough). OS Landranger map 174, Newbury and Wantage (£4.95).

For an ancient path, the Ridgeway is having to deal with some very modern disputes. It is one of Britain's 12 national trails, stretching almost 90 miles from Ivinghoe Beacon near the Hertfordshire-Buckinghamshire border to Avebury in Wiltshire. It runs through some of southern England's most ravishing country - crossing downs, and passing chalk horses and Bronze Age camps where wolves once roamed. In midsummer week, when I walked the path, it was peaceful. I saw 30 walkers, 20 dogs, six mountain-bikers and one motorcyclist.

But in a recent survey of 1,300 Ridgeway users, co-ordinated by the National Trail Office, complaints about four-wheel drive vehicles were vociferous. A third of all users (of which almost 60 per cent are walkers) cited recreational vehicles as spoiling their enjoyment through noise, speed, dust and inconsiderate, dangerous or aggressive behaviour.

One group that participated in the survey, Friends of the Ridgeway, would prefer to see no recreational four-wheel drives (excluding farm vehicles) on the track, claiming they damage the path and that their very presence in an untamed place is obtrusive.

They have a point. Even the scrambling motorcycle that passed me high up on the Lambourn Downs destroyed the peace, scattering the butterflies, silencing the birds and leaving a trail of blue fumes. But the Friends are up against an old law that shows much of the route between Streatley and Avebury has been used for many years by vehicles of one sort or another and so allows vehicles on them today.

The motoring organisations' Land Access and Recreational Association has drawn up a code of conduct for Ridgeway users which requests them to stick to the defined track, to travel quietly and unobtrusively, alone or in small groups, and to respect the countryside and be courteous. And on occasions of severe weather softening the track, signs are posted requesting drivers to use restraint to protect the surface.

The national trails officer in charge of the Ridgeway, Jos Joslin, says the dispute is well-known and looks like rumbling on. "The conflict worries me, but what is most important is that everybody should be reasonable about it," she says. "It's not that drivers are evil and walkers are good."

The Ridgeway is having to face other modern dilemmas, too. The Friends' survey makes for disturbing reading, showing to what extent we have become spoilt by urban living and how our sense of adventure is becoming increasingly reliant on the modern world. One respondent even complained of "unpleasant cows".

When asked whether there were any services or facilities that could improve the quality of their visit, the overwhelming majority said yes. Only 3.5 per cent wanted the trail left as it is. Demands included better availability of water, toilets, litter bins and even refreshment stalls. Maybe this is a sign of the next step in the evolution of the walker - we will lose our ability to carry a water bottle and some chocolate bars, become unable to carry our own litter or even take a leak in the bushes. And with it, we will tame and ruin our last few patches of wilderness.

The land of the dragon is fired up - for hunting

Peace by pace, the countryside marchers are closing in on London for next Thursday's rally in Hyde Park, where thousands of supporters will stage a mass protest against government interference in rural affairs, and in particular against the threat to foxhunting.

In all the columns - one from the north, one from the West Country, two from Wales - tremendous spirit has built up. But it is in the contingents from the Welsh mountains and valleys that anger is smouldering most dangerously. Their contempt for Michael Foster, the MP for Worcester, who is bringing in a Private Member's Bill to ban hunting with hounds, is not easy to describe.

When the first Welsh march left Machynlleth on 27 June, there occurred an unnerving incident.

Protesters from rural Wales are marching to London. Duff Hart-Davis finds a militant pace

One of the leaders, David Jones, had just been interviewed for television about what would happen if hunting were banned. He replied instantly that the first victim would be the red kite, recently reintroduced to central Wales at enormous expense. Farmers, he explained, would seek to protect their lambs by poisoning foxes with strichine; the kites, being carnivore-eaters, would pick up bait and be exterminated in short order.

A few minutes later the column headed out of town, over a cattle grid on to the common. Sud-

denly a single red kite appeared, out to the marchers' right. With the hair on their necks standing up, they watched the bird dive in at them and fly the length of the contingent, barely 30ft off, with its head turned sideways as it surveyed the 250 marchers. Then it lifted away like a fighter aircraft and was gone.

Never in his life had David Jones known anything like it. He describes that inexplicable visitation as the weirdest sight he has ever seen. However, when I joined the marchers at Kington in Herefordshire on Monday morning, it struck me that the kite's slightly sinister fly-past epitomised the undercurrent of menace in the advance on London.

On the surface, all was good humour and enthusiasm. Boisterous jokes ricocheted up and down the column: the walkers courteously made way for traffic and extended greetings to every onlooker they passed. Yet many of them were harbouring dark thoughts in their hearts, for they bitterly resent being pressured by an urban majority who understand nothing of their way of life, and rumours of civil disobedience were on many lips.

"People try to accuse us of cruelty," said Richard Williams, who farms and hunts (on foot) around Snowdon, where he is master of the Eryri hounds. "They're very well-meaning people, I dare say. But what are they talking about? My family has farmed here for 400 years. If we'd been cruel to animals, we'd never have survived this long in our business."

The point made by many is that in mountains and conifer forests there is no viable alternative to hunting with hounds. Nobody knows this better than David Jones, a fine-looking man of 54 who has been kennel huntsman of the David Davies pack, based on Llandinam in central Wales, for 24 seasons.

Last season his hounds killed 156 foxes, many of them in response to emergency calls from farmers whose lambs were being taken. One man had lost 37 lambs, one woman 22; her neighbour had lost 12 in three nights.

When Mr Jones goes out on a lambing call, he arrives at break of dawn, while the dew is still clinging to the ground. By then the fox and his kill may be two or three hours away, but because the bounds are "deep-scented", they can follow the drag of the night-line. "In the end they'll put him up - and you know for sure you've got the right one."

What vexes Mr Jones particularly is the fact that "none of these politicians has the slightest interest in the fox. He's thrived for all these years because of hunting. If they take hunting away, he'll virtually disappear." The scenario he paints is the same as that of Mr Williams: farmers will be out



Striding out: marchers feel they are defending their communities

PHOTOGRAPH: ROB STRATTON

with guns, snares and poison; victims will include buzzards, badgers and stray dogs.

Wildlife apart, several marchers emphasised that hunting is one of the few remaining factors that knit rural communities together. "The hunt and the football club are the two things that keep the village going," said Hugh Thomas, who works in the dairy trade. With local schools and cottage hospitals closing, bus services run down and railways defunct, people cling fiercely to what they have left.

It is a measure of the gulf between country and city that of 50-odd people from the village of Caersws who are going to Hyde Park by coach, 20 have never been to London.

"You want to know why I'm walking?" demanded one man aggressively. "My father fought a world war for freedom of choice. That's why."

At lunchtime on Monday we came through orchards and water-meadows to a 17th-century mill, half-timbered in black and white, which stood

beside the river Arrow at a point where the stream tumbled noisily over a weir. In this dream-like setting the owners had laid on a splendid spread for the 33 core marchers, with drinks and snacks for 100 odd hangers-on.

No scene could have been more idyllic. Yet under the peace I could still feel the tension of the men and women who have given up substantial amounts of time and money to walk to London, 20 and more miles a day, for what they believe in.

I dare say the marchers themselves will never resort to violence; but out in the hills to the west there are plenty of fiery devils eager to block roads, set light to forestry plantations and blow up the dams and pipes that supply England with water.

"You're going to see problems," one man assured me. "It's too late. Michael Foster's done it. He's the man responsible for an awful lot of things that are going to happen. If the Government carries on the way it's going, it'll create a second Ulster."

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all consuming

Nasal warfare

With the blossoming of the perfume market, writes Debbie Davis, scent manufacturers around the world are pulling out the stoppers

The French ladle it on, the Italians steer clear, Japanese men have a penchant for eyebrow tweezers, and the British have a fondness for subtle bathtime smellies.

According to the research specialists Euromonitor, the market for perfume is booming. Last year in America, sales topped £2.2bn. France came a close second with £925m, making the French market for perfume bigger than our market.

British women have jumped in at the deep end with bathtime and skincare smellies

ket for staple products such as

Look closely at Euromonitor's statistics on how much deodorant and bath oil we use compared with our French or Japanese counterparts, and you start to realise the big cultural differences that remain between nations. Perfume may be the third largest sector of the wider cosmetics and toiletries market in France, but in Japan the market barely exists. Culturally, a strong scent is inappropriate in Japan; if women do use perfume, it may be designed to last for only an hour. So you apply it at the start of your

Intrepid poets may have tried to capture the essence of a scent, but they lack the perfumer's vocabulary

lunch hour, and return to the workplace without offending colleagues. On the other hand, Euromonitor says, Japan's market for skin care is the largest in the world. Differences in the basic beauty regime of women, and to a lesser extent men, fuel heavy expenditure. Japanese women regularly use several different types of moisturisers, while Japanese men buy face-packs, nose-packs, male-specific hair bleach and eyebrow-design kits. The kits include an eyebrow brush and comb, special scissors, tweezers

and an eyebrow pencil. There is even a template to help men to achieve designer eyebrows.

Consumers worldwide may have a never-ending appetite for new products, but all is not roses in the English garden of fragrance. Euromonitor estimates that the average Frenchwoman spent about £56 last year on perfumes, almost double that of her UK counterpart.

Perfumes and fragrances, meaning full-strength scent, and *eau de parfum* and *eau de toilette*, distributed

taken to the gym. And you can buy it anywhere: from the cosmetic hall of a department store, from a counter at Tower Records, off the shelf of a discount chemist. In short, it is the antithesis of the French perfumes that dominated the market from the time of Louis XVI to the early Seventies.

Roger Dove, PR manager at the French perfume company Guerlain, has watched the market change. "Twenty-five years ago, perfume was a real luxury which nobody bought for themselves," he says. But, like overseas travel, "price has had an impact across the market, and now the masses can afford to buy it," says Mr Dove. For an extremely reasonable £25.50, Selfridges offers a 50ml CKOne *eau de toilette* spray plus heavily scented CKOne body wash and body moisturiser packs in a 100ml size.

Classic French perfumes such as Shalimar and Mitsouko by Guerlain are fighting back. Glamorous bottle shapes from the past are making a return, and there are campaigns to persuade us to behave more like our French counterparts, and pay a king's ransom for tiny bottles of full-strength perfume.

"In the UK and the US, women don't understand that perfume is the softest of the fragrance strengths," says Mr Dove. "We buy *eau de toilette*, which has qualities more suited to a good diary product. Its instability as a mixture means that 50 per cent leaves the skin within half an hour of application, whereas 50 per cent of perfume remains on the skin after 24 hours. The rapidity with which *eau de toilette* is lost makes it strong but short-lived: perfume is soft and sedate by comparison."

Guerlain may have a point about strengths, but it is on less sure ground with consumers when it talks about perfumers and their assistants. "Perfume is the true expression of a scent because it is the only thing the perfumer creates. The *eau de parfum* and *eau de toilette* of a scent are created by the assistant," says Mr Dove.

Consumers who have demanded and got brands that are consistent

as Calvin Klein's CKOne, which epitomise the whole-body approach to smelling good, have consequently gone off the clock.

"CKOne is head and shoulders above everything else," says Tracy Wharton, retail operations manager of Selfridges' perfumery and cosmetics hall. It took Selfridges less than six months to clock up £1m-worth of sales of this politically correct, non-offensive scent. CKOne goes anywhere, anatomically, socially and geographically. Its refillable travel bottles cry out to be

and open about their provenance, will find this one hard to swallow. Earlier this month, the industry recognised another communication gap between the perfumer and his customers. At the Fragrance Foundation Awards, the perfume equivalent of the Oscars, the innovation of the year award went not to a fragrance, but to a system that helps perfumers understand customers' likes and dislikes. Developed by Ouest, a fragrance manufacturer, the Multimedia Initiative Redefining Intelligent Aromatic Design (Miriad) is essentially art psychotherapy for perfumers who are frustrated by our lack of ability to put into words what we like about a smell. Intrepid poets may have tried to capture the essence of a scent, but like most people they lack the perfumer's vocabulary. Miriad allows perfumers to use a series of concentric circles, coded by colour and width, which build up into pictures representing a particular mix of smells which you or I may like.

The Fragrance Foundation felt that Miriad would inspire new ways of using raw materials.

Selfridges sees anything up to 50 new perfume launches annually. This summer we have the US designer Tommy Hilfiger launching tommy girl, his new perfume for women. Is it galling for companies such as Estée Lauder, which slave away year in and year out, to watch the Hilfigers of this world stack up phenomenal perfume sales, almost overnight? Hardly. Who owns the Hilfiger perfumes? You guessed it: tommy girl and tommy, Hilfiger's perfume for men, are made by Estée Lauder companies.

These new perfumes will do well if they outsell Chanel No 5, which always comes back at Christmas as the top seller - though that certainty is under threat this year with the threatened boycott of Chanel by ecologists. They claim that the use of essential oils extracted from an exotic tree is threatening Brazil's rainforests.

Even so, there is something about the lasting power of French perfume which American designer gels have yet to topple.



Eau de monde

A life of sweet facts.

What countries spend on perfume. In dollars, per capita.

Japan	6
Spain	11
Italy	12
US	20
UK	22
Germany	22
France	35

NEXT WEEK IN THE INDEPENDENT

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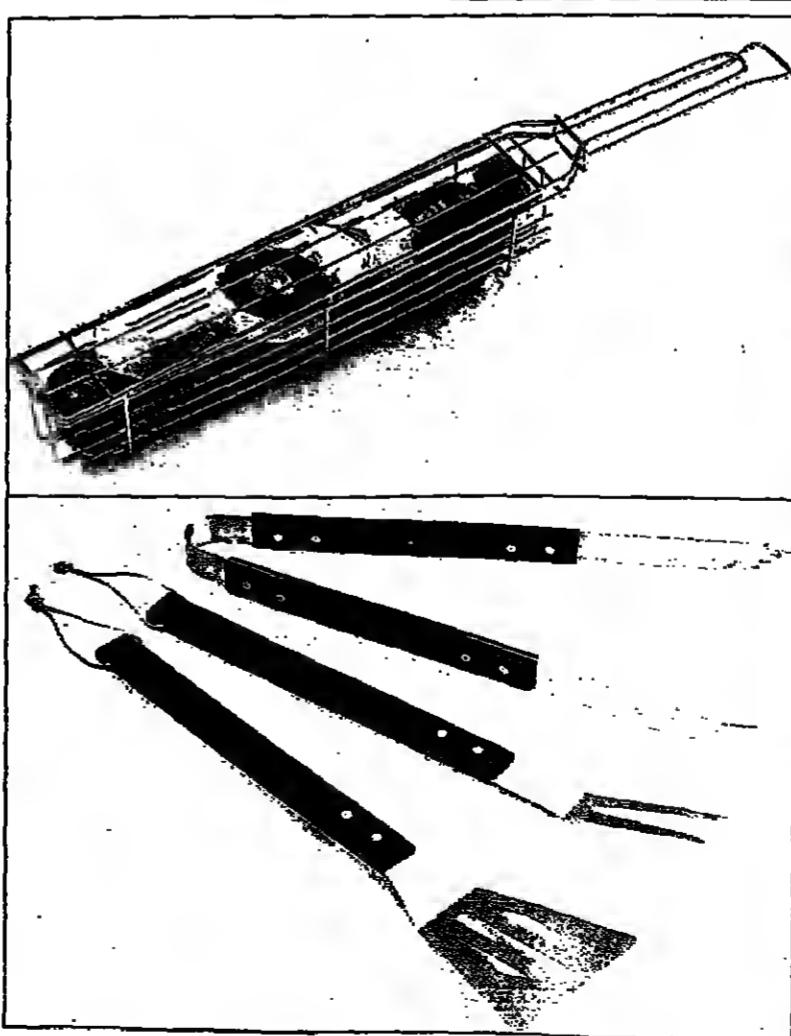
If the sun's out long enough to grill a sausage you can be sure someone will suggest having a barbecue. They're a great idea providing you've got the right stuff. But it's no fun if you risk getting third-degree burns while desperately trying to cook over a makeshift brick affair. So get prepared for that long-awaited summer and invest in the following key items.

This trendy minimalist Arla Galaxie 3 barbecue at £390 has ribbed and flat grilles. The cast iron is excellent for cooking eggs, fish, mushrooms. For stockists call 01 458 274866

The Sterling 1022 at £199 has ceramic briquettes designed to reduce flare-up, a warming shelf and grill area, gas ring and shelf. For stockists call 01 51 3368246

Avoid burnt fingers with a barbecue stainless steel tool set, £19.95, sausage grill, £4.25, fish grill, £6.50 and veggie holder, £7.95, if you fancy having a barbecue on the beach or while camping try this portable style at £13.75 and pack some night lights like these yellow flower candles £1.95, all from Lakeland Plastics on 015394 88100

Keep the salad crisp in this ye-



low bowl, £12.95, hands clean with strawberry napkins, £1.75 and the wine chilled with this cooler, £11.45, all from Waitrose

If you don't have time to make your own marinades try M&S vegetable kebabs £1.99 and char-grilled marinated whole chicken with extra virgin olive oil, parsley and thyme, £3.99

Chicken kebab recipe:
 375g of boneless chicken pieces
 3 tablespoons soy sauce
 1 tablespoon chilli sauce
 1 large red pepper
 2 corn cobs
 4 pickling onions, peeled
 soaked bamboo skewers

Cut the chicken into cubes. In a bowl combine soy and chilli sauces. Add the chicken and leave to marinate for 30 mins. Drain, reserving the marinade. De-seed the pepper and cut into large cubes. Chop the corn into 2cm-wide pieces. Thread chicken, pepper, onion and sweetcorn onto soaked skewers. Barbecue or grill until golden, brushing with marinade during cooking. Serves 4-6

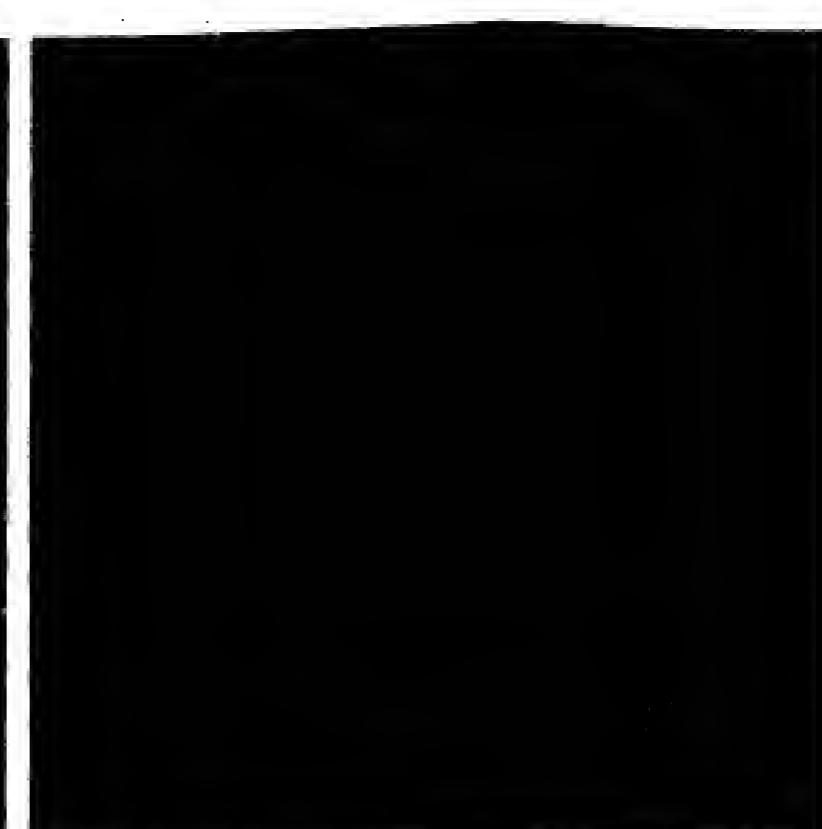
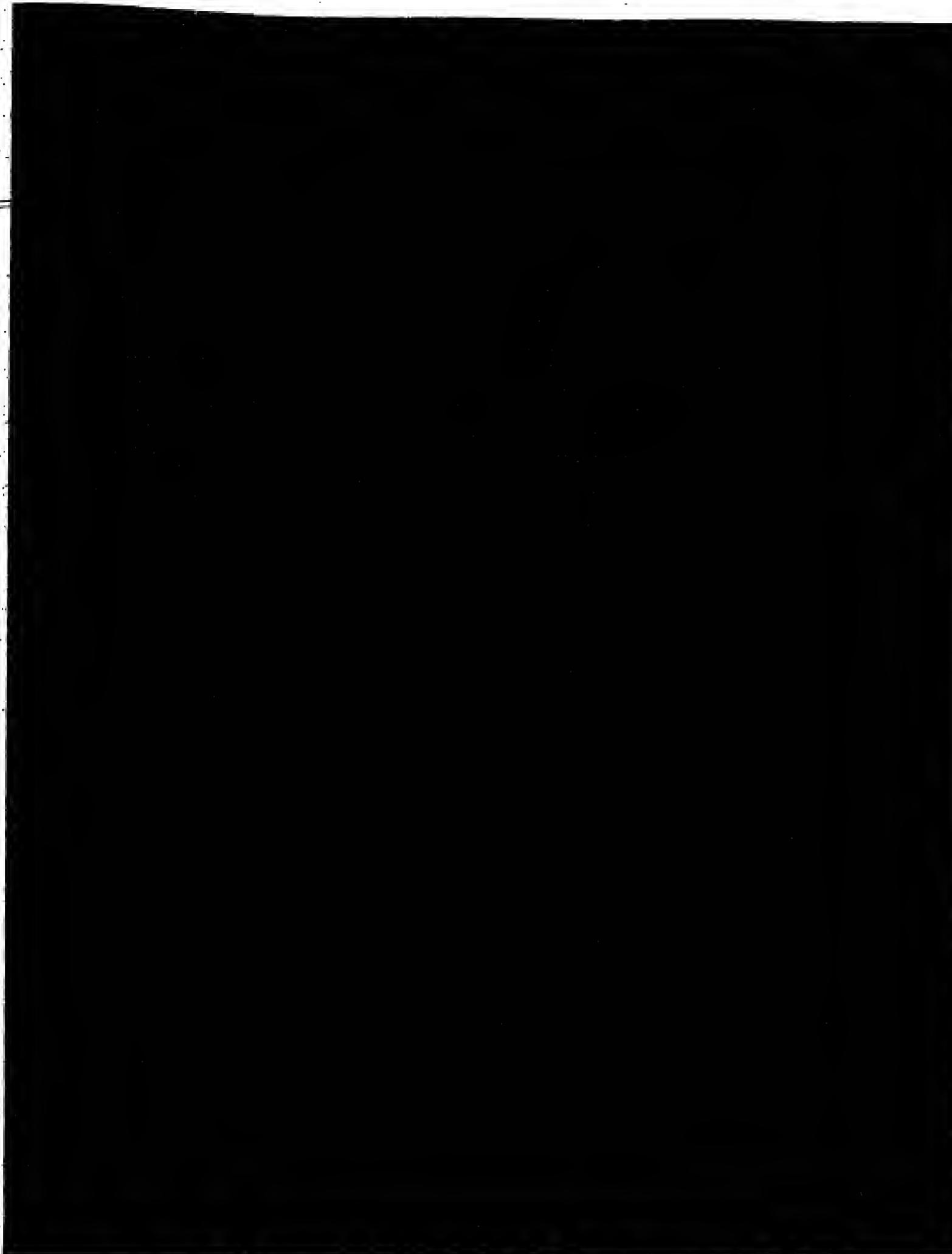
If all else fails buy an electric barbecue Magimix at £149 which uses hot stones instead of charcoal

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SWING KIDS
The new Ford Puma
say the ad
then buy the car
Carni, the working
coupe is back

£100 to £50



Style needn't break the bank, it just takes a good eye and a little legwork, as Melanie Rickey reveals.
Photographs by Robert Astley-Sparke

Shopping for clothes can be a depressing business when you have only enough money to buy a glossy magazine instead of shopping at Harvey Nichols. You lust after clothes which cost a week's salary, but instead, spend your spare time scrabbling around the back of the wardrobe for a long-forgotten gem which can be altered, dyed or jazzed up in some way.

If you identify with this sad state, stop! Look at the beautiful photographs above and left. Check out the captions. The lace dress cost £4 (not £4,000, from Valentino) and a version of it could be on sale in a charity shop near you; the bodice was bought for £3 from a London street market (not £300, from Rigby & Peller) – and what's more, you can find more of the same at a car boot sale or charity shop for as little as 20p.

Charity shops developed a bad name for themselves in the late Eighties, as the place where rebellious teenagers, pensioners and newly arrived foreign nationals looking for English clothes came together with one goal: to find a bargain. In fact, while this still rings true, charity shops have become so popular with students and bargain-hunting middle-class mums that Oxfam has been forced to consider importing clothes from Eastern European countries, particularly for their London stores. Many thrift aficionados who live in a major city, such as London, Manchester or Glasgow, wouldn't dream of shopping in their local charity shop. To find the best bargains, they feel, a pilgrimage to a smaller town or village is essential.

Genevieve Holledge, who has just completed a college course in fashion and design, keeps a keen eye on charity-shop bargains. Like any teenager she wants to look individual, relevant, stylish and not too weird. Charity, car boot and jumble sale shopping can satisfy all of these fashion needs – even on a

restricted budget. We set her a style challenge: find an outfit for every day of the week for £50, not including shoes. The results are below.

During her quest Genevieve found rich pickings in her home town, Tring, Hertfordshire.

"In communities like this, where well-off families ditch clothes before they are worn out, everything is in better condition and much cheaper than in central London," she says.

The manageress of the second-hand shop, which raises money for the Jan Remond hospice, is becoming similarly street-wise.

She said: "Young people bring in things which are just a few months old because they are bored with them. Older people bring in stuff they have been hoarding for years. More and more young people are coming in for a good old rummage and because they can find something cheap."

"Once we sold a pair of patent leather thigh-high kitten heel boots for £5. They could have cost more than £100 in a fashion shop."

The key thing to look out for when buying second-hand clothing is fabric quality. Never buy a garment that looks good but is unsatisfactory to wear, such as a tight, unbreathable nylon polo-neck. Also always check for sweat stains, missing buttons and unmentionable rips; these small defects will make the garment unpleasant to wear, and take the fun out of the fact that it cost 50 pence.

Genevieve is obviously an expert in all these matters; she came up with seven very different outfits which look shop-bought, and put them together in the way a professional fashion stylist would, given the same challenge. She over spent the £50 by a mere £1.50. For a pound or two more she could have bought some accessories, such as a Chanel-style clutch bag for £1 and a chunky bangle for 50p.

Let her success offer hope to those who are desperate for a "new" outfit to wear tonight.

Main picture: turquoise lace long-sleeved mini-dress, £4, from Oxfam; cream knickers, £20, from Agent Provocateur, 6 Broadwick Street, Soho, London W1, for inquiries and mail order call 0171-439 0229. Top right: purple lace bodice, £3, from Portobello market, black knickers, £11.50, from a selection by Calvin Klein at House of Fraser stores nationwide, and Selfridges, Oxford Street, London W1.

Stylist: Pierre Miller; hair: Paul Merritt for Hair Associates, Knightsbridge; make-up: Hitiko Urago for Shu Uemura; models: Natalie at Select and Jamie at Take 2

Cheap chic



What it cost. What you could spend at designer shops in brackets.

1 Slip dress (taken in) Coat	£1.00 £8.00	(Morgan £45.99) (Morgan £95.99)	4 Cream cords White T-shirt Wrangler jacket	£2.50 £1.00 £2.50	(Hennes £29.99) (YSL £79) (JD Sports £88)
2 Suede coat Black polo neck Lace skirt	£8.00 £1.50 £2.50	(Versace £475) (Warehouse £25) (Anna Molinari £195)	5 Jeans Boob tube White cardigan	£3.50 £1.50 £1.00	(Levis Stores £49.99) (Stenborg Tolkien £45) (Warehouse £35)
3 Denim skirt (taken in) T-shirt Adidas jacket	£2.50 75p £2.50	(Paco Rabanne £185) (Warehouse £25) (JD Sports £88)	6 Army trousers Body warmer Black polo (again) Adidas trainers	£2.50 £2.50 £1.00	(French Connection £35.95) (Belle £169) £44.99
7 White suit jacket Skirt T shirt	£4.50 £2.50 75p	(Cerutti £375) (Cerutti £295) (Agnes B £33)			

Research: Genevieve Holledge / Pictures: Nicola Kurtz

homes & money

Lock stock and barrel



The key to antiquity: achieving an impression 'age' in a house can start at the front door

PHOTO: TOM PILSTON

Traditional, blacksmith-made door furniture is growing in popularity, even for new homes. Clive Fewins latches on

However recently our houses may have been built, many of us crave a sense of antiquity. One small way of achieving an impression of "age" with authenticity can start at the entrance, with the door latch.

Five different designs of hand-crafted latch are available from a husband-and-wife team based in Suffolk. David and Anwyn Offord, of Stowmarket, trade under the name Ashfield Traditional. Their three "Black Iron" designs are maeblow-formed, while the two more expensive designs, also black, but with an "aged" patina, formed by drench-

ing the hot material in beeswax, are hand-forged in mild steel.

The three basic styles cost £25.50 per set, which comprises the latch handle and closing mechanism. The two hand-forged designs cost £39.75 and £37.75 per set.

Ashfield Traditional also supplies door pulls and drawer handles in black to complement the latches. There are five styles, all priced at £10.50.

Traditional flat-back pin hinges and T-binges replicate original designs; cupboard latches, window furniture and sliding bolts are available.

Ashfield Traditional, Fordington, Farm, Monks Lane, Fordington, Gloucestershire GL20 20J. Tel: 01684 299234.

Green, Stowmarket, Suffolk IP14 5HP. Tel: 01449 71273.

Door furniture and locks in hand-forged, reworked wrought iron are the speciality of the blacksmith Nick Gaden. However, a hand-made Suffolk latch in wrought iron made by Gaden will cost you about £140.

Most customers settle for latches cast in bronze. Black or unpainted, they cost £63 each.

Gaden's speciality is matching old locks and door handles. He uses wrought iron frequently for conservation work, where a precise match is required. Many of his designs for traditional locks,

thumb latches and cupboard latches are taken from churches and other historic buildings. He will produce these designs to order, in either wrought iron or the much cheaper mild steel.

He also produces a small range of strap hinges and pin hinges, and makes traditional black iron window latches and metal casements to order. The most expensive item in his range is an ornate reproduction 16th-century internal door latch in wrought iron. The price is £250.

Nick Gaden, Blacksmith, Fordington, Farm, Monks Lane, Fordington, Gloucestershire GL20 20J. Tel: 01684 299234.

At IIP Building Conservation, based near Henley-on-Thames in Oxfordshire, the blacksmith David Gregory turns out a range of black hand-forged thumb latches, strap hinges, grab handles and butterfly hinges, all in mild steel. A standard Suffolk latch costs £21. For the same item in wrought iron, the price is £25.30.

T-binges and pin hinges cost from £18 for an 8-in hand-forged pair in black, to £27 for a pair of heavy-gauge strap hinges with a pin fixing.

The company also produces cassette fasteners and stays, door stays and fishtail bolts, all

in black iron. All items are based on traditional designs, and they can be produced in wrought iron as an alternative.

"Apart from Suffolk latches, we generally stick to mild steel rather than wrought iron for our products," said the director, Ian Pritchett. "For anything other than the standard latches wrought iron would generally at least double the price, because of the extra cost of the material."

IIP Building Conservation, Hollow Tree Cottage, Binfield Heath, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire RG9 4LR (01734 462697).

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Deep and meaningful

Developers should be delving into basements, writes Penny Jackson

Even those people with a damp, dark cellar will have good words to say for their extra space. Ask someone who has a warm, functional basement how important it is, and you will be told that nothing else makes as big a difference to the house. Yet a new home with a basement is a rare creature indeed.

Walk into a modest new house in Germany or America, say, and the space below ground level will be used to enormous effect. Playrooms, laundry rooms, wine cellars, larders, studies – the list is endless, but the significant point is that buyers expect basements to be provided. By contrast, developers in the UK seem not to have given much thought as to why they don't build them, even though it is clear that buyers increasingly look for the space.

Reasons given for not building them range from extra cost (genuine) to there being no demand (doubtful), to the need to dig deeper in cold countries anyway (imaginative, but untrue). Anyone who has looked at a beautifully finished but tightly packed show house and envisaged themselves fitting into it, will not be surprised to learn that on average new homes in the UK have less useful floor space than in any country in the EU.

So, given the cost of clean land – old industrial sites may not be safe for basements – where better to go than downwards? Building extra floors upwards bits against all sorts of planning restrictions, whereas basements do not. In order to encourage developers, for the first time, approved guidance to house-builders on basement construction has just been published, under the auspices of the Department of the Environment.

"Most people have no idea how

the company that started building houses with basements six years ago is Honeygrove, based in West Kent. On a sloping site – ideal for basements – they put in a garage, billiard room, wine cellar and utility room, which proved popular enough to repeat. They are close to completing a mansion near Tonbridge with nine apartments, three of which have basements.

One of the first buyers has turned his into a library. "The biggest problem with a basement is one of public perception," says Jeremy Streeten, chairman of Honeygrove.

"Most people have no idea how



Honeygrove goes underground at their mansion conversion near Tonbridge

PHOTOGRAPH: NICOLA KURTZ

warm and light it can be, unless they come from abroad. They imagine the dark, dingy rooms found in old houses. We have dug down quite deeply so as to give decent headroom. The great thing is that as you put things such as washing machines and airing cupboards into the basement, it improves upstairs immeasurably."

Clearly, this is a view shared by Laing Homes, one of the UK's largest developers, which is building its first family house with a basement, at Cuffley in Hertfordshire. Paul Healey, the regional managing director, returned from a visit to Virginia

in the US convinced that there is an untapped British market. "Every home we built there, regardless of size, had a basement. Yet here, where land prices are so high, we don't use our space to its full potential. A 2,000-sq-ft house can be turned into a something closer to 3,500 sq ft."

Two of the four houses they are building appear identical from the outside, but one of them will have below ground the equivalent space to that of a three-bedroom detached home. Laing's drawings show a vast room filled with a snooker table and sofas. The buyers who get in fast

enough can make their own choice, though it is doubtful they would include the suit of armour that rather curiously appears in the artist's impression.

There will be a premium to pay. Laing will be looking for offers in the region of £95,000, as opposed to just over £50,000 for its own identical twin. Paul Healey reckons it will cost an extra £30,000 to £40,000 to build the basement. Using the loft space, which the company is doing increasingly in the London area, is a good deal cheaper.

He explained that building regulations make it more costly because, unlike the situation in America and Germany, where basements are built allowing for water to pass through the walls, in the UK they have to be watertight. One of the enthusiasts behind the new basement guidelines is Stephen Elliott of the Basement Development Group, who worked closely with the National House-Building Council. He believes that the big developers could learn from the self-build sector, which favours basements, not least on energy-saving grounds. He also finds it telling that owners of period homes are increasingly turning to specialist builders to convert cellars into living space, although this can be tricky, and can cost anything between £10,000 and £20,000.

In the end it will all come down to cost, but arguably there are areas where developers could make savings. Surely not all buyers want extravagant bathrooms, expensive kitchens and a variety of mock period bits and bobs? After all, what better period feature to reinvent than the basement?

Honeygrove sales office, call 01732 369 935. Prices start at £375,000.

Three on view
... under £80,000

Hillside, in the South Hams village of Loddiswell, near Kingsbridge in Devon, has no garden to speak of, which makes it an ideal holiday home. The white-painted

cottage with exposed beams is bigger than it looks. It has four bedrooms – two on the first floor and two on the second – a dining-room and a sitting-room. On-road parking is a rarity (a rarity for a Devon village). There are shops and a pub nearby, £65,000, through Marchand Petit (01548 857588).

Laburnum Cottage in Mosborough, around 15 miles from the centre of Sheffield, is a stone-built period semi which is believed to be 17th century. The three-bedroom house, which backs on to private land, has exposed stonework in the sitting-room and kitchen. The main bedroom is on the first floor, with two more on the second, £71,950, through Frank Innes (0114 279 7779).

Laing's sales office, call 01732 369 935. Prices start at £375,000.

PHOTOGRAPH: NICOLA KURTZ

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Long-term future impossible to predict

It is always tempting to play the game of talking about how the stock market is thinking as if it were a human being with a coherent and rational point of view. But there are times when you realise why two of the greatest books ever written about the market were called *The Crowd* and *Extraordinary Popular Delusions*.

Crowds often move in herd-like ways, yet there are also occasions when they seem to be pulling in three different directions at once, with nobody quite sure which way they should be going.

It has been just that sort of week this week, with investors not for the first time seemingly unable to make up their minds whether they liked the Budget or not.

Having marked prices down the week before, the market-makers were busy marking them up again the day before Mr Brown gave his Budget in the Commons. After going down first thing on Thursday, share prices took off again for the rest of the day, helped as ever by the strength of Wall Street.

The noticeable increase in market volatility is not a total surprise. As I have mentioned before, Budgets never see the markets working at their best. There is too much information to absorb too quickly, and the lasting implications take time to



Jonathan Davis

sink in. Just about the only golden rule, in fact, is that the initial verdict of the stock market and the newspapers, whatever it is, tends to be the wrong one. Don't just take my word for it.

As it happens, I spent much of Wednesday afternoon with one of Britain's best-known and most experienced investment managers, talking about the lessons he had learnt from nearly 50 years in the business. He reminded me, quite voluntarily, of the fact that the way the market moves in the 48 hours before and after the Budget is normally a totally reliable indicator of the way the markets will go in

future. Reliable, that is, but only in a contrary sense.

If everyone likes a Budget, he told me, then history's later verdict will be unkind. And vice versa. He didn't say you could bet your life on it, but that was the implication. He himself made it a rule never to make any lasting adjustments to his portfolio until the initial euphoria or disappointment has had time to evaporate.

I suppose the classic case was Geoffrey Howe's 1981 Budget, the one that left the "wets" in the Cabinet fuming, and prompted one of the chancellor's colleagues to call his Budget the "economics

of the madhouse". It turned out to mark pretty much the turning point in the 1980/1981 recession, and the start of the biggest bull market the UK has ever seen. It was also incidentally the year when it was possible, for the first time in years, to make a big capital gain on gilts. Nobody foresaw either event at the time.

So where does that leave us now? The market's strength before and after Budget day does not, on this view, inspire much longer-term confidence. The initial reaction — putting share prices and the pound up, but gilt prices down — seems perfectly logical, as it always does at the time.

Most of the editorials in the newspapers were broadly favourable to what Mr Brown has done. But theo it is clear that nobody really knows what the long-term consequences of ending the tax credit on dividends for pension funds and the parallel changes in corporation tax will be.

It is not that there are any shortages of calculations about what the theoretical consequences should be. If you assume that tax-exempt institutions account for around a third of the market, then cutting their future expected income flows by 20 per cent implies that the value of the market should fall by the order of 7 per cent. The fall in corporation tax acts

in the other direction by increasing the potential value of all companies that pay it. But, of course, it is nothing like as simple as that.

How will the pension funds change their investment habits now that the bias in favour of dividends has been removed? How far will the surprises that exist at the moment in many pension funds offset the need for companies to make extra contributions? And what difference will the change in the corporation tax rate make to companies' distribution policy?

Most of these questions cannot yet be answered for the simple reason that they are unknowable. They depend on behavioural responses as much as static point-in-time analysis. It highlights the fundamental flaw in the whole panoply of classical economic analysis, which assumes that the world is always moving from one state of equilibrium to another, rather than reflecting the reality of a world which is in constant dynamic flux.

That is the world, for better or worse, in which we have to live. As it happens, I spoke to three well-known investment managers this week, who between them manage several hundreds of millions of other people's money, and they all said they did not yet know what impact the Budget would have in the longer term. They genuinely did not know.

One reason is that Budgets generally achieve much less than we all assume. Leaving aside the ACT changes for a moment, the actual changes in the overall tax burden announced by Mr Brown are very small beer measured against an economy the size of ours. That, paradoxically, is why the pound has been rising.

The implication is that, as the Chancellor has done so little to restrain consumer demand with tax increases, the Bank of England will have to take on the job by putting up interest rates.

That in turn should be good for gilts and not so good for shares. Yet the market reaction has been to say that we can have a strong pound, a strong stock market, and rising gilt yields. Does that really add up? Not really. My view is that the market is still mildly overvalued and that the strength of the pound is not helpful. The big positive is that long-term bond yields are still falling, which means investors believe the Labour government is not a serious long-term threat to inflation. But then if you want rational responses in Budget week, the stock market is not the place to go and look.

arket.

Banks are starting to help new graduates. By Rachel Fixsen

What is the world coming to? You spend three years studying, expecting to triumph as one of the country's higher earners. Instead you find yourself up to your ears in debt without so much as two job offers to rub together.

For new graduates, getting back on your feet financially can be as tough as sitting your finals. Grants now have to be topped up with student loans, and, as to add insult to injury, graduates often find themselves saddled with bank overdrafts too.

Debts owed by recent graduates averaged £3,203, according to a Barclays Survey last year. Student loans are smaller — in the last year of a degree course, because they do not cover the course. But this is just the time when many people face new costs and still have no salary coming in.

The major problem is if you're relocating, you've got to get money for a deposit and it all starts adding up," says Liz Vaughan-Adams, who graduated from the University of Kent at Canterbury last summer. She had to find £500 for a deposit on a flat.

Banks now seem more aware of the money problems many new graduates face, and offer some cheap short-term financing deals. "We are keen for students to stay with us because a lot of them will be the high earners of the future," says NatWest spokeswoman Guy Bellamy.

Marketing minds at banks seem to have worked out that students are not to be wooed only at the start of their courses but when they come to an end too.

Midland comes top for generosity, offering an interest-free overdraft of £1,500 in the first year after graduation. This then falls to £1,000 in the second year and £500 in the third.

Overdrafts above these levels, providing the bank has authorised them, are charged interest at a rate of 8.3 per cent APR. Up to £10,000 is available as a

Degrees of debt

graduate loan for five years at 9.9 per cent APR.

Barclays has polished up its graduate deal this year. Overdrafts are now interest-free up to £1,500 for the first six months after graduation, with £100 available interest-free for the next 18 months.

Additional authorised overdrafts are charged at 7.2 per cent APR. Lloyds will let graduates go £700 overdrawn before charging interest, reducing this to £350 in the second year after college ends.

For graduate loans, NatWest offers the cheapest. It charges 8.2 per cent APR for up to £10,000 which can be borrowed for seven years. It offers a £1,000 overdraft interest-free for six months.

If you need some breathing space, some banks will let you delay paying back a graduate loan. The Royal Bank of Scotland gives you the longest payment holiday. Payments on a loan of up to £5,000 can be deferred for up to nine months.

Interest is currently charged at 8.75 per cent APR.

Lloyds Bank offers graduates personal loans of up to £5,000 at 8.9 per cent interest, and there is an option to take a four-month payment holiday on this. Barclays

lets you defer graduate loan payments for three months, and charges 9.9 per cent APR. Some banks say you must either be in work or have a firm job offer in order to get a graduate loan.

Banks offer new graduates various other perks, such as fee-free credit cards, commission-free travellers' cheques and foreign currency.

But it's not the banks that give new graduates the headaches, the National Union of Students says. The student loans system is often the culprit. On the whole banks tend to treat ex-students fairly, an NUS spokeswoman says.

Students are quite wily... where there are problems people will switch accounts if they're not getting the service they want," she says.

Bank overdrafts can be turned into graduate loans at quite competitive rates, and banks go through hedging with their customers, she says, but student loans are repaid at a flat rate over five years. "We feel it's really not a very flexible system.

If you're repaying £50 a month on top of repaying your overdraft and other borrowings that is quite a lot out of your salary if it's only £15,500 a year."

Debt is increasingly a fact of life for new graduates. Students starting a three-year college course this year will probably owe around £2,000 by the time they graduate, with three-quarters of this in the form of a student loan, she says.

Banks are at pains to point out how flexible they can be on graduate financing packages. And one thing they agree on is that new graduates in financial difficulty should keep them informed. "Don't just bury your head in the sand. Come and see us," says Royal Bank of Scotland.

Such complexity makes it very difficult to choose between policies on offer.

Indeed, in its July 1996 report on health insurance, the Office of Fair Trading called for a "benchmark product" to be drawn up by the industry, but there are few signs of this happening.

Do PHI products provide value for money? Earlier this year, a report by Tania Burchardt of the London School of Economics compared estimated

Premiums can be sickeningly high

Income protection policies: the benefits vary widely, reports John Chapman

Imagine being struck down by some long-term sickness or continuing disability, which prevented you from working. Your company, if you are not self-employed, might support you for six or even 12 months. But what then? Are you condemned to a life of poverty living off a state benefit of around £70 a week?

Happily, there is a way out. More than 50 insurance companies are prepared to pay substantial proportions of your income, less state benefits, provided you have taken out permanent health insurance (PHI). Around 2.5 million people are protected by such policies, 60 per cent through group policies and 40 per cent individually. Most claims are linked to back, circulatory or mental problems.

Yet, despite their basic merits, sales actually fell from £60,000 in 1991 to £17,000 in 1995. A 10 per cent increase has been reported for 1996. But sales are still at relatively low levels. Why?

A substantial reason is the complexity of the product, and the variations available. Some products have investment elements, while others provide protection only. Premiums may be automatically renewable or subject to review. Benefits are generally set at a particular percentage of income, but may also vary with levels of income.

Conditions necessary to trigger benefit may be a total disability to follow one's occupation, though some policies introduce the concept of following "any reasonably suitable occupation". In addition, there are some 20 other conditions (deferred periods, income escalation rates, spells of unemployment and others), whose terms vary between companies.

Such complexity makes it very difficult to choose between policies on offer. Indeed, in its July 1996 report on health insurance, the Office of Fair Trading called for a "benchmark product" to be drawn up by the industry, but there are few signs of this happening.

Do PHI products provide value for money? Earlier this year, a report by Tania Burchardt of the London School of Economics compared estimated

actuarial premiums based on invalidity benefit data with the typical premiums in PHI policies. She concluded: "PHI might be appropriate for the better-paid self-employed, or employees who do not get long-term sick pay, for whom state benefits would not offer a good level of income replacement. However, current premiums do not appear to offer good value for money for the younger age groups." She added that it was difficult to assess the benefits for older people.

This conclusion might have been even more negative if account had been taken of the "over-insuring" revealed in the OFT report. One re-insurer revealed "perhaps 30 to 40 per cent of PHI claimants have their insured benefits reduced by some degree".

Over-insuring arises because premiums are related to expected incomes, while benefits are related to actual incomes at time of claim. Uncertainty about future income may be greatest among the self-employed. Furthermore, many policies have built in annual increases of, say, 5 per cent in premiums, and actual incomes may not rise so fast. But if actual incomes exceed expected incomes benefits are not increased.

What is the industry doing about it? As the OFT report indicated, if 35 per cent of the estimated 1 million individual holders of PHI were paying premiums of £300 a year, of which £75 was in over-insurance, then some £225 a year may be paid in "wasted premiums".

One company at least now goes some way to what is needed. Permanent Insurance's new Field Protector policy allows clients to review their cover annually. If over-insurance is revealed when a client claims, Permanent will also refund excess premiums.

Overall, income replacement insurance appears like a good idea spoilt. Those holding PHI policies should check whether they have been over-insuring, and, if so, ask for refunds. That might stimulate the companies to offer a more honest product.

John Chapman, a former OFT official, helped prepare the report referred to above.



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SCOTTISH WIDOWS



On the move: Buyers can choose from a variety of repayment methods

PHOTOGRAPH: NICHOLAS TURPIN

In the driving seat

Dom la Hause de Lalouvière looks at car loan options

Windfall shares, an economic recovery and falling unemployment – these three features look set to ensure that thousands of new customers are signed up by the car industry next month as the release of prestigious R-registration plates sends buyers scurrying towards showrooms.

Many of these cars are sold through loan schemes. There are two main types of deal: those offered by car manufacturers' finance companies, and those available from financial institutions. The former typically apply to new and used cars purchased via dealerships, the latter to private purchases.

The zero per cent finance deal is the best available from manufacturers. Monthly repayments are low; for the Vauxhall Corsa Merit, £173.35 a month over two years. However, to qualify, a 50 per cent deposit of £4,170 is payable.

Another option is the split deal purchase. "The trend among purchasers is to replace their new car after two or three years," says David Nash, of Ford Credit, the loan arm of Ford Motor Company. Although a deposit of about 20 per cent is needed, monthly repayments are lower.

For example, the Fiesta Fusion, with an on-the-road price of £8,795, costs £135.70 a month for 24 months on the Ford Options plan after a 30 per cent deposit. Similar deals apply to GM cars. Over a three-year period on the Vauxhall Choices plan, the monthly repayments for a Corsa Merit costing £8,340, are £141.04 plus a 20 per cent deposit.

At the end of the contract, customers can sell the car back to the dealership for

a pre-arranged price: top up their deposit and drive away a new car, or buy the car for a set amount. With the Corsa Merit, it would cost £4,100 to buy the car.

Plans similar to hire purchase are also available. A deposit of about 20 per cent is again required, and the resulting monthly payments are high: about £350 for a car costing about £10,000. The advantage is that after the final monthly payment, the customer owns the car.

In all these cases, the customer does not own the car until the final payment is made. Problems can arise if the car is stolen 23 months into a 24-month contract. In effect, people might be paying for a car they are no longer in possession of.

Mr Nash says: "Manufacturers are aware of this and encourage customers to take out insurance policies which cover them in case of such an occurrence."

Policies will pay out the new value of the car. However, only about a third of people take out these insurance policies, he adds.

Personal loans are the standard way of buying cars. While the customer owns the car from the outset and no deposit is payable, repayments are high. For example, monthly repayments on a £10,000 personal loan (with protection) over

three years from Lloyds Bank are £376.97 at 13.8 per cent APR.

Under the Customer Credit Act of 1974, financial institutions can charge redemption penalties. If customers want to pay their loans off early, many banks make them pay a penalty. This can be two months' interest, in the case of Mercantile Credit, or one month if the loan is with National Westminster Bank.

Interest payments, as with mortgages, are not a fixed amount. At the start of the loan, the customer's monthly payments make up a higher proportion of interest than of loan repayment. Towards the end of the loan this is reversed. It is thus more expensive to pay a three-year loan after 12 months than after 24 months.

With Mercantile Credit, the redemption penalty on a £10,000 loan taken out over three years is £176.14 after 12 months and £82.19 after 24 months. Some banks, including Lloyds and Bank of Scotland Banking Direct, do not charge redemption penalties on unsecured personal loans.

Bank of Scotland has recently introduced a flexible car loan. This is a hybrid of contract purchase schemes linked to manufacturers and standard loans. No deposit is payable and the customer owns the car from the outset while interest rates are up to 5 percentage points lower than with car dealerships.

Useful publications: July's edition of 'What Car' magazine, 'MoneyFacts', a financial information provider, can provide details of all loans available on the market. Call 01692 500765 for a subscription.

Best borrowing rates

	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Standard & Chartered	0800 020000	Instant Access	Instant	£1	6.15	Year
National Westminster	0800 442623	Savers	Instant	£25	6.25	Quarter
Barclays	0800 407000	Instant Access	Instant	£1,000	5.00	Year
Chase Manhattan	0800 743433	Instant Transfer	Instant	£1,000	6.50	Year

Source: MoneyFacts 01692 500765. All rates subject to change without notice. 3 July 1997

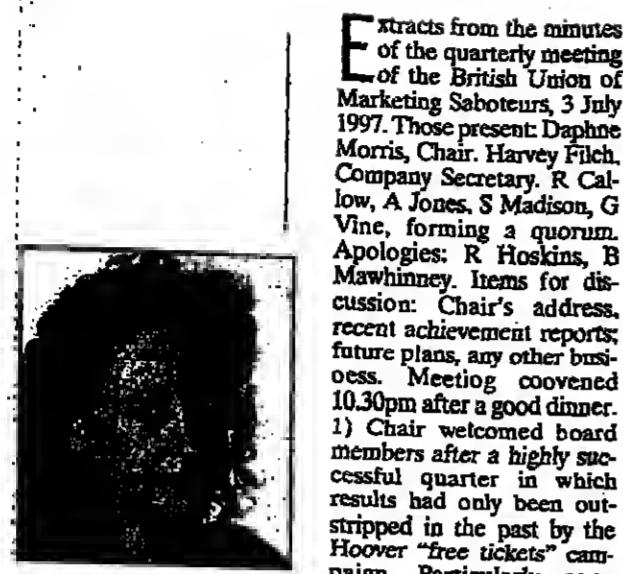
Best savings rates

	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Standard & Chartered	0800 020000	Instant Access	Instant	£1	6.15	Year
Chase Manhattan	0800 743433	Instant Access	Instant	£25	6.25	Quarter
National Westminster	0800 500000	Selected Instant	Instant	£5,000	6.00	Year
Barclays	0800 202222	Instant Postal	Postal	£10,000	7.00	Year
Allied & Ulster	0800 422121	First Class Instant	Postal	£10,000	7.00	Year
Westpac	0800 222222	Instant Access	Instant	£1,000	6.50	Year
Chase Manhattan	0800 743433	Instant Transfer	Instant	£1,000	6.50	Year
Standard & Chartered	0800 020000	Instant Access	Instant	£1,000	6.15	Year
Chase Manhattan	0800 743433	Instant Access	Instant	£25	6.25	Quarter
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Standard & Chartered	0800 020000	Instant Access	Instant	£1,000	6.15	Year
Chase Manhattan	0800 743433	Instant Access	Instant	£25		

THE INDEPENDENT LONG WEEKEND • SATURDAY 5 JULY 1997

TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON TV, WHERE TO GO AND WHEN, READ THE EYE TODAY

inside back

Serena Mackesy
In my week

Mr Callow
will be
coordinating a
series of
lightning raids
on empty
poster sites.
Altered
slogans will
include
Wonderbra:
"Hey Boys!
They're false!"

Extracts from the minutes of the quarterly meeting of the British Union of Marketing Saboteurs, 3 July 1997. Those present: Daphne Morris, Chair; Harvey Fitch, Company Secretary; R Callow, A Jones, S Madison, G Vine, forming a quorum. Apologies: R Hoskins, B Mawhinney. Items for discussion: Chair's address, recent achievement reports; future plans, any other business. Meeting convened 10.30pm after a good dinner.

1) Chair welcomed board members after a highly successful quarter in which results had only been outstripped in the past by the Hoover "free tickets" campaign. Particularly commended were the Kitken Soft household paper "free pack with the voucher inside this pack" campaign which resulted in unusable under-stair cupboards countrywide and the supermarket chain which is being sued by a customer for back pain resulting from repeated queuing for free tinned foodstuffs.

2) Recent achievement reports: The operatives who infiltrated water companies in time to announce hosepipe bans during half-hour gaps in a month's torrential rain; Rover cars' "jolly comfortable kid-oap" campaign.

3) Jokes presented a special report on the highly successful BT "Friends and Family Reunion" campaign. The intention of the extensive TV advertising and millions of mailshots threatening to take BT customers on holiday with the individuals on their "Friends and Family" telephone discount lists had been fully achieved.

Qualitative research commissioned by M Jones had suggested a 35 per cent rise in stress levels among BT Friends and Family customers, widespread reports of

anticipatory nightmares involving dodging behind palm trees to avoid flying crockery, and silent communal shacks punctuated by occasional shrieks of rage. Particularly affected were the 33 per cent of the country's population who had been affected by parental divorce, who were concerned at the prospect of both stepfamilies being in the same spot for any length of time. Two per cent reported recurring dreams in which one or other parent stood in front of them, intoning the words "It's her or me".

Over 98 per cent of respondents pointed out that they had many reasons for making regular, lengthy phone calls, and that most of them were

received from a Mr N Morrissey suggesting means of targeting the Virgin Cola go on location with MTV competition. He points out that Mr Mark Morrison has been released from his prison term and would be an ideal celebrity for the organisation's purposes. Mr Michael Tyson is rumoured to be looking for sponsorship deals. Mr Vine suggested that he could be an ideal tie-in competition prize for Newcastle Brown Ale. But given his putative conversion to Islam while in jail for rape, Mr Tyson might be unwilling to associate himself with alcohol. Alternative use could be demonstrating the absorbent qualities of toilet paper by biting the ear off a cuddly puppy.

4) Poster campaign: Mr Callow will be co-ordinating a series of lightning raids on empty poster sites around the country. Altered slogans will include: Club 18-30: "Girls! Can we interest you in shagging ugly men?" Wonderbra: "Hey, boys! They're false!" and plastering CK-One posters featuring Kate Moss with "Lose weight now, ask me how" fliers.

5) Celebrity endorsements: Camilla Parker-Bowles speaking on behalf of the British Fieldports Society.

Chris Eubank: Range Rover. Jonathan Aitken: BA Citybreak. Tim Henman: Men's.

6) Other business: Ms Madison suggested setting up a working party to investigate possible uses for the Millennium Experience. Mr Fitch expressed concern at the loss of Mr Portillo to the Conservative Party and requested that a high-profile role be found for him as a matter of the greatest urgency.

The Chair thanked members for their work and attendance, and a date was set for three months' time.



proof that the recipient was the last person with whom they would spend their time.

Among other examples cited were: account executives and their cocaine suppliers; couch potatoes and the staff of their local pizza delivery outlet; suicidal depressives and their Samaritans; the staff of 0891 telesex lines; debtors and bank managers; the self-employed and their VAT inspectors.

Chair congratulated the entire team on this highly successful effort.

3) Future plans: An underground message has been

Pelicans, postures and small Fry

Robert Hanks
the week on radio

Wed), the series in which literary types rhapsodise over some particular pleasure: this week, Howard Jacobson on his lifelong infatuation with pelicans. He claimed to detect in the pelican's slow, sad smile a fellow-feeling, an acknowledgement that we were in it together - "it" being "existential loneliness". His passion was finally consummated when he was allowed to feed me, deep-throating it with his arm, an experience he compared with seeing the face of God.

All this seemed monstrously improbable. That Jacobson likes pelicans, and even seeks out their company, I can swallow, but the idea that he might sincerely ascribe any mystical significance to them chokes me like a large fish. But this didn't detract from the programme's appeal: such straight-faced eloquence in a sincere avowal of love would have been embarrassing, in service of a thudding lie, it was pure pleasure.

The awfulness of revelation was the theme of this week's edition of *Your Place or Mine* (Radio 4, Thurs). "Vicarage Allsorts", a silly and condescending title quite out of

keeping with the programme's wide-eyed gaze of dismay. Sara Parker reported from a Norfolk parish riven by a schism between the traditional wishy-washy Anglicans and charlatans - I suppose that's the word, though they struck me as singularly charmless. There were several chilling moments, among them a woman showing off her "gift of tongues", which turned out, naturally, to be a meaningless jabber: "God's tongue" she called it.

What is so repellent about this brand of religion, based entirely on personal revelation and expressions of ecstasy, is its creation of a God who has nothing to do with the real world: it makes other people's feelings, the mysteries of creation, all the things that have inspired Christians in the past, less important than the miracle of one's own feelings. Stephen Fry at one point told Anthony Clare how, as a teenager, he believed that nobody's sensibilities were as refined, nobody's pain as acute as his own. That was exactly the case with the arrested adolescents: their God was introverted, irrational, self-obsessed: a pelican would be better than this.

Old friends, new masters

Jasper Rees
the week on television

had - my personal favourites, and several cameramen's - three beautiful damsels whose role it was to look good, say nothing and weep copiously. You can already see the front cover of next week's *Hello!* Only John Tusa seemed poorly cast, marooned on one of those wicker chairs you find in the breakfast lounge of country hotels. Hunched and disconsolate, he looked as if he was losing his own private battle with irritable bowel syndrome: yesterday's heavy-duty broadcaster for yesterday's colony.

You've got to hold up your hands and say that on the day the Chinese were absolutely magnificent. We all know they're not like us, being commies and all that, but they had obviously put in a lot of pre-banquet work to bolster as many of our prejudices as possible. That voice Jiang Zemin put on for his speech - you could tell he deliberately tried to sound as if someone were quietly applying a tourniquet to his testicular area. Clear subtext: our upper lips are far stiffer than yours. And hats off to the PLA, standing to attention in their trucks as they swarmed into town. Theatrical demonstrations of military might don't come any more unequivocal than this. You

can't wonder what would happen if a truck hit a pothole.

As melodrama, the Hong Kong Handover (BBC1, Mon) had everything. It had royalty, it had royalty, it had bad costumes. It had impulsive bad guys and fine words that meant absolutely nothing ("let's be Friends"). It had a sentimental soundtrack ("Memories"), though sadly no "We'll Meet Again". It had crassly symbolic weather; her English A-level came good at last for one local reporter who was moved to describe the monsoon rainfall as a pathetic fallacy. It even

practically cackled with derision that no one had turned up to cheer them through, and seemed almost elated that it was pissing down on their parade, even more than it had on ours. See? No one likes them either! Please can we have our colony back now?

As melodrama, the Hong Kong Handover (BBC1, Mon) had everything. It had

Would anyone even wobble? Probably not.

The new chancellor's first Budget (BBC1, Wed) was also a crack piece of image management. Certainly the most boring hour on television this week, that is precisely what it was meant to be. It's conceivable that Gordon Brown genuinely wanted to take abstemious sips of mountain spring water while delivering his speech, but it's more likely Comrade Mandelson told him how much it would impress the electorate if he shunned the traditional malt. New Labour, new crackdown on alcoholism in financial sector. They miss nothing, this lot. Mind you, there are some Labour front-benchers you can't legislate for. This was the first Budget where you could watch the Chancellor donate billions to schools while, not three feet away, the Education Secretary's guide dog distractingly groomed her own genital area.

Farewell, too, to another part of the furniture. Peter Snow announced at the end of Newsnight (BBC2, Thurs) that he was off to *Tomorrow's World*. This is an inspired piece of lateral thinking on somebody's part. All he really likes about TV is the gadgetry - he was never a patch on Paxman for chomping on MPs - so he's moved to the one address that will indulge his passion.

trend for the Japanese electronic pet, Tamagotchi, or Nintendos and Playstations, its batteries won't run out and it won't explode when dropped in a pint of beer. The evolutionary new clutch control yo-yo could see another big surge in popularity. As long as your string doesn't break.

Victoria Barrett



Whatever
happened to...

Yo-yos

It's 200 years since the first yo-yo craze swept Europe and 65 years since the design was patented.

The Ups and Downs
The hardy and wholesome childhood toy that brings back memories of *Just William* and boys in short trousers standing on street corners, was in fact the subject of the first toy craze

back in Ancient Greece. The toy, preferably made of wood, can be seen depicted on classical Greek vases, but at this early stage the yo-yo was an adult toy.

In the 17th century the Philippines adapted the yo-yo for use as a weapon. It proved enormously successful in hunting the then delicacy, monkeys from the high tree tops. A heavier, two kilo, version was used

against the Spanish and Portuguese traders trying to muscle in on the spice trade in the islands.

Yo! Your Highness...
Since then it has become the childhood toy we all know and love, arriving in the UK in the 19th century, when it was known as the Prince of Wales toy. The toy, long considered a prime example of moronic

activity was patented in the US in 1932 even though yo-yo-ing was condemned as "an example of time wasting immoral novelty".

Coming around again
Despite the recent crazes - Rubik's Cube, Masters of the Universe, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, My Little Ponies - affection for the humble yo-yo has not died out.

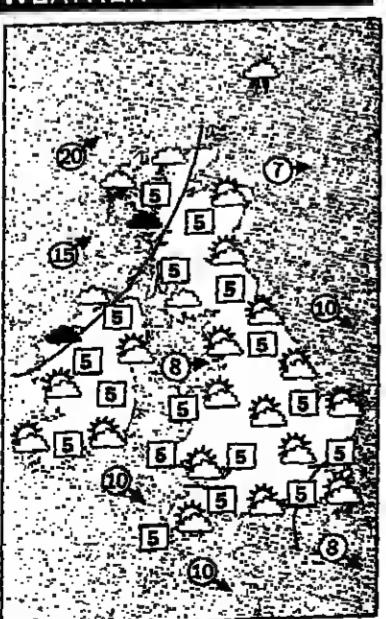
A favourite in children's party bags, Hamley's report that sales of the yo-yo are still going strong after a come back in 1992. The cheapest found in the Regent Street store are £2, rising to £10 for the super-deluxe yo-yo, complete with clutch control.

Style ranges from the standard wooden yo-yo to your Grandfather had, to musical yo-yos and others that glow in the dark. John Ward of Wellingborough has even invented a safety net for beginners. Such an invention may have saved four-times yo-yo world champion Ted Gerner who was killed by an 80 mph disc in Sydney, Australia in 1995.

Slight Return

The best thing about the yo-yo is, unlike the latest

WEATHER



The British Isles

General Situation and Outlook: Sooth-east England and East Anglia may catch one or two scattered showers at first, but it should become dry and bright with some sunny periods. Wales and the rest of England will be mainly dry with some good sunny breaks and just a slim risk of showers. Sheltered eastern parts of Scotland and Northern Ireland will have enough cloud break to bring sunshine, but more northern and western parts will cloud over later with patchy rain reaching north-west Scotland. Most of Scotland and Northern Ireland will be rather cloudy and breezy tomorrow with patchy rain in the north-west edging south into some central areas. England and Wales will be dry and warm with decent amounts of sunshine. On Monday there will still be some cloudy weather in northern regions of the UK and perhaps a few showers in western Scotland, but central and southern parts of Britain will be mainly sunny and very warm, although coasts will experience some cooling sea breezes.

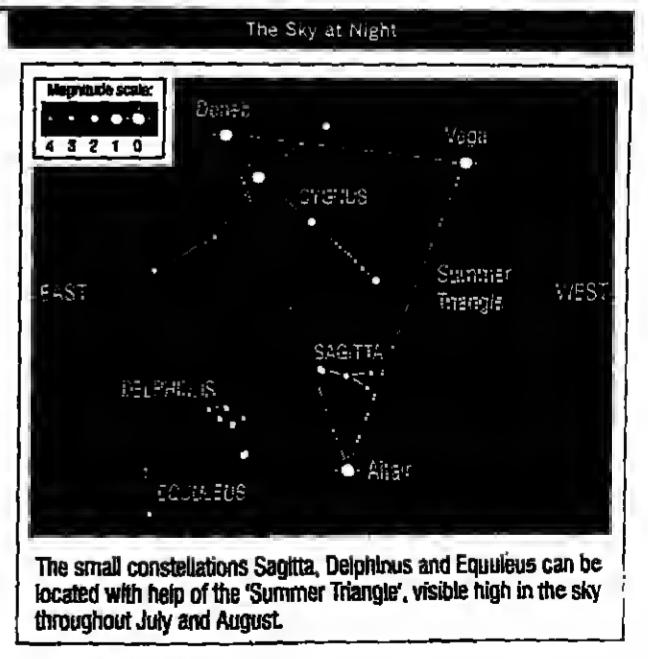


Low 6 will move quickly east. Low 7 will edge north-eastwards. High 8 will move northwards.

Low 6 will move quickly east. Low 7 will edge north-eastwards. High 8 will move northwards.

AA Roadwatch

London A11 Leytonstone, Lane closures A12 Roundabout until August 99. London A304 Hammersmith Bridge. Closed until January 1998. Surrey, M25 38-10 lane closures both ways until further notice. Bristol, M5 J18-19. Construction on Avonmouth Bridge until August 98. Somerset, A463 Filton Way, Lane closures both ways until 8th July. Wiltshire, A4 Box. Temporary lights on the High Street until 26th August. Durham, A689 Whickham. Down to one lane each way, until 17th August. East Yorkshire M617-E8. Reduced to one lane between Howden and North Cave for major works. A10 mph speed limit is also in place.



The small constellations Sagitta, Delphinus and Equuleus can be located with help of the "Summer Triangle", visible high in the sky throughout July and August.

Sagitta, just outside the summer triangle, lies the delightful and distinctive Delphinus. The Dolphin's stars too are only 4th magnitude but, like Sagitta, it is also of ancient origin, linked to myths of the sea god Poseidon. For a real challenge, the second smallest constellation, Equuleus (the little horse), is next to Delphinus. Myth has identified it with Celery, brother of neighbouring Pegasus.

Jacqueline Mitton

Today	9:15pm to 4:51am	London	9:18pm to 4:52am
London	9:15pm to 4:51am	London	9:18pm to 4:52am
Bristol	9:25pm to 4:53am	Bristol	9:22pm to 4:54am
Birmingham	9:32pm to 4:54am	Birmingham	9:31pm to 4:54am
Manchester	9:39pm to 4:55am	Manchester	9:38pm to 4:55am
Newcastle	10:02pm to 4:57am	Newcastle	10:02pm to 4:57am
Glasgow	10:37pm to 4:57am	Glasgow	10:38pm to 4:57am
Belfast	10:50pm to 4:57am	Belfast	10:50pm to 4:57am

Yesterday's Readings	Outlook for Today
London NO2 Moderate	London Good
England Good	England Good
Wales Good	Wales Good
C England Good	C England Good
N England Good	N England Good
Scotland Good	Scotland Good
N Ireland Good	N Ireland Good

High Tides	AM HT PM HT
London	3:00 6.8 15:21 6.9
Liverpool	0.91 9.1 12:32 9.0
Aberystwyth	8.29 12.6 20:45 12.7
Hull (Albert Dock)	7:30 8.3 19:55 8.3
Grovesend	1:23 3.5 14:08 3.1
Dun Laoghaire	0.39

TODAY'S TELEVISION

Oh ma, he's making eyes at us again. That Colio Firth is suddenly bursting out of the covers of TV listings magazines once more. "Back by popular demand," says the *Radio Times*, but Darcy-mania is probably past its sell-by-date now (killed off, probably, by Firth's appearances in *Nostromo* and *Fever Pitch*, as well as by getting married). Anyhow, it seems a little early to be getting involved again with that 1995 adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice* (Sun BBC1).

Ratings-wise, it's mainly up against ITV's unestablished nurses' drama *Staying Alive*, so the doings of the Bennet sisters will probably deliver the viewers. Anyone experiencing a severe reaction to *P & P*, however, could do a lot worse than switching over to BBC2 and checking out *The Works* (Sun BBC2). This has a gently revealing profile of Alexander McQueen, the East End shock designer who succeeded John Galliano as head

of design at Givenchy. McQueen admits that playing up his boyishness has served him well, and it makes for moments of high comedy as he crashes headlong into the thin-lipped world of Paris *haute couture*. A Givenchy seamstress recoils in horror at the memory of McQueen slashing into some elaborately pinned creation with a pair of scissors. "It's only a dress," he says. The fashion editor of *Le Figaro* icily recalls asking McQueen how great, he thought, was Hubert Givenchy's talent.

"What talent?" replied that upstart prince.

Some of McQueen's wilder outfitts aren't a million miles from the aliens envisaged by the biologists and sci-fi dreamers in *The Natural History of an Alien* (Sun BBC2), one of the more original contributions to BBC2's *A Weekend on Mars*. Far from the humanoid figures churned out by most sci-fi films, it seems that the likelihood of extra-terrestrials having recognisable

faces, two arms and two legs is extremely remote. Since we are merely an evolutionary product of one single fishy species of the Cambrian Sea, aliens might go in any of many Darwinian directions, and that's before taking into consideration how much gravity affects them (low gravity favouring jumping and gliding rather than walking; high gravity favouring a large number of legs and other supports).

Hopefully, they're unlikely to end up like *Shane Richie*, who seems to be evolving into *Jonathan Ross* (and vice versa). Close your eyes and listen. *Love Me Do* (Sat ITV) is last year's *Shane Richie Experience* after a severe dose of focus-testing. Out go the tacky on-air weddings, but not the tacky on-air presenter. They love him. The contestants – Karen and Darren – are endearingly candid. "Karen," asks *Shane*. "What is your

boyfriend's most annoying habit?" "Breaking wind, *Shane*." *Shane*, to his credit, is stopped in his tracks by that one.

The *Grimalies* (Sat ITV) sounded so promising – with the likes of Nigel Planer, Jack Dee and Noddy ("we're all crazy now") Holder having fun at the expense of the 1970s. *Dee* is good as a sadistic PE teacher, while the former Slade frontman is cast against type as a sensitive music teacher. The comedy is surprisingly muted, though, which is more than can be said for quivering, anti-establishment, Welsh therapist Kenneth Griffith, who pops up in various roles in *The Legend of George Rex* (Sat 4) as he tries to claim that the rightful heir to the British throne is not Prince Charles, but some South African geezer – the current descendant of George II's love child. But then, you might argue that George II was not a rightful heir, but some Stuart, and so on – *ad infinitum*. Or ad *edium*.

BBC1

7.00 Children's BBC: Harry and the Hendersons. 7.25 News, Weather. 7.30 Felix the Cat. 7.45 Barber. 8.10 Albert the 5th Musketeer. 8.35 The Flintstones. 9.00 Phantom 2040. 10.25 The Incredible Hulk. 9.45 Grange Hill. 10.15 Sweet Valley High. 10.35 The O Zone. 10.43 Weather (65656519). 10.45 Grandstand. Introduced by Desmond Lynam from Centre Court, Wimbledon (5/14/0560). 10.50 Cricket – Third Test, England v Australia. Coverage of the third day's play at Old Trafford (15258495). 10.55 News (65795501). 1.10 Motor Sport. Round 13 of the 1997 Auto Trader RC Touring Car Championships from Croft. With commentary by Murray Walker and Charlie Cox (25658285). 1.40 Wimbledon 97. The ladies' final, between 16-year-old Martina Hingis, the youngest finalist in 100 years, and Jana Novotna. Starts at 2.00pm (85974698). 5.55 News, Weather (7/462259). 6.05 Regional News, Weather (332679). 6.10 Cartoons (346872). 6.20 The New Adventures of Superman (5/7) (715124). 7.05 The Other Half. Guess which partner goes with which in this laboured variation on *Mr and Mrs* (5/7) (712360). 7.45 The National Lottery Live. Bradley Walsh is guest presenter. Samantha Janus is the guest and Shaggy provides the music (5/7) (294312). 8.05 I Worked with Morecambe and Wise... and Look What Happened to Me! Edward Woodward, Michele Ostrice, Frank Finlay, David Dimbleby and Frankie Vaughan relate their experiences of working with Eric and Ernie (R) (486056). 9.00 News, Sport, Weather (9/40853). 9.20 Dalziel & Pascoe. There was supposed to be something called The Royal Pageant of the Horse going out now – a golden wedding studding for the Queen and Prince Philip involving more than 1,000 horses. Windsor Great Park, however, is waterlogged, so it's been called off and we get this repeated mystery, scripted by Malcolm Bradbury out of the Reginald Hill novel. Frances Annis guest stars (S) (32419921). 11.00 BBC1 Mock (Peter Bogdanovich 1982 US). Eric Stoltz, under several layers of prosthetic make-up, is touching as a lively teenager whose face is disfigured by a rare bone disorder. Cher is also unexpectedly excellent as his no-nonsense biker mother. Bogdanovich's life-affirming yarn set firmly in a lower-class Californian milieu (347104). 12.55 Top of the Pops (5/7) (8337728). 1.25 **EMM 30** Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia (Joseph McGrath 1967 UK). It certainly is for a movie like this – a Swinging Sixties sex comedy with Dudley Moore in a panic about turning 30 (1098693). 2.45 Weather (6265032). To 2.50am.

BBC2

6.20 Open University: Ottoman Supremacy (7311476). 6.45 Rats and Super Rats (6504368). 10. Questions of National Identity (6585699). 8.00 Open Saturday (730018). 10.30 The Phil Silvers Show (R) (3949476). 10.55 Scrubs. Olah Lamminan examines last year's firing of the chief executive of the London Stock Exchange amid rumours of a conspiracy to have him removed (S) (7401766). 11.30 Countryfile. John Craven opens a new series with a report on the controversy surrounding protected commoners – should they be shot to protect fisheries? (S) (8327). 12.00 **EMM** The War of the Worlds (Hans Hinkel 1953 US). The first of three films being shown in the "Weekend on Mars" season is this movie version of HG Wells's sci-fi classic. The special effects aren't exactly *Independence Day*, but they won an Oscar in their day. Gary takes the lead role, as a scientist, Ann Robinson has the love interest, and the gloomy commentary is by Cedric Hardwicke (36911143). 1.25 Wimbledon 97 and Cricket – 3rd Test. Desmond Lynam and Sue Barker introduce coverage of the Men's Doubles and Mixed Doubles finals – although that is fairly provisional at the moment, because of the weather. The doubles matches go to the back of the queue when there is a backlog (like this year). Last year's men's doubles winners, Mark Woodforde and Todd Woodbridge, were still there when we went to press. Plus, live coverage of the third day's play in the Mixed Test at Old Trafford (53901143). 2.30 **EMM** Mars – Death or Glory? Doing anything for the next two years? You might consider the 100 million-mile journey to Mars – because that's how long it would take with present technology. The ongoing "A Weekend on Mars" continues with the documentary looking at the physical and psychological demands of any manned flight to Mars (581747). 9.15 **EMM** Fear of a Red Planet. Documentary about humanity's obsession with Martians in the 20th century using comic books and film clips from movies including *Flesh Gordon's Trip to Mars*, *Mars Attacks*. Sci-fi guru Ray Bradbury visits the LA home of his childhood hero Edgar Rice Burroughs, who invented little green men with his "John Carter from Mars" series (S) (7474037). 9.45 Today at Wimbledon. Sue Barker introduces highlights of today's Ladies' Singles Final and looks ahead to tomorrow's Men's Singles Final (5/7) (6494934). 10.50 Cricket – Third Test, England v Australia. Highlights of the third day's play at Old Trafford (S) (333227). 11.30 This Life. Egg's younger brother comes to stay and finds a friend in Anna, who settles on alternative plans for her mother's funeral (S) (7) (913872). 12.15 **EMM** Invaders from Mars (William Cameron Menzies 1953 US). Little Jimmy Hunt has a hard time convincing the neighbours that mom and dad are acting queer since a meteorite landed in their backyard. Astronomer Arthur Franz and doctor Helena Carter are finally persuaded in this vivid, craftily directed sci-fi chiller (7311419). To 3.55am.

ITV/LWT

6.00 GMTV: 6.00 News. 6.10 Professor Bubble. 6.30 Barney and Friends. 6.50 Our House. 7.10 Butcher's 7.40 Disney's *Wake Up in the Wild Room*. 8.30 *Madagascar* (6528312). 9.25 **EMM** Mashed (S) (22236105). 11.30 **EMM** The Chart Show (S) (477666). 12.30 **EMM** Mad Stories (384940). 1.00 **EMM** Weather (7/67959969). 1.00 Local News (7) (67959969). 1.10 International Motor Racing, FIA GT and International Formula 3000. 2.10 International Athletics – the Golden Four. From the Mobil Bistro games in Oslo. Linford Christie, Sally Gunnell, Colin Jackson and Jonathan Edwards are in action (7) (4525821). 3.00 **EMM** Running against Time. Bruce Seth Green (1990 US). Robert Hayes takes a leap back in time to try to save JFK in this flip fantasy (4525827). 4.50 News, Sport, Weather (7/19409650). 5.05 London Weekend tonight (9/100114). 5.20 Sabrina, the Teenage Witch (RX5X7) (4033921).

Channel 4

6.40 Dennis (6530785). 7.05 Sonic the Hedgehog (R) (3186698). 7.35 The Finder (R) (7309853). 8.00 **EMM** Transport Sport (R) (32320). 9.00 Morning Line (S) (70817). 10.00 Channel 4 Athletics (S) (51205). 11.00 Mission Impossible (S) (72969). 12.00 Rawhide (222389). 1.00 **EMM** Spy in Black (Michael Powell 1939 UK). Complex and atmospheric Powell and Pressburger First World War spy story, made just before the outbreak of WWII. Conrad Veidt is the fifth columnist intriguing to sink the British fleet of *Scapa Flow* (20376).

2.30 Channel 4 Racing. From Sandown Park and Haydock Park. the 2.45, 3.20 and 4.40 from Sandown, and the 3.05 and 3.35 from Haydock (89405209).

5.05 Brookside Omnibus (S) (7390747).

6.30 **EMM** Tour de France. The prologue to Rouen, in which the Bim time trial will determine the first rider to wear the leader's yellow jersey (S) (501).



Wimbledon – Ladies' Singles Final 1.40pm BBC1

Will Jana Novotna finally clinch a Grand Slam victory?

5.50 New Baywatch. CJ (Pamela Lee) realises that she wants to be a mother. (S) (7565747). 6.40 You've Been Framed! (R) (S) (600582). 7.10 Love Me Do. See Preview, above (S) (7) (654934). 7.55 News, Weather, Lottery Result (7) (248211). 8.10 The Big, Big Talent Show. Let's hope so, Jonathan Ross is in the Hughie Green role (S) (463105). 9.05 Columbo. A soap star (William Shatner oh yes) murders a would-be kiss-and-tell novelist (S) (7) (65541259). 10.50 The **EMM** Gingers. See Preview, above (S) (7) (536598). 11.50 **EMM** The Search for Grace (Sam Pilsbury 1994 US). Lisa Hartman Black stars experiencing visions of an unsolved murder from the 1920s. Why does the killer look like her boyfriend? (S) (7) (245563). 1.30 **EMM** Invaders from Mars (William Cameron Menzies 1953 US). Little Jimmy Hunt has a hard time convincing the neighbours that mom and dad are acting queer since a meteorite landed in their backyard. Astronomer Arthur Franz and doctor Helena Carter are finally persuaded in this vivid, craftily directed sci-fi chiller (7311419). To 3.55am.

Channel 5

6.00 Dappledown Farm (314339). 6.30 Attractions (R) (5) (5140495). 7.00 5.00 News (Early) (7576872).

7.30 **EMM** Havakkozo (7562679).

8.00 Alvin and the Chipmunks (7452476).

8.30 Land of the Lost (7451747).

9.00 Beverly Hills, 90210 (S) (7) (1780476).

9.55 Beverly Hills, 90210 (S) (7) (1005740).

10.50 **EMM** Upfront (S) (8244658).

11.00 Turnstyle. Including the latest cricket news from the Third Test of the Ashes series, a look ahead to the Tour of South Africa, the British Lions' tour of South Africa, and the forthcoming finale of *Scapa Flow* (20376).

12.00 Rawhide (222389).

1.00 **EMM** Spy in Black (Michael Powell 1939 UK). Complex and atmospheric Powell and Pressburger First World War spy story, made just before the outbreak of WWII. Conrad Veidt is the fifth columnist intriguing to sink the British fleet of *Scapa Flow* (20376).

12.50 News (S) (7) (9271492).

1.00 The Mag (S) (4024476).

1.20 USA High (S) (12724358).

2.20 The Mag (Continued) (S) (1630650).

3.15 **EMM** Sunset Beach Omnibus. Sean is told that the blood clot on his brain needs an operation, while Eddie finds evidence linking Elaine with Del's murder. This is surreal, terrible stuff, by the way, and some of the best comedy currently on the box (7) (7705598).

6.00 5 News and Sport (S) (7) (1853056).

6.05 Hercules: the Legendary Journeys. Our muscle-bound demi-god battles a deadly serpent (S) (438750).

6.55 Night Fever. Kathy Lloyd, Rhona Cameron, Esther McVey, Toyah Willcox, Tania Bryer, Mark Curran and Jamie Theakston join Suggs for the last of the karaoke game show (S) (728392).

7.50 News and Sport (S) (7) (1853056).

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7.50 News and Sport (S) (7) (1853056).

8.10 JAG. Hann and Meg have to defend a navy pilot who has been accused of shooting down a Serbian aircraft in the middle of a ceasefire (9807308).

9.00 **EMM** Mr and Mrs Bridge (James Ivory 1990 US). Ravishingly photographed, intelligently acted but strangely empty Merchant Ivory adaptation of two Evan S Connell novels set in late 1930s Kansas about a repressed lawyer, Paul Newman, and his stiled wife, Joanne Woodward (7592492).

11.20 **EMM** Harry and Son (Paul Newman 1984 US). Newman again, this time directing, co-scripting and starring – as a newly fired Florida construction worker who suddenly finds himself at home all day and is forced to build some sort of relationship with his dreamy son, Robby Benson. Not bad, in its way, but uncertain in direction (20885785).

1.30 **EMM** That Was Then, This Is Now (Christopher Cain 1985 US). SE Hinton's novel about growing up and apart in late 1960s Minnesota, updated to the 1980s by star and co-screen-writer Emilio Estevez – and a rather mundane and unnecessarily gloomy writing job it is, too (8773815).

3.20 **EMM** Prisoner in the Middle (John O'Connor 1974 US). Thriller concerning itself with the illegal international trade in nuclear weapons. In which the responsibility for preventing a warhead from falling into the hands of belligerent Middle East factions rests with just one man – David Jansen (28698815).

4.50 Night Stand (1129186). 5.30 **EMM** Whistle (R) (3133902). To 6.00am.

ITV/Regions

ANGLIA As London except: 1.05pm Angha News and Weather (66798569). 3.00 **EMM** Weather (66798569). 3.50 seaQuest DSV (31317651). 5.00 Angha News, Sport and Weather (5100114). 1.30 Rockmania (91438). 2.30 Comedy Central (4202341). 3.25 ITV at the Phoenix Festival (6356254). 4.20 - 5.30am Film: It's a Great Day* (6332631).

CENTRAL As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (38940). 1.05 Central News and Weather (66798569). 2.30 **EMM** seaQuest DSV (2235650). 3.55 seaQuest DSV (6582192). 4.00 **EMM** seaQuest DSV (5606164). 5.05 **EMM** Rockmania (91438). 2.30 Comedy Central (4202341). 3.25 ITV at the Phoenix Festival (6356254). 4.20 - 5.30am Film: It's a Great Day* (6332631).

WIRRAL As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (38940). 1.05 **EMM** Weather (66798569). 2.30 **EMM** seaQuest DSV (2235650). 3.55 seaQuest DSV (6582192). 4.00 **EMM** seaQuest DSV (5606164). 5.05 **EMM** Rockmania (91438). 2.30 Comedy Central (4202341). 3.25 ITV at the Phoenix Festival (6356254). 4.20 -

Sunflowers, saints' bones and Spice Girls CDs

Well, he was a nutter, wasn't he; he chopped his ear off and then topped himself. Still, if you like that sort of thing, put one in a nice frame and it's better than a blank wall. It's a free country. But what's crazy is paying millions for the real thing when with modern technology you can copy all the bumps in 3D; you'd need to be a rocket scientist to tell the difference. And then – this is the really funny bit – hundreds of them turn out to be fakes anyway and that Japanese company that paid £25m for *Sunflowers* finds it's got some worthless bit of canva

was daubed by Van Gogh's doctor."

There is some truth in the rant of the caricature Philistine (although, to be historically accurate, it is an insult to Philistines to tar them with the brush of modern British anti-intellectualism). There is indeed something strange about the valuation of works of art, but the strangeness is much more interesting than the boorish utilitarian will allow. Art fakery is one of those subjects like gruesome murders and the sexual proclivities of vicars, that seems to hold an endless fascination for people. But what would it mean if more than a hundred paintings and drawings attributed to Vincent Van Gogh were actually fakes? Certainly it would mean some Japanese investors would suddenly find themselves several billion yen poorer.

But would it mean that Van Gogh was a

lesser artist than we thought – ho, ho, any one can do them? Of course not: a faker is simply manipulating the creative ideas and techniques of a greater human. Van Gogh changed the way we see; but the moment his vision had been realised, it was possible to copy it and mimic it. More than that, it was inevitable that it would influence art that followed it. That was its power.

But this brings us back to the question of authenticity. Why should a painting of sunflowers by Van Gogh be worth, say, a thousand times more than a very similar-looking painting that turns out *not* to be by Van Gogh – and a million times more than a very hand-somely produced reproduction? This is beyond reason, but not because it's silly. Valuing the authentic works of genius is a human instinct that is strongly related to the cherishing of religious trophies in earlier ages: *Dr Gachet's Garden* is, in part, for us what the toe-bone of St Thomas was for a 14th-century merchant – a physical link with the sublime, or miraculous. Mankind has long yearned for the touch of genius, to have bodily connection with something greater than ourselves.

Once, that was largely a religious connection, though there were always collectors for the great works of antiquity. Today, though, many of us worship the purest or bravest expressions of human creativity instead. And indeed, the reason why so many people want,



and so few can afford, to own the actual bits of canvas on which great artists painted is not so far from the reason why other people want to own Princess Diana's dresses. It is the primitive impulse that drives the autograph hunter, that lights up the faces of the voter who says he won't ever wash his hand after shaking Tony Blair's. It is in the teenage scream of "I touched him!" when the hem of a pop idol has been felt. Its magic is in dubious grey lumps sold as moon rock or hits of Berlin Wall, or relics.

Now part of that, of course, is merely about scarcity and market value: art works are also valued because they have a rarity that can be compared to gold. They are useful price-fixers. And at a lower level, signed books are rarer than unsigned ones and therefore, perhaps, a little more valuable. But when it comes to art we are talking about quasi-religion, not simply the market. Look at the formulaic reverence in the dazed faces of pilgrims filing past the *Mona Lisa* in the Louvre. Like any human impulse, it can be exploited for commercial gain – there is not much difference between the sale of papal indulgences in the 16th century and of individually signed Hockney prints in the 20th. Yesterday we reported that George Michael, along with *Inspiral Carpets*, *Skunk Anansie*, the *Boo Radleys* and *Bryan Ferry* had complained that record companies were putting out all manner of remixed offcuts under their names and debasing their artistic integrity. The

same thing again: authenticity worshipped, then exploited. This is only a trivial example of the observation that the third-rate works of first-rate artists are worth more than the occasional great works of lesser names.

But simply because valuations are irrational does not make them wrong. Reaching out and touching what awes us is an essential part of being human; so, in the age of the market, it is tradeable. For metropolitan sophisticates, their irrationalism is dressed up as Art with a capital A, swooning over paintings they don't understand, or really like, while they patronise the superstitions of so-called "ordinary" people – the yearning to meet a Royal, or possess a signed Spice Girls CD. It is easy for confident, well-connected people to sneer at the desire to touch and collect. But it is not fundamentally different from the impulse that values a Van Gogh so highly, or treasures those few meaningless words exchanged with a Pavarotti or a Mandela. In both cases, it is touch and authenticity that matter.

It was not rational for medieval travellers to bring back bits of bones from the Middle East, and it was not rational to build incredible structures – both the stories and the huge stonework cathedrals – over them. It is equally irrational to build huge monetary values around paintings that have become familiar and are endlessly reproduced. But rip out that irrationalism and you rip out our very essence.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Back-room deals are no way to organise an election debate

Sir: Your recent articles and correspondence about the 1997 televised election debate fiasco suggest that the broadcasters and politicians must act sooner to contrive a mutually acceptable deal before the next general election. This misses a significant point: if the public to benefit from serious, democratic, inclusive televised political debates, then the process of organising them must itself be publicly accountable and seen to be more than merely a back-room deal between ratings-conscious TV executives and political strategists seeking target votes.

In the 1997 debate negotiations the political parties never once met in the same room, around one table, to discuss the proposals from the broadcasters. Each of the broadcasters contending for the

debate franchise negotiated separately and secretly with each of the party strategists. This was immensely inefficient in the midst of a six-week national election campaign. It had about it the unaccountable feel of pre-1950s broadcasting deals between the BBC and the favoured politicians. And, given that it was promoted as a means of enhancing the democratic process, it lacked any accountability to the public, who overwhelmingly wanted a debate but found themselves in the role of onlookers at the feudal court, told only after the event of mysterious rival accounts of why the debate did not happen.

For this reason, we agree strongly with Lord Holme and Adam Boulton (Letters, 3 July) that future debates must be organised under an

independent aegis. To this end, we shall be launching an independent working party on televised political debates at this summer's Edinburgh Television Festival. Our working party will take evidence from broadcasters, the political parties and the public and will produce questions and proposals to be discussed at a subsequent conference. It may be that the next step will be the establishment of an independent commission to organise future televised debates (similar in intent to the US Commission on Presidential Debates).

This issue goes deeper than the failure to negotiate a Blair-Major-Ashton showdown during the 1997 general election. Democratic politics needs an abundance of good, open, reasoned debate; without it the

political process rapidly degenerates into an exchange of advertising slogans. Televised debates are not simply about creating TV spectaculars at election-time. In the coming years there will be several important referendums: there will be the 1999 European elections; there will be a government with a huge majority and a democratic duty to be seen in public discussion with other parties and through interactive technology, with the public. Television remains the obvious public forum for such debate.

STEPHEN COLEMAN
Director, *Hansard Society Scholars Programme*
JULIE HALL
Editor, *People's Election Project*,
Channel 4
London NW3

Bitter battle of the towpath

Sir: So the cyclists are complaining that they are to be charged the stupendous sum of £12.50 per annum for using the towpath of the Kennet and Avon Canal (report, 30 June). As I welcome it,

I would point out to the cyclists that in the days when the Kennet and Avon was a series of muddy puddles, with here and there a patch of navigable waterway, it was very largely walkers who kept the path open. It was also a safe place for small children to learn to ride a bicycle. Now those same walkers are being driven from the path by the antics of some cyclists, and children on two wheels are no longer safe there.

Remonstration with the new "kings of the towpath" is regarded as politically incorrect, and any way will be met with a mouthful of abuse. I speak from experience. The mass trespass threatened by the cyclists is nothing new. In the days when a licence was required (and if my memory serves correctly it was not £3 but £1) it was ignored, and notices remonstrating users about it were defaced.

The long-term future of this canal is still in the balance. Nearly all other users of it are keen to help. Why are cyclists the exception?

KIRSTEN ELLIOTT
Bath

LETTER from THE EDITOR

The most intelligent and humane response to the Drumcree stand-off is one I first came across in an article by Maurice Hayes, the former Northern Ireland civil servant, in *The Irish Independent*. He argued that both communities should assert and recognise the rights of the other, in return for which these rights would not be exercised: in particular, the rights of the Orangemen to march would be conceded – and then they wouldn't march. It is an idea of uncommon sense, and, whatever finally happens this weekend, has at least been taken seriously by a Grand Master or so.

At first sight, the Hayes idea bears a resemblance to a satirical plan hatched, I think, by the father of the scientist Magnus Pyke, while he was working for a wartime ministry in Whitehall. There was a great debate raging about how to conserve precious and scarce aviation fuel; the civil servant suggested that an agreement be reached whereby the RAF would take off each evening and bomb London, in return for which the Luftwaffe would bomb Berlin. The net effect, he suggested, would be similar and the fuel saving immeasurable.

More immediately, I am haunted by the suspicion that the most useful way to defuse Drumcree would be for the media – every camera crew, reporter, radio van, photographer and commentator – to pack up and leave. It is hard to pack down: it is harder still to do it live on videotape. So why doesn't *The Independent* take a lead? Because readers would be angered if this were the only paper that didn't report a major Northern Irish event. For journalists to decamp is a naive dream, the kind of thing that would be grateful. DAVID BOEHM
Lower Slaughter, Gloucestershire

difficulty of transliterating from ideograms into Western script, neither usage is inherently correct or incorrect – indeed, Peking is used a lot in Hong Kong. The difference is that the Chinese government "requires" us to use Beijing, and Mr Marshall doesn't see why we should be required by them to do anything of the kind. Quite so. Foreign place-names should be a compromise between accuracy and familiarity: Florence and Dimashu, for instance (Florence and Damascus) are lost causes in London and Edinburgh.

We had a good response when we used Chinese characters to say "Goodbye Hong Kong".

I am haunted by the suspicion that the most useful way to defuse Drumcree would be for the media to pack up and leave

on the front of Tuesday's paper. But, as readers have been kind enough to point out, we have in the past got it wrong when breaking into Arabic, Swahili and even, occasionally, French. So this time great care was taken in obtaining advice from various Cantonese friends of the paper. I knew that. But the night desk didn't, when at around 11.30pm a Mr Wong phoned in to say that he had just picked up a copy of *The Independent* at Euston station and, while he was naturally pleased to see the use of Chinese script, he would be most interested to know why we had chosen to lead with the words: "Deng F***'s Pigs & Sheep." In this office, at that time of night, it was not easy to check. As Mr Marshall said, "it was instantly and completely plausible". Mayhem ensued. Whoever you are, "Mr Wong", this is just to let you know that it worked.

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

I haven't seen a PLA soldier shoot anyone all day – Jethro Lee-Mahoney, manager of the 104-year-old Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club. My advice is to quib when you are behind – Tony Blair, Prime Minister, to William Hague, Leader of the Opposition, after the Budget. To stop people buggering badgers, and to stop people badgering buggers – Lord Arran, who piloted the homosexual reform Bill through the Lords in 1967, stating his objectives in life. The thing I dread is getting on a bit and walking up and down Wardour Street, trying to collar people and saying "I'm sure I've got one more film left in me" – Sir David Puttnam, film director. We alone seem determined to see our own time of greatness as subject for no more than guilt or at best the glibly joke-patriotism of the Last Night of the Proms – John Casey, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, on the demise of the British Empire. I'm not bitter ... I am perplexed more than anything else – Neil Hamilton, former minister, on the damning Downing report. I am perplexed that Mr Hamilton is perplexed ... it is a very perplexing perplexity – Martin Bell, who stood against Mr Hamilton as an anti-sleaze candidate in the General Election and won. How dare anyone criticise Diana for taking up this heart-rending cause? Diana's stand deserves the utmost praise – Clare Short, Cabinet minister, on Diana, Princess of Wales's anti-mining campaign.

Read the Budget small print

Sir: Your comments on the "people's Budget" (3 July) echo the current mood of optimism. There are indeed positive features to the Budget – notably the work programme – which my party also applauds. But we have not lost our critical faculties.

Your leading article suggests you may not have read the small print on additional education and health spending. It is for the next financial year, not this, and will not, as you hope, ease the immediate funding problems in schools and hospitals. You have forgotten inflation. The upward revision in inflation from 2 per cent to 2.75 per cent alone raises the cost of health and education this year by £320m and £300m respectively, for which there is no additional provision. This additional inflation will account for over half the extra spending pledged next year. It is difficult to believe that even the Conservatives would have done any less.

You sirily dismiss the Liberal Democrats' spending proposals as "a mite by-the-by" though the annual yield from one penny in the pound on income tax is considerably in excess of the ad hoc additional allocation Gordon Brown is offering. We believe moreover that the public would support the idea of a modest increase in direct taxation to pay for education if the Government would have the courage to pose the problem in that way.

Outside health and education there are real cuts in store. And local authority budgets are still capped, despite the need to top up pension funds following the loss of tax credit on ACT. Those people who looked to the Chancellor to deliver better services may not be euphoric for very long.

VINCENT CABLE MP
(Twickenham, Lib Dem)
Liberal Democrat Financial Spokesman
House of Commons
London SW1

Endless apologies

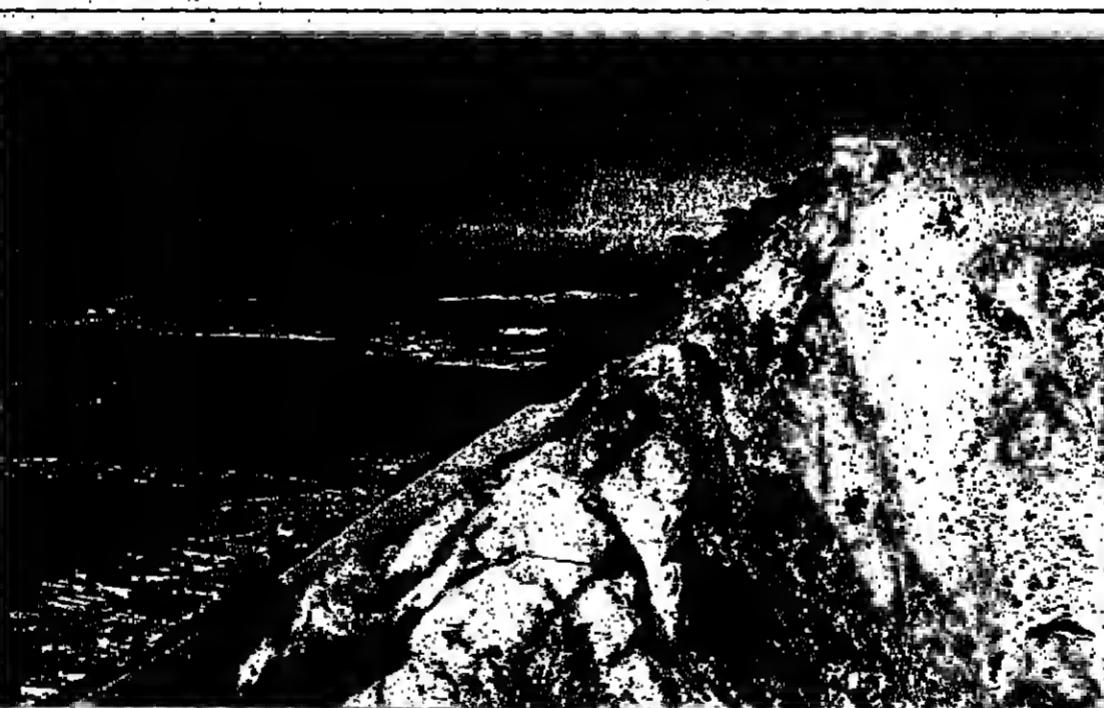
Sir: With reference to Mr Blair's "apology for the potato famine" Andrew Brown (Essay, 2 July) asks "Why not apologise for Cromwell? Or for Henry II?"

Why draw the line there? Henry II's action in Ireland arose from the fact that at Henry's coronation in 1155, Pope Adrian IV "granted and donated Ireland to the illustrious King of England, Henry, to be held by him and his successors". Perhaps, in this "Year of the Apology" we might even now get the Vatican expressing formal regret for having instigated the Irish Problem.

AUSTIN PIELOU

Taunton

Somerset



Stumbling block: the Rock of Gibraltar is souring relations between the UK and Spain

Now for the next redundant remnant of empire

Sir: Now that the Hong Kong handover is behind us let us clear away another anomaly of our erstwhile Empire. I refer to the ludicrous situation of a piece of limestone at the western end of the Mediterranean – yes, Gibraltar. The place has been a smugglers' haven and a day-trippers' paradise, displaying the worst traits of its principal begetters, the Spanish and English.

The population of 30,000 having had the best of both worlds, even to the EU.

SIR ANDREW MARR
(Twickenham, Lib Dem)
Liberal Democrat Financial Spokesman
House of Commons
London SW1

Sir: Andrew Marr is right in saying that any millennium event should have a great purpose and be forward looking ("Under the Dome: a serious proposal", 2 July). As he says, a truly environmental festival would achieve that.

But the proposed Greenwich Dome is about as far from an acceptable setting for an environmental exhibition as it's possible to get (short of siting it at Sellafield). Despite Tony Blair saying he wants the

for the past 40 years, demand their right to remain British (whatever that may mean in an EU context). Gibraltar considers it is part of the EU, by association with the UK, yet it imposes no VAT and does not feel it can co-operate with its neighbouring EU member, Spain, over commonsense matters like sharing the facilities of its UK-built airport. It can never be viable on its own and in its *de facto* autonomous state remains an irritant to the UK, to Spain and even to the EU.

CLIVE CUNNINGHAM
Brentford, Middlesex

THROW-AWAY PLASTIC DOME BODES ILL FOR A GREEN MILLENNIUM

Sir: Andrew Marr is right in saying that any millennium event should have a great purpose and be forward looking ("Under the Dome: a serious proposal", 2 July). As he says, a truly environmental festival would achieve that.

But the proposed Greenwich Dome is about as far from an acceptable setting for an environmental exhibition as it's possible to get (short of siting it at Sellafield). Despite Tony Blair saying he wants the

problem. We need to ensure that courts sentence serious offenders to prison with resources to rehabilitate them properly and send other offenders to a cheaper, and often more effective, probation service.

It would be simplistic to propose that a shift of offenders from probation to prison will solve this

IMOGEN CATTERER
Gloucester

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. (Fax: 0171-293 2056; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

JOHN BRIERLEY
Yorkshire CND
Bradford

Disaster waiting to happen in space

Sir: The near-disaster at the Mir space station has highlighted the risks of collisions in space. The mother of all space accidents is just waiting to happen later this year.

On 6 October the Cassini space probe will shoot off into space with 72.3lb of plutonium compounds on board. Cassini's mission is to explore Saturn and its moons. Rather than heading straight to Saturn though, Cassini will fly twice around Venus and back to Earth in what Nasa calls a "slingshot manoeuvre". This is to maximise the use of the Earth's gravity to increase Cassini's velocity.

If all goes well, it will pass just 320 miles above Earth. Too deep a descent, though, and Cassini could disintegrate in the Earth's atmosphere. Even Nasa's own research says that five billion people could be contaminated if the plutonium comes raining down on to Earth. Thousands could die from lung cancer after inhaling plutonium dust.

JOHN BRIERLEY
Yorkshire CND
Bradford

the saturday story

Taken for £10.5m and the kitchen sink

Sir Terence Conran's latest divorce pay-out has given him a nasty dose of indigestion. She only cooked a few meals, he says. Glenda Cooper on the dirty dishes left over from a designer marriage

I think it reads like a Mills & Boon novel," snorted Sir Terence Conran yesterday. He was referring to his latest divorce settlement but he could have been referring to his own life.

He has been married three times, had a girlfriend half his age, changed the way we think about design, seen an empire grow and fall and grow again, with the US President and British Prime Minister choosing to dine at one of his restaurants. It is the stuff of bonhusters at their best.

This week the latest page in the enthralling Conran saga was turned. Lady Caroline Conran, Sir Terence's third wife, has won a £10.5m divorce settlement – believed to be the largest ever in a contested divorce. It includes a lump sum of £6.2m and homes in London and Dorset.

The figure is unbelievable," Sir Terence said yesterday. "Just because she cooked a few meals now and then and wrote a few books. I taught her how to cook."

Mr Justice Wilson thought otherwise – as did Lady Caroline herself, who had originally been seeking an £8.7m cash settlement for her part in building up Sir Terence's empire, including the Habitat chain. But "it can be difficult for a man with a healthy ego who has achieved a vertiginous success to look down and dis-

cern a contribution other than his own," Mr Justice Wilson remarked dryly.

Sir Terence's rude remark was typical of his ego and abrasive personality although Nicholas Ind, Sir Terence's biographer, said that he had found a man of opposites: "He was tactless and abrasive but charming and passionate, that he loved women but could also be misogynistic, and that he was ambitious but little interested in money." His son Jasper, a fashion designer, speaks of his "fear" of his domineering father, and his sister Priscilla tells how Sir Terence exploded after a Habitat meeting at which she presented new bathroom fittings. "He said, 'How dare you present something that doesn't work,' and laid it into me for a quarter of an hour."

Sir Terence has had a two-decade feud with that other design guru Sir Roy Strong, which dates back to 1976 when Sir Roy described a Habitat catalogue as full of material fit only for a "Hendon semi". Conran suggested at one point that Strong should be stuffed and exhibited in a case at the V&A museum.

But while Sir Terence was busy inventing the concept of lifestyle – it is uncontested that Conran, more than any other individual, civilised our cooking and educated the ordinary English eye in design – his wives played a major role. In a recent

interview Sir Terence said one of his greatest regrets was that all three of his wives had left him: "I do think that if I was able to reorganise myself again I would find a way of putting more into my personal life."

His first wife few know about – she does not appear in his lengthy *Who's Who* entry. Brenda Davison, who worked briefly with Conran, was an aspiring architect married to him for five months before she left him for a previous boyfriend. Yesterday the first Mrs Conran remarked: "There's a lot of truth in what the judge says. Some men are just like small boys and need to be taught a lesson ... I do wish he'd grow up."

Sir Terence next married Shirley Ide Pearce, now the millionaire author of best-selling books such as *Superwoman* and *Lace*. She was a waitress at his coffee bar in Chelsea when they met. They married six months later and had two sons, Sebastian, an industrial designer, and Jasper. Shirley, Sir Terence once said, was the only wife who ever made him angry.

Like Lady Caroline, Shirley was involved in his work running Conran Fabrics, a company that he started with her. She also persuaded him to do more publicity about their lives, with the family regularly appearing in newspapers and magazines, which

was widely credited with helping the success of his business. She divorced him after seven years when he had an affair with his secretary. The marriage ended in 1982; in 1983 he married Caroline Herbert, and a year later opened his first Habitat. In this area, the judge concluded "she was almost as full of ideas as her husband".

The chain quickly became successful, setting standards for popular design. It expanded throughout the 1970s and was floated as a plc in 1980 – a key element of Sir Terence's Storehouse conglomerate.

Lady Caroline had, through her father, subscribed an eighth share in Habitat Designs at the very beginning.

The Conrands discussed new ideas around their kitchen table, said the judge: "The husband ... could have hardly chosen a better wife able to contribute to their germination." Lady Caroline, an influential food journalist, also helped Conran's association with fine food to grow.

Storehouse expanded, acquiring Mothercare and British Home Stores. But he was forced to step down from Storehouse in 1990 after being unable to adapt to the role of heading such a huge and varied range of businesses, employing 33,000. The move wracked his most famous creation, Habitat, from his grasp.

"Terence's leaving Storehouse dev-

astated him," said Lady Conran. "He bounced back in a way, but I think it changed his outlook and made him pessimistic." Before that loss, his personal wealth was put at £200m. After, it crashed to around £35m.

Sir Terence, who had been knighted in the 1980s under the Tories, but endorsed Tony Blair, bounced back, opening a string of fashionable eateries under his Conran Restaurants banner. He is now thought to be worth £80m. On his 60th birthday he opened Le Pont de la Tour, where the Clintons and the Blairs recently ate as a reward for his Labour support. It was followed by Cantina del Ponte, and the Butler's Wharf Chophouse.

In 1993, when he separated from Lady Conran (she now lives with the interior designer Victoria Davis), he reopened Quaglino's and then the £6m Mezzo in Soho. His latest restaurant is Bluebird, in Chelsea. Up to 40,000 eat at his London restaurants each week; last year they took £60m.

Whether Victoria Davis has anything to do with this success we do not yet know – and we are certainly unlikely to find out what he thinks in a fourth Conran divorce settlement. After three marriages, Sir Terence now says: "Why do it again? I don't think it makes people any closer to each other."

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For years, cards were a fuddy-duddy's game, so dire that even Omar Sharif couldn't make them at all romantic. That's the past, babies. Bridge is now the new rock 'n' roll. All the superstar play bridge between AA meetings and there are at least four bridge-related movies in pre-production.

To be in with the in-crowd, however, you play Oh Hell!, a faster, more accessible – if more aggressive – type of bridge. OK, so it's Idiot's Bridge. I get the name wrong and still have fun: "Hey, let's play 'Go To Hell', eh? 'Get The Hell Out'! Oh hell, you know what I mean."

You deal out 13 cards to four players. Each player bids a number and the highest bidder calls the suit. Hand by hand, a card is subtracted. The game plays down to one and back up to 13. You don't even need to wear deodorant. It's that easy.

Easy for me, anyway, because my mother made me into a card shark. I grew up in Cowtown USA, a place where poker-related shotgun deaths are not uncommon. To this day, deadly tornadoes rip through the area and cut power to hundreds of homes. Threatened by darkness and more boredom than usual, my mother would grab the oil lamps from over the buttercup and seat herself at the dinner table. We children had two choices: play cards with her or watch the dead television. Mum taught me well. The first time I beat my elder brother, he sprinted from the table in tears and locked himself in the loo. I still have this effect on men, with cards or without.

That's not what Hollywood makes of

cardplayers. Tinseltown's idea of exciting card games requires secret back-rooms or the sleek black-tie casinos of Monte Carlo. This fits London's Best Kept Secret: the annual Cartier Oh Hell Charity Cup evening. More difficult to get into than a cat suit and more glamorous than a royal wedding, this insider's invitation is held at Cartier's private showrooms and is hosted by the UK's MD, Arnaud Bamberger, and his Sharon. Stoney gorgeous wife, Carla.

Began three years ago by the Bambergers, the interior designer Tessa Kennedy and the fashion designer Tomasz Starzewski, this year's tourney of Oh Hell-ists included titled jet-setters, dressage champions and socialites – all digging into their pockets to help Starzewski take handicapped people on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Forget Nasberville and the Nun Gun, guys, it's Lourdes that still gets the big crowds.

Arriving late, as usual, at Old Bond Street, I was escorted into a casino scene from a Bond film. No Sean Connery, but boy, close enough. Milling within walls of watered silk and baize card tables, handsome men in DJs and beauties in this minute's frock drank and chatted with smooth confidence. How

unlike my high-school barn dances! Next to their elegance, my dress was a bin-bag – a wrinkled, pre-stained, off-the-shoulder number that gave in to gravity when I exhaled. Shamed, I was saved by the first tenet of journalism: stampede for the food – because of salads, beef and salmon. I beatified for a trifle grand enough for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir to sing in.

Play commenced in total silence until the grinding of teeth and desperate whispers of "Shit. Why did I play that?" spread over the rooms. It was well past midnight when the high scores were tallied. The champion, Elisa Cabrera, son of Unicef's Caroline Kennedy, took home the Cartier Cup – a silver thong the size of Red Rum's nose. Top and bottom scores received beautifully wrapped Cartier goodies. What were they? Jewels? Watch? Amvils? Well, everyone was so nice to me (except for the rat who groped my behind) that I resisted giving those boxes a good, hard, greedy shake. I'm sorry. I just couldn't be that American.

Ear. Candle. Two words which do not go together. Ever. But me, My tall, long-haired friend Brian, an Englishman turned "alternative Californian", needs convincing. Fresh from Heathrow via northern California, Brian trots into my flat and thrusts two candles into my hands. Two innocent beeswax candles smelling of honey and herbs. I thank him for the gift.

"Oh no," he replies, "I'll lie down and get comfortable."

Normal people would worry at this

point. Ha, ha, not me. Nothing shocks me. Maybe I have not yet encountered the ultimate horror – nappies – but two candles? Pah. Kids' stuff.

Brian is lying on his side on the guest bed telling me to light one and put it in my ear. These are Hopi Earcandles, he tells me. They have soothng properties. They are big with Native Americans. I silently develop their advertising campaign: "Hopi Earcandles. Finally, a good reason to plait your hair."

He looks at me plaintively. I light a candle and pad over to the bed. By the time I reach his ear, I'm holding an inferno. The candle's burning far too quickly. A tall, lively streak of fire flicks at me. What am I doing this? Because I am a mother.

"Brian, I don't think that right."

"Go on," he says calmly, his eyes wide. As I place the candle's unburnt base in his ear, a fiery hit breaks off and falls on his hair. Whooping wildly, I beat the cluster of flame out with my hand. An ember leaps for the pillowcase and burns a hole. The smell of singed hair fills my nose. A large hit of lava-like wax jumps for his neck. Brian's up with a yell, breaking himself down and scanning for further burn holes. "Darn! This is not relaxing at all!" One bucket of water and several wet towels later, we give up. Brian is smirched with oily ash, his neck and sport red marks where hot wax has landed. There's enough smoke and beeswax for a scratchy snuff edition of *Beauty and the Beast*.

Brian tells me he is certain the regeneration of ear and candle is eternal. He says it's karma. I say, "Those Hopi should do stand-up."



Great quotes from the bitch and famous



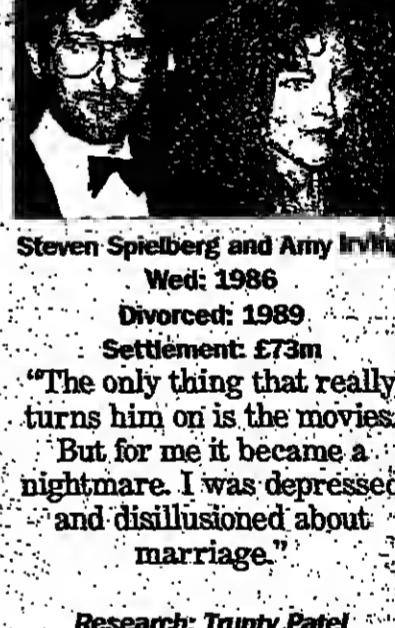
Donald and Ivana Trump
Wed: 1977
Divorced: 1991
Settlement: £16m
"Don't get mad – get everything."



The Prince and Princess of Wales
Wed: 1981
Divorced: 1996
Settlement: £17m
"There were three of us in the marriage – it was a crowded."



Roseanne Barr and Tom Arnold
Wed: 1990
Divorced: 1993
Settlement: around £33m
"He got millions, millions, millions, millions and millions, the pig."



Steven Spielberg and Amy Irving
Wed: 1986
Divorced: 1993
Settlement: £73m
"The only thing that really turns him on is the movies. But for me it became a nightmare. I was depressed and disillusioned about marriage."

Research: Trupti Patel

the lord
ireth

The F

t quotes the bitch famous
I and Ivana Trump
Wed: 1977
Divorced: 1991
Settlement: £16m
"It was mad - get everything"

Prince and Princess of Wales
Wed: 1981
Divorced: 1996
Settlement: £17m
"We were three of us in this house - it was a bit crowded."

Roseanne Barr and Tom Arnold
Wed: 1980
Divorced: 1995
Settlement: around £3m
"He got millions, millions, millions, millions, the lot."

Paula and Alan Bergman and Amy Bergman
Wed: 1986
Divorced: 1989
Settlement: £73m
"It's a bit like the divorce of the century."

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the lord giveth

We Zoroastrians do not encourage embracing while at worship ourselves



david aaronovitch

That the Methodist Conference - convened in Central Hall, London, yesterday - should have observed a minute's silence for those in the church who have suffered sexual harassment at the hands of clergy or lay members, is not, of course, a matter for levity. Indeed, other churches and organisations would do well to emulate the successors to Wesley.

But I was rather puzzled by the self-lacerating references to what might be happening during what the Methodists call the "Peace". This is the bit in the service when they all say "the peace of the Lord be with you" to their neighbours. Except that - gradually - the old, sedate habit of murmuring it quickly to the chap in the next seat and shaking his hand has been replaced by declaiming it very loudly and then enfolding him in a large and joyous embrace. There have even been reports of kissing.

Now, I do not wish to offend the members of any faith; we Zoroastrians do not encourage embracing while at worship ourselves, but this is largely because the fire makes it awkward. But I do rather wonder what could possibly be taking place in full public view during the few seconds of the "Peace". Is there an "inappropriate hugging" (is that a crucifix in your pocket, or are you just pleased to see me?) Or certain sad types of celebrants who just can't wait to get their rocks off from one Sunday to the next?

Puzzlingly, the Methodist chap on the radio yesterday suggested that the problem was not so much in the giving, but in the receiving. There might be those, he said, who had been abused as children, and for whom any uninvited physical contact with an unknown adult could be traumatic. I wasn't abused as a child, but I have to say that you don't have to be a trauma sufferer to recoil at some whisky-worshipper planting his tips on your face and pressing his roll-neck against your chest.

This has little, though, to do with harassment, and everything to do with Englishness. We do not like - nor can we cope with -

by David McKittrick

To say that tomorrow's march at Drumcree is a defining moment is actually gravely to underestimate its potential importance for Northern Ireland's future and the prospects for peace. It has the capacity to wreck the place.

If things go well the sense of relief generated could put new life into the hopes for progress. If they go badly it could be as calamitous as last year, or even worse. The sobering fact is that few think it will go well. Ever since Drumcree 2, as last July's confrontation is known, it has been clear that Drumcree 3 could pose similar problems to the political and security authorities and indeed everyone else.

Some may question whether all this doom and gloom is justified: after all, there always seems to be trouble in Northern Ireland - so why all the fuss? The answer is that it has the dangerous potential to develop into prolonged confrontation between the security forces and militant loyalism. And there is no guarantee that the violent republicans will stay on the sidelines.

John Major's government reacted to Drumcree 2 with denial, in effect pretending that nothing of any great moment was happening. In the midst of the crisis Sir Patrick Mayhew, then Northern Ireland Secretary, famously told an incredulous BBC interviewer to "Cheer up, for heaven's sake."

Sir Patrick has gone, leaving Labour and the security forces to pick up the pieces. The RUC, far from cheering up, privately acknowledged that law and order had broken down. The Chief Constable, Ronnie Flanagan, later said:

"Northern Ireland cannot withstand another summer like this. The country ... crept right to the edge of the abyss."

Another senior police figure said privately: "We were on the brink of all-out civil war. We kid ourselves that we live in a democracy - we have the truth in this community to have a Bosnia-style situation."

Catholic confidence in the RUC was close to collapse. Police sources acknowledged that nationalist faith in the force had never been as low since internecine without trial was introduced in 1971.

A senior Presbyterian minister summed it up as "Northern Ireland's Chernobyl, with almost a meltdown in community relations".

The poison released into the political atmosphere has barely lessened over the course of the past year: one example

of its effects was the recent jump in the Sinn Fein vote.

Drumcree last year cost £25m or more, frightening off much-needed investment and destabilising Northern Ireland to an extent which the IRA at its peak could only dream of

guaranteed to lead to Orange disorder, with loyalists blocking roads and initiating disturbances on a major scale.

The Government has indicated that it will use troops to keep open ports and airports which last time were closed down, but no one can be fully confident that even the combined resources of the RUC and the Army could cope with a full-scale loyalist rising. Whatever happens, there are dozens more marches in July and August which the losers may try to turn into re-matches.

A majority of Protestants and Catholics, including many with relatively hardline positions, fervently wish to avoid trouble. But the starkness of the options for the march - either it goes down Garvagh Road or it does not - means that even many of these people are torn between preserving the peace and asserting their own community's rights.

Pushing the march through will enrage nationalists both locally and elsewhere, driving further divisions between the RUC and the Catholic population and inevitably bringing nationalists rioters on to the streets. Halting the march and attempting to re-route it is

the possibility of simple rioting from hooligans on either side, fired up by a heady mixture of political tensions and beer.

The prospect of trouble could hardly have come at a worse time for both the peace process and the multi-party talks. Tony Blair appears to have the IRA boxed in, politically at least, with his recent abandonment of the weapons decommissioning requirement. He has also put David Trimble and his pivotal Ulster Unionist party under pressure, in essence telling them that in the event of an IRA ceasefire he must face the prospect of talks with Sinn Fein.

Drumcree could be decisive here: for a defeat for nationalists would get the IRA off the hook and might well postpone a ceasefire. The corollary is that a defeat for Unionists would make a walk-out from the talks more likely.

The upshot is therefore that one stretch of highway in an unattractive County Armagh town has been vested with huge historical and contemporary significance. Drumcree 2 did terrible damage to the fabric of the state and the moral authority of government: the widespread fear is that Drumcree 3 will do it again.

Drumcree last year cost £25m, scared off much-needed investment and destabilised Northern Ireland to an extent which the IRA at its peak could only dream of

There are also many who are positively spoiling for a fight and looking forward with great relish to street disturbances. One cause of much relief is the fact that the leaders of the major loyalist paramilitary groups are not intent on trouble. If it develops, however, many in their ranks can be expected to wade in.

The smaller Loyalist Volunteer Force, by contrast, has openly vowed to kill civilians in southern Ireland if the march is not allowed through, and will probably engage in violence in the north as well.

The number of active terrorists in its ranks is relatively small, but the group has a network of contacts among some of the hundreds of militant "Kick the Pope" bands. While not actually armed these can cause huge damage in street clashes.

Violence from the IRA or the smaller INLA group also cannot be ruled out: nor can

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THAILAND	63.45	108.10	41%
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The Empire turns its back again



Trevor Phillips

Britain preferred to focus on Hong Kong, where the time for action was past, while ignoring the tragedy unfolding in Montserrat

Fans of the empire must be weeping with joy into their cornflakes this morning. The United Nations has decided to put an end to the remnants of colonialism before the turn of the century. On the UN's past record of success, this might well herald a full-scale process of recolonisation across the planet.

There are many among the formerly colonised who would rejoice, of course - toadies, creeps and lickspittles all over the globe have secretly lamented the loss of their masters for nearly half a century now.

Here at the centre, there is the usual post-July the Fourth gloom: people still wonder how the inbred idiot George III managed to mislay the greatest prize in the history of colonialism - the United States. In just a few weeks, Indians and Pakistanis will also celebrate the 50th anniversary of their escape from the clutches of civilisation. And you would have had to be in the Falklands to escape the handing over of Hong Kong.

As ever, the nation's imperial past not only provides an occasion for a great deal of nonsense posturing, it also exposes continuing hypocrisy. When it came to the issue of colonial possessions, only one political principle has ever stood still long enough to be spotted: bugger the natives - what does London want? In the post-war period, Enoch Powell,

the scourge of immigrants, argued that Caribbean immigration was good for Britain, because it filled a labour gap, and neutralised the drive for independence. Just a decade later he was thundering that the black tide threatening to cause a race war triggered by competition for jobs.

The left made the same journey in reverse. Labour, which condemned Powell in the Sixties, spent much of the previous decade arguing that immigrants would be better off fighting for the independence and development of their own countries instead of driving down the wages of British workers.

This week, we saw colonial hypocrisy on a grand scale. While all eyes looked east to Hong Kong, a desperate human tragedy was being played out in the west, on the island of Montserrat. As ever in Britain's colonial past, it proved convenient to focus where we have no power, while ignoring our responsibilities in an arena where we might, with courage and firmness of purpose, make a difference.

The hypocrisy over Hong Kong has been well-rehearsed. Having promised the Hong Kong people that come what may they would not be abandoned to tyranny, we did just that. The people have been led to believe for the past 50 years that should the territory return to China they would be offered a choice: stay and live with the

new regime, or a passport to the motherland. As we now know, the campaign by Lord Tebbit and others stymied that promise. They turned a historic debt of honour into a nasty little skirmish about immigration. Thus though the handover was marked by a pointless row over China's human-rights record, Peking will now do as it pleases, and do just a shadow play. The time to act has passed, and we failed the test of nerve. Despite the ethical policy devised by Robin Cook, it seems that we will co-operate with the largest market in the world; we cannot afford to do otherwise.

Yet, half the globe away, six and a half thousand subjects of the Queen are watching the death of their island in abject poverty and hopelessness, while our government appears to be paralysed by a fear of offending a few local politicians. Montserrat has suffered two blows of fate in the past decade. In 1989, Hurricane Hugo destroyed nearly all buildings on the island, thus wrecking much of the island's principal earner, tourism. Within months, the population started to drop. In 1995, there were 12,500 islanders. So far, 6,000 have packed their bags and gone, many to neighbouring islands, which are themselves unlikely to offer a new life. The rest remain on the edge of disaster, devastated by the two-year-long eruption of the

island's volcano, which now threatens to make Montserrat uninhabitable. Four thousand people have no homes to go to.

Conditions there are all but intolerable. The island's hospital has been turned into communal housing, even though it has no inside toilets. The two police cells have now been filled, and the local library has been turned into a prison, inadequate to cope with the inevitable violence and belligerency that arise in such situations. Schooling is close to collapse; many of those evacuated from the island are teachers.

Above all, there is still a real risk of life. Many of the island's farms lie in the danger zone. If farmers neglect their land, they will starve; if they do not, they may forfeit their lives. The toll is already heavy - eight dead, 10 missing, presumed dead, and a further eight disappeared.

Yet in spite of pressure from the likes of the MP Diane Abbott and the Liberal Democrat peer Baroness Hamwee, our government does not seem to appreciate the urgency of the situation. Some funds have been made available, expertise has been lent, particularly by the Royal Navy, and Baroness Symons, the Foreign Office minister, paid a visit to examine the scene. But funds remain limited; there is not yet, as I understand it, a proper liaison system with the government of Montserrat; and the parliamentary record suggests that

Labour ministers, like their predecessors, remain more concerned with not having to extend entry rights to the UK to Montserratians than in giving them the wherewithal to survive.

Fundamentally, a decision has to be made: can Montserrat be saved? If the conclusion is that it cannot, we should tell the Montserratians now and make plans for their resettlement. But if the island can be saved, then the Foreign Office has to decide if the colonial power will open its purse, just as it did for the Falklands.

Preservation of the British way of life had all-party support in the South Atlantic; is there any reason why the principle should be different for this corner of the Caribbean? The muttering in Whitehall is that, though the Foreign Office would like to help, its hand is somehow stayed by disagreements between local politicians. This is a sorry excuse, reminiscent of every colonial administrator's effort to blame the natives for his own incompetence. When it mattered to Britain, the views of colonial peoples never stood in the way of London's will. Whether it does now could be the first real test of Robin Cook's commitment to ethics and human rights in foreign policy. As long as Britain remains a colonial power, it should act like one, and exercise responsibility to rescue its subjects.

the commentators



business & city

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Budget clampdown is behind market frenzy

Andrew Yates
and John Willcock

The wild fluctuations in the UK stock market since Wednesday's Budget have been driven by the surprise abolition of tax breaks for market-makers, according to informed City sources. The FTSE 100 jumped 80.3 points on Thursday but fell back 18.9 points yesterday to close at 1812.8. Intra-day movements in the index were volatile on both days.

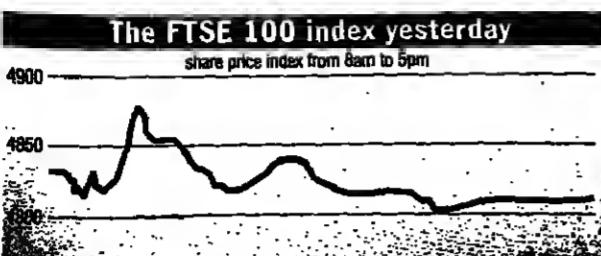
One of London's biggest market-makers, who did not want to be named, said yesterday: "I have never seen the volatility in the UK equity market that we have seen in the last 48 hours." He blamed an obscure clause in the Budget which removes tax exemption for dividends held by banks for trading purposes.

The clause has prompted a scramble by tax advisers to work out the implications for City investment banks, many of whom own equity books worth hundreds of millions of pounds.

The market-maker continued: "Some of these banks have enormous books and they have to be revisited downwards. It is a material hit in some cases. Some analysis said the Budget tax changes could cost the banking sector more than £1bn."

Traders have rushed to rebalance their equity and derivative portfolios since Wednesday's Budget in an attempt to reduce losses arising from long-term fixed-income contracts with building societies and insurance companies.

These contracts provide building societies and insurance companies with a guaranteed income stream, typically over five years, high enough to pay out on customer policies which guarantee returns linked to stock market performance. "They [the banks] had to buy shares to rebalance their portfolios to compensate for a fall in dividend income due to tax cuts," one source said yesterday. The bank takes on the risk of



providing this guaranteed income stream in return for a fee. To hedge its risks the bank would normally invest in a basket of FTSE 100 stocks and a series of complex financial instruments, including futures and options.

How the market-making tax scam worked

- The market-maker buys shares just before dividends are due to be paid to shareholders.
- After securing the dividend, the market maker then sells the shares, establishing a loss on the transaction. This is because the price invariably falls to compensate for the fact that the shares have gone ex-dividend. That price fall is then treated as a trading loss and written off against the bank's corporate tax bill.
- The market-maker receives the dividend, which up until the Budget would have been treated as exempt from corporation tax. It has thus established a fictitious loss. Furthermore, the tax credit on the dividend payment of 20 per cent, although not paid, could be offset against the market maker's future corporation tax liability, thus further reducing any tax paid.
- Market makers have factored these tax breaks into the pricing of equity option contracts used by building societies and insurance companies to offer investors guaranteed returns. "Guaranteed" return funds have become a popular form of saving with retail investors over the last two years. Some of these options will now have to be re-hedged through the stock market to make up the shortfall in dividend income.

from shareholdings. The tax changes mean that the banks have been saddled with mis-priced derivatives. "Undoubtedly this is a problem. They will have to revalue their derivatives books," said an analyst yesterday. It is thought that alone could cost up to £400m.

The market in these guaranteed bonds has exploded in recent years with a host of new products hitting the high street, and it is now estimated to be worth at least £2bn. "The key players in the market are UBS, BZW and NatWest. Other banks such as JP Morgan and Midland are involved. Together they have mopped up virtually all of the business," said one source. Each of these banks stand to lose millions of pounds, and individual losses could rise as high as several hundreds of millions of pounds, another source suggested.

The Inland Revenue's decision to clamp down on a tax scam exploited by market-makers will cost banks well in excess of £100m a year. Market-makers had been buying huge amounts of shares in companies that were just about to pay dividends. When the shares went ex-dividend their price would duly fall. Not only could the bank set this price fall against future profits, but it would receive the dividend and an associated 20 per cent tax credit that could be used to reduce its tax bill at a later date.

The Inland Revenue confirmed that its reforms, which are projected to yield £500m by 2001, would affect all market-makers. Any bank holding preference shares are also likely to hit.

The Inland Revenue is understood to be determined to push these tax reforms through to deter companies marketing a range of new financial products specifically designed to avoid tax.

The tax changes will probably lead to a rise in prices of guaranteed income policies. Existing policyholders will not be affected.



What the papers say: Mirror Group chief executive David Montgomery (right) with Chris Oakley, Midland Independent Newspapers chief executive, who will join the Mirror board

Mirror up after £297m MIN deal

Sameena Ahmed

Shares in Mirror Group rose strongly on relief that it would not launch a rights issue to fund a £297m agreed bid for Midland Independent Newspapers (MIN) announced yesterday.

David Montgomery, chief executive, said also Mirror Group was not planning to sell any titles or its 20 per cent stake in Scottish Media to pay for the deal, worth 210p cash per MIN share, with a partial share alternative.

"We do not need to sell anything to fund this deal. Our assets are all performing well and there is more growth to come," said Mr Montgomery.

John Allwood, finance director, added that in the longer term the group might look to buy regional papers where they were not represented, such as the South-east.

Shares in Mirror Group, which first disclosed it was in talks with MIN last month, rose 14.5p to 200.5p. Shares in MIN, which owns the Birmingham Post and Birmingham Evening Mail, the UK's second highest selling regional newspaper, added 5.5p to 194p.

Mr Montgomery said the acquisition, which will be funded through debt, would expand Mirror Group's role as a major player in the regional newspaper publishing market.

Mirror Group, which owns a large stake in The Independent, has a 54 per cent newspaper market share in Scotland largely through its ownership of the Daily Record. "We imagine that we will at least replicate that position in the Midlands," said Mr Montgomery.

Analysts do not expect there to be a monopoly issue, though the bid automatically triggers a referral to the Department of Trade and Industry.

As well as £5m cost savings next year and further savings beyond, Mr Montgomery said the deal offered significant scope to raise revenues.

Chris Oakley, chief executive of MIN, will join the Mirror board.

Pound set to reach DM3

Magnus Grimond

The pound built on its post-Budget gains yesterday to break decisively through the DM2.95 central rate at which it crashed out of the European exchange rate mechanism in 1992.

As the currency also came close to 10 francs to the pound, dealers said it was now on course to breach the DM3 barrier, causing more pain for exporters and foreign earners, like LucasVarity, GKN and Cadbury Schweppes, all of which saw further falls in their share prices yesterday.

The pound ended up around two pence from DM2.965, its highest level against the German currency for nearly six years, and was close to 3 centimes better against the franc at Fr9.957, a level not seen since early 1991, having touched 9.9896 at one stage yesterday. The sterling index, which measures the pound against a basket of other currencies, added a further half point to 104, also its peak level 1990.

Many economists said Wednesday's Budget, the first by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gordon Brown, would do little to cool an incipient consumer boom. As a result, the currency markets were now betting on next week's meeting of the Bank of England's new monetary policy committee

Gold slumps to fresh low

Clifford German

The price of gold fell almost \$5 to \$324.50 an ounce yesterday, its lowest level since December 1985, in reaction to news that the Australian central bank had sold 167 tonnes of gold, two-thirds of its entire stock, over the past six months to swell its interest-earning foreign exchange reserves.

The Australian sale is slightly smaller than the 203 tonnes the Belgian central bank sold in March last year and the 300 tonnes sold by the Netherlands in January this year. But it comes at a time when the gold price has already fallen by \$50 an ounce over the last six months.

Australia is the world's third biggest gold producer and the clear inference is that it has lost

its grip on the market.

He expects a 0.25 per cent increase to be announced. A half point jump would send "a very strong message" about the Budget measures, he said.

However, although the pound is likely to go through DM3, Mr Briscoe said there was a growing realisation that it was overvalued.

This view was shared by Marian Bell, economist at the Royal Bank of Scotland, who said the market was pricing in "too early and too steep rate rises." She dismissed suggestions the Bank would increase rates by a half-point next week.

"The pound is quite obviously overshooting ... but if I am right about the Bank next week, that could be the trigger for a correction," she said.

Don Cruickshank, the telecommunications regulator, yesterday used his new competition powers for the first time by ordering British Telecom to raise the price of its popular chargecard service.

The ruling came on the same day that BT revealed increases in chargecard call prices, a move it insisted was pre-planned. But Ofte, the watch-

faith in the metal sent shock waves through bullion markets. Gold mining shares in Australia, Canada and South Africa also dropped yesterday.

Turnover on the bullion markets yesterday was relatively low because US markets were closed for Independence Day. But holding gold costs central banks alone an estimated \$15bn (£8.9bn) a year in lost interest.

Several more central banks are thought to be considering selling gold reserves now that inflation appears to be under control. Some bullion market analysts are suggesting that the price could fall below \$300 an ounce.

The setback comes at a time when South African gold mining companies are preparing next week to announce overall net losses for the second quarter of

1997.

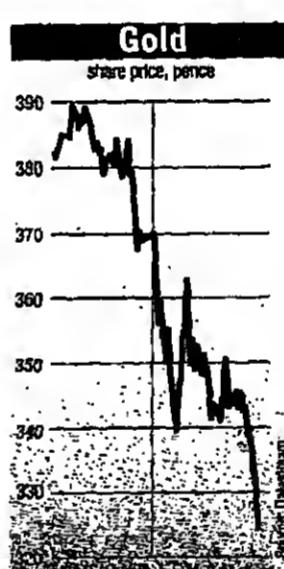
Analysts said that there was substantial pent-up demand

in the year. Australian gold mines are also losing money. The average cost of producing an ounce of gold there is \$358 an ounce.

World-wide demand for gold, especially for jewellery is already greater than the amount of newly mined gold but stocks in central banks and investment holdings are ample to meet excess demand for many years.

However, some analysts believe that a steep fall in the gold price now could be the best thing for markets in the long run because it would stimulate demand for gold jewellery, particularly in the Far East. Demand for gold to make jewellery is already greater than purchases by central banks and the conventional investment demand for gold bars and coins.

Analysts said that there was substantial pent-up demand



in China and in India where gold jewellery remained a store of value for many rural families and an integral part of the dowry system.

group floated at 255p a share three years ago. The realisation comes with an initial investment of £100,000 when they founded the business in 1981.

The two, who are joint managing directors, will move from their current six-month rolling contracts paying an annual salary of £230,000 to a fixed one-year term while successors are found.

Peter Freeman said yesterday they felt the company had outgrown them. "We would rather work on three schemes and add value at a minute level than work on 30 schemes and have people report to us ... We want to get back to running our own company."

He said they wanted to return to putting together big developments without having to deal with an investment portfolio.

The other beneficiaries from yesterday's deal are Alan Ward, Pincus Investors, an arm of the biggest venture capital group in the US, AF Portfolio, and another US venture capital group, and Chasophiel.

If the deal goes through, the Freemans are set to receive £12m from their 5 per cent stake in Argent, on top of around £2m the pair have realised since the Kleinwort Benson.

Property group unveils BT bid

Magnus Grimond

Argent, a retail property group, yesterday unveiled a £240m bid from the British Telecom pension scheme as part of plans for Peter and Michael Freeman, the group's founders, to bow out of the business.

The general offer at 375p a share in cash and loan notes became mandatory under Stock Exchange rules after the pension fund's property arm, Britel, agreed to buy out the combined 39.5 per cent stake belonging to the Freeman brothers and their venture capital backers.

Unusually, the offer, which reflects the current net asset value, is pitched at a substantial discount to Thursday's closing market price of 450p, sending the shares sliding 77.5p to 372.5p yesterday. Britel is understood to be keen for Argent to retain its stock market listing as it does not have to consolidate the property group's debt.

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OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS CURRENT INTEREST RATES

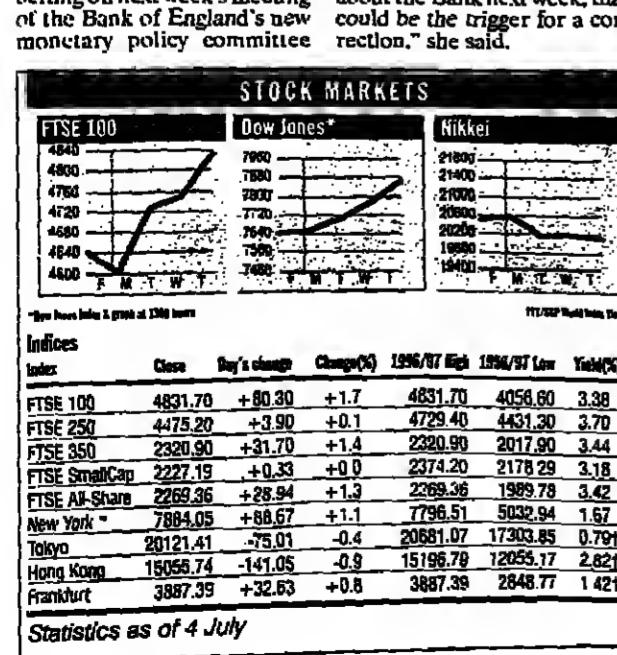
EFFECTIVE FROM 5 JULY 1997

Amount required	ANNUAL INTEREST % L/C/	MONTHLY INTEREST % L/C/	ANNUAL INTEREST % L/C/
Over £1,000	7.50	7.25	
£10,000 or more			
£100,000 or more	6.85	6.64	6.85
£500,000 or more	6.75	6.55	6.75
£1,000,000 or more	6.70	6.50	6.70
£10,000,000 or more	6.65	6.46	6.65
£25,000,000 or under	0.50	0.50	0.50
OFFSHORE INSTANT ACCOUNT			
£1,000,000 or more	6.35	6.17	6.35
£500,000 or more	6.25	6.08	6.25
£250,000 or more	6.15	5.98	6.15
£100,000 or more	6.10	5.94	6.10
£50,000 or under	0.50	0.50	0.50

*Compounded annual rate is the annual return for one investment of monthly regular payments at 5.75% over 5 years. Rates are subject to change.

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TOUR DE FRANCE: Champion the target for young guns as Britain's Boardman bids for early glory. Robin Nicholl reports from Rouen



On the road again: Johnny Weltz, the US Postal Services team manager, confers with the veteran Italian rider, Adriano Baffi

Photograph: Graham Watson

Riis arrives in Anquetil's town to throw down Viking gauntlet

Normandy has known a few conquerors and conflicts in its time. It began with a Viking called Rollon in 911, and this week the Vikings are biking in for more conquests. Notably, there is Bjarne Riis, a Dane with designs on a second triumph in the Tour de France, which opens with a time-trial in Rouen.

Riis's performance today is likely to be hampered by yesterday's banning of the blue he planned to ride, under a ruling that forbids "anything that reduces resistance and offers artificial acceleration." One consolation is that Abraham Olano, the principal threat to the Dane, was also planning to use the same design.

Riis will not expect to take the race leader's yellow jersey in the manner which Rollon and his raiders were granted Normandy — a move to prevent them invading Paris and Chartres. Normans like their conquerors bold, but after Guillaume le Conquerant had given King Harold one in the eye at Hastings, they had to wait nearly 900 years to public respect for another victorious local lad.

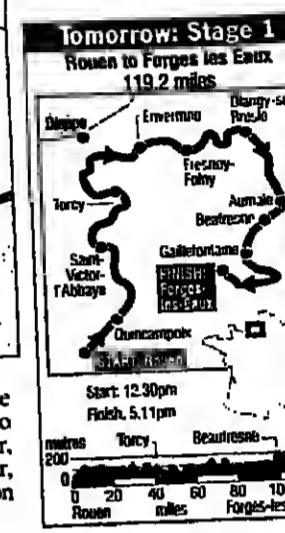
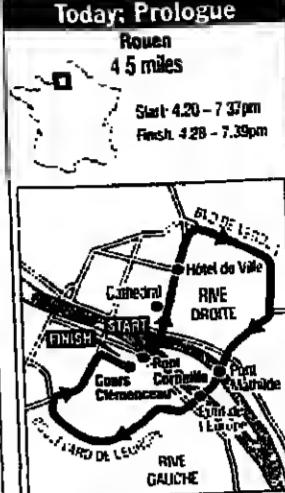
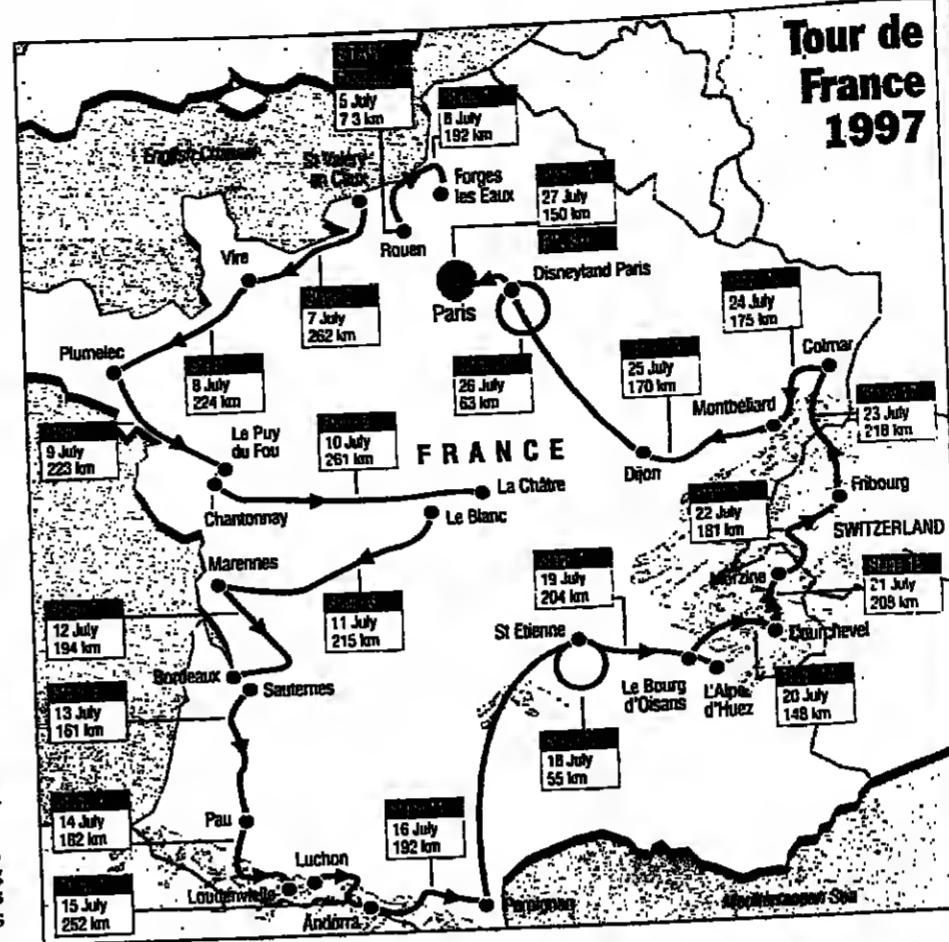
Then, their hero was a cyclist. Jacques Anquetil made a winning Tour debut in 1957 when he was 23, and his first stage success was in his home city of Rouen.

When the Tour opened there 36 years ago, Anquetil wore the leader's colours from day one until the finish in Paris, and he continued to make his fellow Rouennais proud until he died from cancer, aged 52.

The Tour and Rouen have come together this week to remember "Master Jacques" 10 years after the death of a man who won five Tours, two Giro d'Italia, and one Vuelta a Espana.

On Wednesday a road on the banks of the Seine was renamed Quai Jacques Anquetil in the presence of his widow, Jeanine, and Anquetil's team-mates from the Tour of 1957. Today brings Eddy Merckx, Bernard Hinault and Miguel Indurain to Quincampoix, a small village north of Rouen, to pay homage to the tomb of their fellow five-time winner of the Tour.

Five hours later, the 34th Tour opens at the junction of Quai Jacques Anquetil with a short time-trial for which the



Norman would have been an odds-on favourite. His kind of dominance will not reign in this Tour. The Viking Riis was nine years older than Anquetil when he checked the six-in-a-row ambitions of Indurain last year.

Now he is the target, and Spain is providing some ammunition with Olano, who once upset his countrymen by having the effrontery to beat the revered, but now retired, Indurain. This time Olano is their man, and this season the Basque joined Indurain's former sponsors, the finance house of Banesto.

When a Dutch magazine polled other Tour winners for their top three, Indurain topped the list, followed by Richard Virenque and Mikel Merckx. Tipped 'Riis' with Virenque and 'compatriot' Laurent Jalabert second and third, while Hinault named Jalabert, Mikel Zarzabita and Olano.

Apart from Hinault's pen-

chant for being different by naming another Basque, Zarzabita (second in the 1994 Vuelta), the big three are agreed on four contenders even if they each have a different finishing order.

There are 3,950 kilometres (2,468 miles) plus the Pyrenees and the Alps between Rouen and the finish in Paris, and ample scope for surprises.

Jan Ulrich, Riis's German team-mate, was last year's revelation, with second place and a stage win on his debut at 22. Even Walter Godefroot, as hard-boiled as managers come, was moved to predict that Ulrich could win the 1997 Tour. Indurain supported that sentiment, having felt the force when the German beat him by 56 seconds in a time-trial. Indurain's speciality, among the vineyards of St Emilion.

The ambitions of Riis, however, come first for Ulrich, but not for those lurking in the wings. With Alex Zulle riding

the remaining 15km are over a twisting descent to the finish.

That test comes in 14 days, when British hopes are riding on Boardman to spend some time in the yellow jersey, as he did three years ago on his first Tour.

Boardman cannot shake off memories of his crash that broke his wrist and an ankle on the first day of a rain-soaked 1995 Tour. It was also a damp day last year in the Netherlands, when he lost by two seconds to Zulle.

"Even if it rains the course will be OK," he said of the 7.3km (five-mile) circuit which has only one serious corner on its route over the Seine and past the 12th Century cathedral. "It's not technical, and I am very happy."

Pastries, pain and downhill dodgems

A race like the Tour relies on teamwork.

Chris Maume played his part for a day in the Alps

supporting our man, Jean-Cyril Robin, who is in Olano's group, and we get the call that Ekimov needs help as he tries to claw back his lead. Once again, Jose is Schumacher's crossroads with James Bond and I am in danger of whiplash as we surge through the field. We reach him as the lower slopes of the Col are kicking in. Ekimov is in trouble.

As we ascend, the rain stops, the clouds clear, the riders throw away their caps and misery in the rain becomes well, misery in the sun. What Baffi was going through, so now is Ekimov, his plight made worse by the certain knowledge that the yellow jersey is on his back only in the strict physical sense. His fight makes compelling watching, even given the distractions of the astonishing human scenery. As we near the peak the fans crowd in, and wild-eyed.

4.15: Ekimov goes over the top and picks up speed. Descents are the real stuff of bike races. For the drivers, that is. Give them a open road, a few hairpins and any excuse and they are unleashed.

The rain sets in, and we move up to hand out plastic caps, following our men Adriano Baffi and Pascal Deraemes as they work together. The veteran Baffi is having problems, and he motions his team-mate to go on without him.

As the first of the two big climbs approaches, the first category Col de Vars (take it from me, first category is tough), Baffi is in dire straits. We stay with him as makes his painful ascent, each push on the pedal seemingly his last, his calf muscles writhing around each other like snakes fighting in a bag, his face crumpling under the strain.

3.30: Baffi gets to the top of the Col de Vars, but we get the call to move forward to support the American and Canadian, Marty Jemison and Tyler Hamilton, who need fluids. As the ascent to the awesome Col d'Izoard begins, I lean as far out of the window as I can without falling out and had over drinks — water and Dexan for Hamilton, a can of Coke for Jemison.

The main car is near the front

WEEKEND FIXTURES

TODAY

Rugby Union

THIRD TEST MATCH: South Africa v British Isles (4.15pm) at Ellis Park, Johannesburg.

INTERNATIONAL MATCH: USA v Wales (12.00 midday) at Washington, North Carolina.

Rugby League

STONES SUPER LEAGUE: Paris v Bradford (7.30pm) at Elland Road (July 30).

INTERNATIONAL CUP: Group Three: Ards (N.I.) v Australia (T.T.O.), Group Four: Maccabi Tel Aviv (Isr.) v Coventry (Rep of Ire) (7.30pm).

WORLD YOUTH CHAMPIONSHIP: British Assem, Malaysia; Third place: USA, Spain, Republic of Ireland, France, Uruguay v Argentina.

TOMORROW

Rugby League

3.30: 7.30pm (July 6)

ELITE LEAGUE: Eastbourne v King's Lynn, St Helens v Bradford (6.30pm) at Elland Road.

PREMIER LEAGUE: Barrow v Reading (6.30pm).

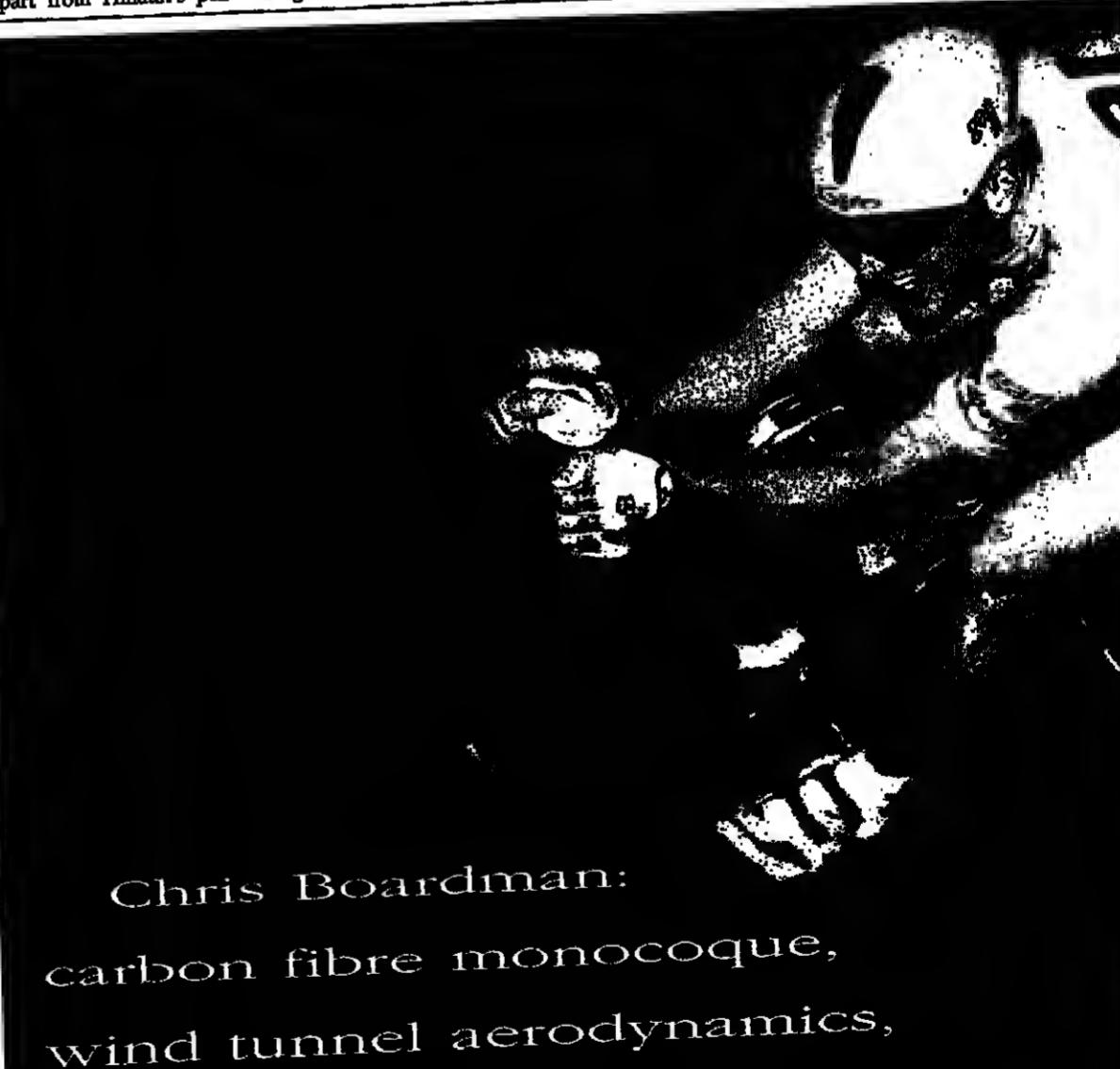
QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"My career was on the line. I've got kids to bring up. What could I do? Kill Tyson, after taking a chunk out of Eddie Murphy's ear."

"The first thing that ran across my mind was to bite him back. Notified."

"Bowes should eat before they fight. Sylvester Stallone, at inside."

"I apologise to the world, I only hope that I am not penalised for this for this mistake. Tyson, two days after the fight."



Chris Boardman:

carbon fibre monocoque,

wind tunnel aerodynamics,

remote heart rate monitoring.

And, of course, Jacob's Fig Rolls.

World records, gold medals, yellow jerseys and, of course, the perfect balance of simple and complex carbohydrates for recovery and sustained energy release: Jacob's Fig Rolls.

Pick up a pack of Chris Boardman's favourite energy snack now and you also get a chance to win one of

30 Gary Fisher mountain bikes and thousands of other prizes like Berghaus fleeces and daypacks.

So get on your bike and get some.



The energy essential.

ame
ious

of the sports press
assistant, Sporting
"It only becomes
ring if they are not
to evoke the same
different way.
Wimbledon's great
and was not
exp. relations. Björn
told that he took the
to the All England
for several years to
have while competing
Championships.
As we have seen Greg
at the same point
all time after time and
in a towel around his
blanket. While some
might appear excess
celebrated it. "Habits
and superstitions are
of a person's play."

Todd Woodbridge
beats a hasty
retreat from the
Championships
yesterday - a
straight-sets
semi-final loss
against Pete
Sampras
Photograph: PA



Arena special: Richard Edmondson imagines the spectres of Wimbledon past from the dilapidated terrace of the superseded No 1 Court

Photograph: David Ashdown

delight



It may have been a painful exercise to occupy the new Court No 1 on Thursday as our boys haled not tamely, but that was nothing compared with seeing the damaged skeleton of the original arena yesterday.

What remains behind high doors at the All England Club is a pit where once there was a temple in the highest drama of Wimbledon. A winding reminder of great days past comes in the waves of applause from the Centre Court as you survey the cabins, water tanks and building material lying in such haphazard order it appears they have been thrown to their

location by floodwater. There remain vestiges of times past: the scoreboard operator's hut, teak, benches that have seen some services, and the open west terrace still on its way in the stars.

There is also a clear view over to the new No 1, the so-called younger brother of the Centre Court, and the mourning of a passing can largely be erased by the sight of its functional replacement. They are bonded by the decoration of a simple purple and dark green stripe. The one at the old court lies like a memorial shroud over the old ramparts, while the other has the christening sense of a sheet at the car showroom.

The pattern of grass has long

been removed from the old surface and transplanted at Eastbourne. We will have to wait until next summer to discover if the courts at the East Sussex resort start taking on the characteristics of the All-England Club. Meanwhile, it is not difficult to imagine the ghosts and spectres of those who once damped in the arena.

This was where Connors and Nestor, the Bradford & Bingley team, having played doubles in the quarter-final, had elsewhere tried their luck with umbrellas in hand one rain-threatened afternoon. It was

where Boris Becker surrendered a tennis contest but gained a following for the sort of sage words that struggle to get out of most sportsmen's mouths. "I lost a tennis match," he said after Australia's Peter Doohan had destroyed his prospects of winning a third consecutive championship in 1987. "It was not a year. Nobody

said on his headband, not least the time in 1981 when he opined towards an umpire: "You are the pits." John McEnroe added that umpire and referee were "two bumps in a log". Then the audience was told to dismiss itself. "I am so disgusting you shouldn't watch," McEnroe said. "Everybody leave."

McEnroe and Becker were among the parade of multiple champions at the launch of the new No 1, and though the lawn may now be 12 days old there is already enough for an appendix to the history book.

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baptism against Daniel Nestor and the sight of Greg Rusedski, formerly of Canada but now with the documents of Blighty, displaying his fridge showroom of a smile in the quarter-finals. While the old place was a scrapyard on Thursday its successor became the new graveyard as both Britons then departed the championships.

The ease of cultivation of the younger brother's surface means the auditorium may become even more popular with the players than the Centre Court. It will be a far more protracted struggle, however, to capture the favour of those who still transport the memory of the original which lies on a slab in SW19.

Q: How would you celebrate if you won Wimbledon?
A: I wouldn't have time to celebrate because I would be too busy putting together my movie about the biggest underdog to win, Nicole Arentz, a third-round victim to Monica Seles, or the film that was never made.
Q: If you could invite anybody in the world to sit in the players' box to watch you play, who would it be?
A: Mother Nature, Arentz again.
A: Travis Knight of the LA Lakers, Lindsay Davenport
A: Madonna, Jana Novotna.
Q: If you were a first-time Wimbledon fan, how long would you wait in a queue to get in?
A: I would wait for ever. I would sleep in a tent. I would do anything if that was the only way to get into Wimbledon.
A: You've got to be kidding, Arentz.
Q: What's the one thing that is most misunderstood about you?
A: That I am a very nice person, Novotna.

Q: Where does this rank as far as your career is concerned?
A: It could be my biggest win, a match as huge as that on Centre Court at Wimbledon with the crowd going bananas and flashes going on a bit like a pop concert. Todd Woodbridge after defeating Michael Chang.
Q: Do you feel sorry for Clare?
A: Yes, I feel a little bit sorry for her but I was trying not to be on the court pretty long, Arantxa Sanchez-Vicario after her emphatic 6-0, 6-0 victory over Clare Wood.
Q: Did you know you are the first British woman qualifier to win a match at Wimbledon since 1976?
A: Am I really, wow.
Q: The last one was Karen Muisworth, who was also from Devon. Have you had any contact with her?
A: What's her name?
Q: Karen Muisworth
A: Never heard of her. Karen Cross showing West Country solidarity after her defeat of Linda Wild.

Shroud covers the court of dreams

Richard Edmondson takes a fond last look at the now dismantled old No 1

Memorable observations were made six years earlier by a New Yorker whose style was not to charm officials to distraction. His mind was a field of battle just about every time he

was removed from the old surface and transplanted at Eastbourne. We will have to wait until next summer to discover if the courts at the East Sussex resort start taking on the characteristics of the All-England Club. Meanwhile, it is not difficult to imagine the ghosts and spectres of those who once damped in the arena.

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Familiar faces head for final

GUY HODGSON

Iana Novotna withdrew from the event yesterday as a precaution for today's singles final.

The Czech, with Lindsay Davenport the third seeds, has a slight strain of the right hamstring and decided to pull out at the quarter-final stage, allowing the 12th-seeded Sabine Appelmans and Miriam Oremans a walkover.

Hannah Colin, who at 15 is the girl most likely to lead British women's tennis beyond the millennium, moved into the last eight of the 18 and under Girls' Championship with a 6-1, 6-4 win over Japan's Risa Fujiwara.

Home interest in the Boys' singles ended in a familiar manner, however, when the top seed, Germany's Daniel Elsner, defeated Adrian Barnes

6-2 6-1. Shades of Michael Stich and Tim Henman.

In Germany, there was a widespread sense of shock to the news that Boris Becker has played his last Wimbledon. Becker was the heart of our tennis," one newspaper wrote. "Boris was passion, excitement, fascination."

Becker said on German television that he was relieved to have put the decision behind him and now planned to concentrate on his family.

"Now I'd like to have a bigger family," he said. "Three, four children - however, it's not all up to me." Becker and his wife, Barbara, have a three-year-old son, Noah.

Becker said that he had been preparing his announcement

since being defeated in the first round at the Australian Open.

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"yes, but what's the score
at Wimbledon now?"
solution

sport

Seve slumps but Olazabal survives

Golf

ANDY FARRELL
reports from
Druid's Glen, Co Wicklow

It is always distracting when you are battling to make the cut yourself, to be playing with someone who cannot find the main parts of the golf course.

At least, in Jose Maria Olazabal, Seve Ballesteros had someone who is sympathetic to his plight and confident in his own abilities to survive the half-way axe in the Murphy's Irish Open.

While Ballesteros slumped, without having to face the bowing of Shane Warne, to an out-

ward half of 41 and eventually finished at 11 over, his countryman found three birdies on the back nine just when he needed them.

Olazabal faced missing the cut for the first time since his return to the tour in February when he double-bogeyed the par-five fifth. His drive ended in a bush and he was forced to take a penalty drop, but the story of his problems for two days here concerns more his lack of fortune on the greens. After a birdie-four at the 11th, the Basque finally holed a couple of 12-15 footers at the next two holes to qualify for the weekend at three over.

He was not the only star to

struggle. Bernhard Langer crashed to eight over, while Nick Faldo was four over for the day before back-to-back birdies at the 15th and 16th brought him back to level par. Sweden's Michael Jonzon made a sizeable advance with a new course record of 64, one better than Lee Westwood's effort of the day before, which included five birdies in a row.

Westwood maintained his lead with a 69, but in common with the others on the leaderboard overnight he did not find life easy until he holed four of the last eight holes. Thomas Bjorn, at six under with Jonzon, was at two over after a 70, the same score as Colin Montgomerie, who is four adrift.

The testing nature of this Druid's Glen course has seen only a handful of players finish under par for two rounds and Constantino Rocca was not one of them. The Italian double-bogeyed the 18th for the second day running when his approach shot hit a tree 20 yards ahead of him and rebounded into the pond in front of the green.

Rocca then hurled his club into the tree, from which he needed his driver to extract it. "It was a four-iron," said his Irish caddie, "which then became a tree-iron."

Scores, Digest, page 28

the US Masters only two years ago, has pulled out of the Open Championship, which takes place at Troon in two weeks' time, while another former Masters champion, Fuzzy Zoeller, has decided not to try to qualify.

A toe injury and his father's poor health have forced Crenshaw out of an event in which he has twice finished runner-up. Along with Zoeller, fellow-Americans Robert Gamez and Duffy Waldorf have also withdrawn from final qualifying.

Mark O'Meara shades Woods

Mark O'Meara narrowly upstaged his friend and neighbour, Tiger Woods, to take the first-round lead at the Motorola Western Open in Lemont, Illinois, on Thursday night.

O'Meara made a fine birdie at his final hole to shoot a six-under-par 66 in a testing wind on the highly rated Cog Hill course on the outskirts of Chicago. He enjoyed a one-stroke advantage over Woods, Phil Blackmar, Jim Furyk and Dave Stockton Jr.

Ben Crenshaw, the winner of

the 1996 US Masters, has

been eliminated from final qualifying.

Colin Montgomerie lines up a putt on the 17th at Druid's Glen yesterday

Photograph: Andrew Reddington/Allsport

Doohan dips below Checa after wobble

Motorcycling

Michael Doohan survived a scare in yesterday's practice for the San Marino Grand Prix at Imola, and has to settle for provisional second place on the grid behind Spain's Carlos Checa.

The defending world 500cc champion lost control of his Honda on a left-hand bend as he tried to pass a slower rider.

He careered off the track, sped down a grass verge towards a perimeter wall before he was hauled the bike back on to the tarmac.

Doohan thought the 'mis-

take happened as he pressed for a leading time. "Because I was getting a bit frustrated I turned on the gas rather aggressively and ran off the track," he said.

Doohan, aiming for his fourth consecutive world title and his seventh victory of the season, recorded 1min 49.755sec, 0.581 seconds slower than Checa, also on a Honda, who lapped Imola's recently modified circuit in 1:49.374.

Anthony Gobert was third on a Suzuki in 1:50.096 with Nobuatsu Aoki, on a Honda, fourth.

Qualifying times, Digest, page 28

Castleford in last-chance brasserie

Rugby League

DAVE HADFIELD

The Bradford Bulls might be charging away with the Stones Super League title, but there are still matches of great significance this weekend, starting today in the contrasting surroundings of Huddersfield and Paris.

At the Charlestown stadium this evening, Castleford have a chance – conceivably their last chance – to climb out of last place in the table, provided they beat Paris by enough. If they lose, there will be a four-point gap between the two sides and life will look precarious in the extreme

for one of the code's traditional heartland clubs.

At Huddersfield this afternoon, Hull can ensure that it will be they who will replace whoever drops out of the top division. Despite their shabby performance against Featherstone last week, they should seize the opportunity at the second time of asking.

Victory for Huddersfield, on the other hand, would leave them with a lingering hope of snatching the prize.

It is a mark of St Helens' de-

termination that it will be a major surprise tomorrow if they slow down Bradford's progress towards replacing them as champions. On top of their injury list

and the general loss of confidence, Saints will be without the suspended Derek McVey and, without any title aspirations of their own, might experiment with team selection.

Leeds, with second place to play for when they meet Salford, will be without Francis Cummins for six weeks and Barrie McDermott, who broke his leg against Halifax on Wednesday night, for considerably longer.

Graham Holroyd, who has been transfer-listed this week, will continue to train and play for Leeds while other clubs take note of his availability. Salford are showing a keen interest in

Castleford were to win in Paris. Something will have to give at Warrington, where the arrival of Warrington must find replacements for Kelly Sheldford and Nigel Vagana, both suspended for two matches for a spear tackle, while Halifax hope to have their hooker Paul Rowley back after a knee injury.

The game breaks new ground with Oldham, unable to use Boundary Park because of reseeding, taking a match to Hyde for the first time. Defeat for Oldham by Sheffield Eagles could leave them just one point above the two bottom clubs, if

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The strongest challenge in the other half of the draw comes from the Augustus sculling camp. The only medal for the American men in Atlanta came in this event and Augustus now has the pick of the available talent. Stroked by the silver medallist, Brian Jamieson, they swept aside Melbourne University, led by the 1992 Olympic champion, Peter Anthony.

In the Diamond sculls, The American, Jamie Koves, made light work of his quarters final with Steve Tucker, while Greg Searle's rival today was made to work hard by the Dutchman, Ardi Middag. Searle took the early lead, which was eroded in the mid-race before he pushed clear at the three-quarter mile.

In the women's sculls, Guin Batten faced her biggest domestic rival, the 6ft 4in, 13st Sarah Winkless, who allowed her inex-

perience to show when she stopped after a clash shortly after the start, giving Batten enough room to win as she pleased.

Results, Digest, page 28

Welsh hopes are dashed by England

Bowls

Wales saw their hopes of recapturing the Home International Championship dashed in Worthing yesterday when they fell to England in their concluding match of the series.

Wales, who had a 100 per cent record after wins over Scotland, Ireland and the Channel Islands, still needed a win

to stop Scotland retaining the title they won in Ireland 12 months ago.

But England held on for a 10-shot victory. Both sides finished with three winning rinks but the decisive result was David Ward's 27-10 win over Robert Weale. Danny Denison added a 25-18 victory over Will Thomas and David Cutler

edged out Dai Wilkins 23-21.

The Welsh wins came from

Spencer Wilshire, who beat Andy Thomson 24-15, John Price, who finished a 24-20 winner over Lee Miller, and Mark Anstey, who edged out world champion Tony Alcock 19-16.

England finished on high

when they crushed the Channel Islands 143-87. The Channel Islands' consolation victory came from David Le Marquand, who beat Noel Graham 19-15.

"They weren't many people who gave us much of a chance after our defeat to Wales on Tuesday, but we've shown some real character," the Scottish team manager, Gordon Neil, said.

"We've picked up 42 of an

available 44 points from our last two games and it's sort of

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Scores, Digest, page 28

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Sham's shining talent for a total Eclipse

Smart bookies everywhere are giddy for the thoroughbred lottery with which the Timeform organisation analyses British racing, the only drawback being that sometimes it can feel as if all traces of emotion are surgically removed from its writers as they clock on for each morning.

It is, then, a considerable testament to Bosra Sham, hot favourite for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown this afternoon, that his most recent appearance at Royal Ascot moved the authorities of Timeform's *Perspective* to what is, by their standards, people prose.

"Bosra Sham laid claim to her place alongside racing's greatest fillies with her scintillating performance," they wrote of her

eight-length success in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. "We rate her the equal of all bar Allez France and Habibti, and she may well top even them."

In this way, this is as significant a tribute as Henry Cecil's comment in the Ascot winner's enclosure shortly afterwards that last year's 1,000 Guineas victor is the best horse of either sex to have passed through his hands.

John Gosden, who saddles the Derby winner, Benny The Dip, one of Bosra Sham's main rivals today, is another of this starlet's admirers. Gosden described her as "an Amazon with a sex allowance". "I think she will win. She's a champion, but if we run a good race behind her it will not do us any harm," he said.

Gosden looks forward to a battle of the generations at Sandown today

Whether Gosden is playing mind games - if that is possible with a horse - is a moot point as he made a similar prediction before the Derby declaring En-

richard Edmondson

NAP: Afflied Forces

(Sandown 4/5)

NB: Cyrius

(Haydock 3/35)

trepreneur would triumph and the rest were in a fight for the place money.

But even if Gosden is trying to tempt fate for a second time the fact that Timeform, not to

mention her trainer, are so enamoured with Bosra Sham means that the 4-6 appears to offer a route to easy money this afternoon. Yet little is certain on the turf, except that betting odds-on is the pathway to ruin, and this race does not, in truth, appeal as a betting medium.

Fortunately, though, it appeals on any number of other levels, and it is rare indeed to find the best middle-distance performers from three generations entering the same set of starting stalls. Benny The Dip and Pilsudski, the five-year-old who won the Breeders' Cup Turf at Woodbine last November, will be stiff oppo-

nents, not least because both may still be improving.

Pilsudski, in fact, has done little else since the day at Royal Ascot in 1995 when he somehow managed to finish 17th of 20 in the King George V Handicap with just 8st 4lb on his back.

Pilsudski's performance today

will also offer an interesting guide to the relative merits of Bosra Sham and Habibti, last year's Ascot winner, who beat Pilsudski into second place by a very convincing five lengths at Longchamp.

Benny The Dip will also demand plenty of attention, since no one wants to see the Derby form diminished any further following the poor runs of Silver Patriarch and The Fly in the Irish equivalent last weekend. Today's 10 furlongs with a stiff uphill finish should be ideal for Gosden's colt, and he undoubtedly represents the value, but the spectacle alone should be enough to satisfy all but the most compulsive of punters.

The Listed sprint is more

interesting from a betting point

of view, simply because the draw is so significant on Sandown's straight course, particularly when the ground has a little give.

A high number is all but essential (the first two home in the

Temple Stakes here in May, at

20-1 and 25-1, were drawn nine

and 10 respectively in a field of

10), and Ya Malak (3/20), drawn

12 of 14, looks the one to be on.

In the handicaps, meanwhile,

Cian Ben (2/5) and Conspicuous

(4/40) must both go close.

HYPERION
4.40 Orsay
5.15 White Emir
5.45 Chris's Lad

(GOING: Good to soft; Good in places on round course).

(RATING: 9-10; 10-11; 12-13).

(DRAW ADVANTAGE: High for 5f low for 7f & 8f).

(RIGHT-HAND COURSE: Separate staff of track).

(INCUBATION: 10, 10-11, 11-12).

(MACHINERY: 10, 10-11, 11-12).

(GRANDSTAND: 11, 11-12, 12-13).

(MACHINERY: 10, 10-11, 11-12).

(LEADING TRAINERS WITH RUNNERS: H. Hannon - 37 winners from 292 runners at a ratio of 12.7%.

(LEADING OWNERS: 10, 10-11, 11-12, 12-13).

(LEADING BREEDERS: P. Edelby - 50 winners, 293 riders, 16% win, 14.5%.

(LEADING COACHES: 10, 10-11, 11-12, 12-13).

(MACHINERY: 10, 10-11, 11-12, 12-13).

Lions look to run in a whitewash

Rugby Union

CHRIS HEWETT
reports from Johannesburg

The Lions return to the foot of the mountain at Ellis Park this afternoon, and this time, they will have to drag their exhausted limbs up the rockface without the benefit of oxygen. Were it not for the fact that they stand on the brink of a historic rugby achievement, few would give them a price of surviving trial by Springbok for the third week running, especially at altitude on the high veld.

But that is precisely where Martin Johnson and his remarkably cohesive band of brothers do stand, for victory this afternoon would condemn the South Africans to a first whitewash since W E MacLagan's Lions won four Tests off the reel in 1891.

With that glorious carrot dangling before their very eyes, the tourists are more bungy, more motivated than anyone had a right to expect in the light of their series-clinching heroics in Durban last weekend.

"It would be bitterly disappointing to let it slip now," said Lawrence Dallaglio yesterday. "The Boks will take a tremendous amount of beating because they have nothing more to lose on the one hand and a lot to look forward to on the other."

"They face the All Blacks in a fortnight, the players need to stake their claim for a place in that match and a win over us would restore some of their confidence."

"We never seen a Springbok side anything less than 100 per cent committed and they'll be no different for this one, but the thought of making our little piece of history is the overriding factor that has spurred everyone on this week. It will be hard, perhaps harder than any other match on this tour, but we're up for it."

If the England flanker can reproduce the definitive performance he contributed last weekend and, at the same time, forge an immediate understanding with the promoted Neil Back, the Lions have the weaponry to pressurise a Bokke back row deprived of the services of the injured Ruben Kruger. That in turn would give Mike Catt, Scott Gibbs and Jeremy Guscott an opportunity to stretch their legs in attack and involve John Bentley and

Tony Underwood into the bargain.

"That's the game plan," agreed Guscott, who equals the great Mike Gibson's record of eight Lions caps as a centre when he takes the field in Johannesburg. "It would be nice to think we'll see our backline run some ball, mainly because we want to play in a style the Springboks have not encountered from us so far. It will be difficult, though, having already won the series, this match is a test of our own character as much as anything else."

It will be a test of character for the Boks, too. They have lost Andre Joubert, the Rolls Royce of full-backs, to a groin injury sustained in training on Thursday – Russell Bennett, a try-scorer in the first match of the rubber in Cape Town, replaces him – and with Mark Andrews likely to be very conspicuous indeed by his absence from the South African engine room, they are fielding their least possessing line-up of the series.

Jim Telfer, the Lions' assistant coach, has no truck with South African problems in his view, the outcome rests in the hands, or rather the minds, of his own team. "It depends on us," he said. "It's been a big task getting the mental side of things right in the wake of Durban; if you look at the way we played in Welkom on Tuesday, we leaked tries that we simply wouldn't have conceded earlier in the tour, when the series was a live issue. But we have a lot of young players, especially the pack, who should realise that they are only half-way to realising their potential. This will be another instructive experience for them."

As it will be for the whole of

Northern hemisphere rugby.

To win a series in South Africa is one thing, but to turn over the Boks at Fortress Ellis is something else again. The All Blacks achieved pretty much everything last season, but they did not survive Joubert. If the Lions prevail this afternoon, they will deserve to be held in awe.

■ Martin Johnson has pulled

out of the England side to play

Australia in Sydney next Saturday.

The lock forward had been advised by doctors not to

put off any longer the groin op-

eration he had delayed to go on

the Lions tour. His replacement

is the Coventry lock Danny

Grewcock, who recently made

his international debut on the

tour to Argentina.



Target practice: Neil Jenkins, the Lions' goal-kicker, gets into the groove yesterday at Ellis Park, Johannesburg, for today's third Test

Photograph: Mike Egerton/Empics

Belly-up Springboks racked by unrest

Chris Hewett finds South Africans struggling to come to terms with defeat

Panic, hysteria, sackcloth and ashes. There is no rational reason why two narrow Test defeats at the hands of Fran Colom's wonderfully tenacious but necessarily opportunistic Lions should signal South African rugby's descent from the high peaks of heroism into the pits of zeroism, but cold-eyed logic tends to be a scarce commodity when the Springboks go belly-up before the disbelieving eyes of their own supporters.

Twenty-three years ago, Willi John McBride and his British Isles invincibles drove a stake the size of Cleopatra's Needle through the heart of Bokke supremacy, prompting questions in the South African parliament and the famous ministerial delegation to the dressing-room before the decisive third Test in Port Elizabeth.

Cotton, a humble foot soldier back in 1974, has not managed to generate quite the same degree of consternation this time around, but the manager's victorious squad have certainly left their hosts at extreme odds with one another.

With the All Blacks and the Wallabies about to pitch up for the Tri-Nations tournament, the air of pessimism is all-pervasive. Having just lost back-to-back home series for the first time this century – New Zealand won 2-1 here last summer – the South Africans are undergoing one of their periodic bouts of anguish.

They start feeling good about themselves again, not even the murder rate in Johannesburg and the crime explosion in Cape Town will knock the rugby debate off the front pages.

Arthrob Petersen's managerial performance is being examined in microscopic detail, the South African Rugby Football Union finds itself mocked and abused from all directions and, horror of horrors, there is even a strong groundswell of opinion against the presidential Big Daddy from Johannesburg, Dr Louis Luyt.

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Viking raider
Robin Nicholl on the Tour's dangerous Dane, page 23

sport

Grand master
Schumacher at full throttle in Monday's Sports Section

THIRD TEST: Spinner takes five as Australia take command

Warne's trickery torments England

Cricket

DEREK PRINGLE
reports from Old Trafford
Australia 235; England 181-8

The last time Shane Warne played against England at Old Trafford, he took a wicket with his very first ball in Ashes cricket. Yesterday he had to wait until his 13rd. But if the disparity says much about the wear and tear suffered by Warne's shoulder in the interim, the wreckage caused to the England innings was strangely familiar as Warne ended the day with 5 for 38 and England finished on 161 for 8, a deficit of 74.

Warne, a strangely subdued figure for the early part of this series, has clearly been a man waiting for the right pitch. Talk of sore finger joints – after surgery was performed 13 months ago – as well as tired shoulder are all undoubtedly true and have taken their toll.

Yet given a surface that grips, as Old Trafford has here, and there are few better at demolishing an opponent and England will not be relishing the prospect of batting last against him on a pitch likely to offer him an increasing amount of turn.

He might not be able to make the ball rip and snarl as he did in the past, but when it did turn yesterday, it did so just enough to find the edge, a far more profitable habit than beating it, which is what often happened in the past.

Bowling from the Warwick Road End – the same end from which he delivered that era-defining meteor to Mike Gatting in 1993 – Warne began with a ball that turned almost as alarmingly out of the rough, and barely bounced shin high as Mark Butcher squirted it out to square leg.

If it was a harbinger of things

to come, it took its time and it was not until Alec Stewart edged to slip trying to turn a leg-break pitching in the rough to leg that the floodgates began to open, as England helped squander the hard-fought opening to their innings.

Until that moment Stewart and his brother-in-law, Butcher, had added 66 runs following Mike Atherton's dismissal, caught behind off his gloves hooking at Glenn McGrath.

Together the Surrey pair had batted soundly if a little slowly, having been troubled by little save a startling hesitancy in their running between the wickets.

Under some long overdue sun, the pitch had lost most of its early capriciousness, and England looked set to take a precious first-innings advantage until Stewart, forced into error by the constant ongoing drip of Warne's accuracy, added sensibly with Andy Caddick. With Warne visibly

tiring, the pair added an unbeaten 38 for the ninth wicket. With every run vital, it is a partnership that Australia will put every effort into stemming to-day.

Before they batted, England had every reason to be pleased with the way their day had started after promptly wrapping up the Australian innings. Having conceded valuable ground on the first evening, when Steve Waugh and Paul Reiffel took advantage of some wayward bowling, the removal of Australia's three remaining wickets for just 11 runs should have proved a huge fillip for Atherton's men.

Robert Croft then completed a day for soft dismissals when he chipped McGrath to mid-off, where Steve Waugh made light of a difficult catch.

With Darren Gough's dismissal (bowled to Warne, England were left contemplating runs until Mark Ealham, gaining confidence at every outing, combined sensibly with Andy

Caddick. With Warne visibly

epitomised by Gough who, charging in from the Stretford End, finished the innings with three wickets, including that of Reiffel, whose 103-minute stay proved crucial for his team as he and Waugh put on 70 for the eighth wicket, a stand that will possibly be seen as the turning point should Australia win here and then go on to retain the Ashes.

Considering the dire situation of his side and the sporty nature of the pitch, no praise is too high for Waugh's innings. Apparently he rates his century here as his finest ever. If so, he was strangely subdued yesterday, adding just five runs to his overnight score before inside-edging a Gough inswinger on to his stumps.

Three balls later, Jason Gillespie followed after slashing at Deano Headley. The edge, safely pouched by Stewart, was the Surrey man's sixth catch of the innings. It was a feat that equalled the Ashes record set by Jack Russell in Melbourne just over six years ago. Unfortunately for England, it was the only high point in an otherwise depressing day.

Jon Craven, Henry Blinfield, county cricket, page 28

Old Trafford scoreboard

Australia won toss	
First Innings	England
5 R Waugh b Gough	108
(243 min, 175 balls, 13 fours)	
P R Reiffel b Gough	32
(103 min, 84 balls, 1 four)	
A Caddick c Stewart b Headley	0
(12 min, 8 balls)	
G M McGrath not out	0
(12 min, 8 balls)	
Extras (4s, 6s, 10s)	15
Total (327 balls, 77.3 overs)	228
Fall (out) 8-30-2 (Reiffel, 9-235 (5), Gough, 10-100 (Waugh, 11-100 (McGrath, 12-100 (Caddick, 13-100 (Stewart, 14-100 (Headley, 15-100 (McGrath, 16-100 (Waugh, 17-100 (Reiffel, 18-100 (Caddick, 19-100 (Gough, 20-100 (Waugh, 21-100 (Reiffel, 22-100 (Waugh, 23-100 (Reiffel, 24-100 (Waugh, 25-100 (Reiffel, 26-100 (Waugh, 27-100 (Reiffel, 28-100 (Waugh, 29-100 (Reiffel, 30-100 (Waugh, 31-100 (Reiffel, 32-100 (Waugh, 33-100 (Reiffel, 34-100 (Waugh, 35-100 (Reiffel, 36-100 (Waugh, 37-100 (Reiffel, 38-100 (Waugh, 39-100 (Reiffel, 40-100 (Waugh, 41-100 (Reiffel, 42-100 (Waugh, 43-100 (Reiffel, 44-100 (Waugh, 45-100 (Reiffel, 46-100 (Waugh, 47-100 (Reiffel, 48-100 (Waugh, 49-100 (Reiffel, 50-100 (Waugh, 51-100 (Reiffel, 52-100 (Waugh, 53-100 (Reiffel, 54-100 (Waugh, 55-100 (Reiffel, 56-100 (Waugh, 57-100 (Reiffel, 58-100 (Waugh, 59-100 (Reiffel, 60-100 (Waugh, 61-100 (Reiffel, 62-100 (Waugh, 63-100 (Reiffel, 64-100 (Waugh, 65-100 (Reiffel, 66-100 (Waugh, 67-100 (Reiffel, 68-100 (Waugh, 69-100 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